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ADAMS'S

Socket Guide

TO THE WATERING PLACES OF ENGLAND



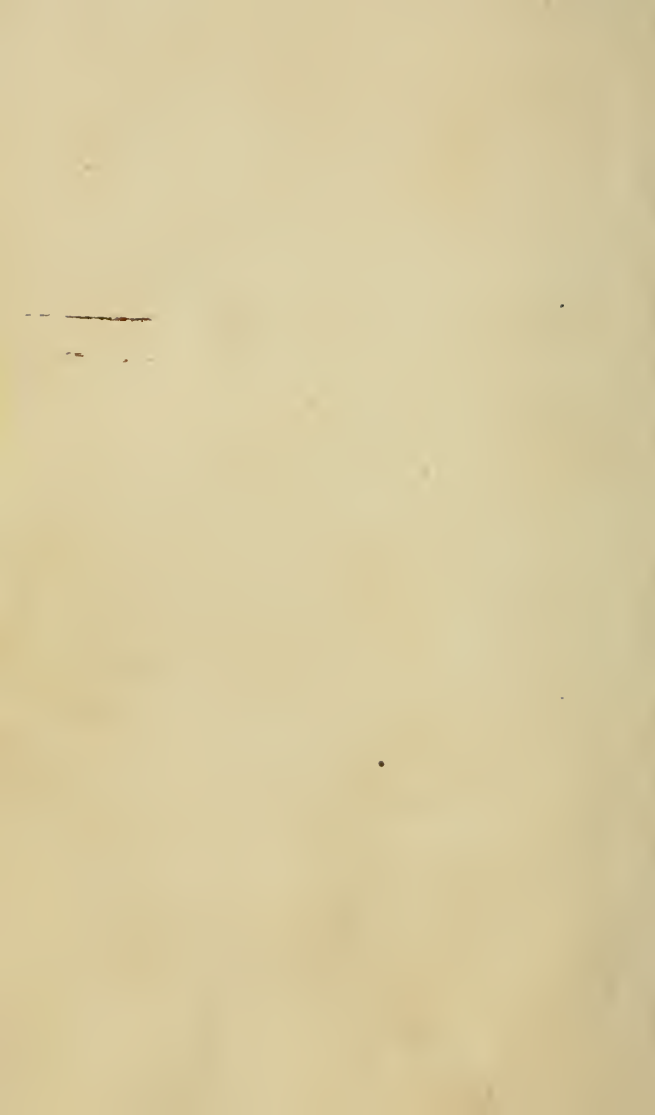
& COMPANION TO THE COAST.

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ADAMS'S
 DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE
 TO THE
 Watering Places of England,
 AND
 COMPANION TO THE COAST.

Part I.
 SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
 DIVISION.

Part II.
 NORTHERN AND EASTERN
 DIVISION.

CONTAINING FULL DESCRIPTIONS OF

THE ISLE OF WIGHT (WITH MAP).
 THE NEW FOREST AND SOUTH
 COAST.
 WEYMOUTH.
 DAWLISH, PLYMOUTH, AND
 WEST COAST.
 EXMOUTH AND SIDMOUTH.
 TORQUAY, BRIGHTON.
 HASTINGS, DOVER.
 MARGATE, RAMSGATE, &c. &c.
 GRAVESEND, SHEERNESS.
 SOUTH END, HERNE BAY.
 WALTON, HARWICH, &c.

YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, CRO-
 MER, &c.
 TYNEMOUTH, WARKWORTH,
 ALNMOUTH, &c.
 THE WATERING-PLACES OF
 WALES, AND THE WESTERN
 COAST: MARYPORT, SOUTH-
 PORT, BANGOR, SWANSEA,
 &c.
 SCARBOROUGH, INLAND SPAS
 AND WATERING-PLACES.
 GUERNSEY, JERSEY, ALDER-
 NEY, SARK.
 THE ISLE OF MAN, &c. &c.

BY E. L. BLANCHARD.

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PREFACE.

EVERY book should strive at pleasing two individuals—the publisher and the purchaser. Without each is equally satisfied, the work cannot be considered as one that has attained the desired object of its production. The ensuing pages have been written with the express view of furthering the interests of both. Of late years the changes wrought by road and rail, the local innovations and alterations induced by the march of modern improvement, the creation by fashion of new watering-places, and the consequent desertion of many of the old, are all so many reasons that render former Guide Books quite obsolete, and the want of a new one so universally felt. The antiquated manuals that discourse eloquently of ancient streets long since demolished, and which are provokingly silent concerning the elegant structures and buildings which have risen along the coast during the last ten years, have often proved before now bewildering sources of perplexity to the stranger and a fund of innocent amusement to the inhabitants, who have marked with pride the increasing accommodation furnished by their native town. From the extended facilities recently afforded to travellers, and the moderate outlay for which a summer excursion to any

chosen point of Albion's coast can now be taken, it is presumed that the period has arrived when these by-gone specimens of blundering topography may be advantageously superseded. The chief features of the present work, and those on which it chiefly bases its claim to public attention, may be thus briefly enumerated :—

1. An elaborate and accurate description, derived from the latest personal visits, of the chief places of marine resort, illustrating in a companionable discursive style the scenery and historical antiquities of each, and pointing out those objects which are most deserving of the visitor's attention.

2. A careful and critical inquiry into the peculiar influences and effects of climate, from authorised data, and an indication of those places most suitable for the exigencies of the invalid.

3. The best and speediest modes of transit, with the times of the arrival and departure of the mails, together with all other necessary information to the tourist concerning hotels, boarding-houses, &c.

How far and how ably these designs have been carried out, it now remains for the reader himself to decide ; but it is confidently believed by the writer that neither publisher nor purchaser will regret the result.

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ADAMS'S

WATERING-PLACES OF ENGLAND.

SOUTHAMPTON.

IS about two hours after leaving the Metropolitan Station of the South-Western Railway, in the Waterloo Road, the traveller may be now deposited at the elegant Station which forms the Southampton Terminus, and thus avail himself of a transit which, for speed and panoramic temptations on his way, has hardly a rival on any of the other lines. Everybody knows—or, if everybody does not, everybody should know—what a glorious succession of fine views and peerless prospects may be obtained, on a clear day, along the railway of the South-Western, where the transit of every mile unfolds some new landscape beauty, until the very climax of the picturesque is attained in the glassy bosom of Southampton Water and its surrounding scenery of the wild and woodland. Little necessity, therefore, have we to expatiate on the scenic attractions to be experienced on the journey, nor need we become erudite in our knowledge of the many historical associations connected with the towns past which we are whirled: suffice it consequently to say how, after a brief period of rapid locomotion and intense enjoyment, the tourist, who started at noon, may find himself within ken of his destination, with the best part of a day yet before him to dispose of as he may list.

Threading our way from the Railway Terminus to the New Quay, we pass the old Battery and Custom-house, and then emerge upon the finest street that ever adorned a provincial

town, this being the "High-street," topographically and nominally, of Southampton. It is nearly a mile in length, of which two-thirds are below or to the south of the Bar Gate, the remaining portion being distinctively called High-street Above Bar. Looking at the busy, cheerful aspect of this enterprising commercial town, it requires some imagination to picture it as it was not more than three centuries ago, fortified and defended by double ditches, battlements, and watch-towers, yet here we see, in the "Bar-Gate," the only relic remaining of these defensive barriers, and a curious piece of architectural antiquity it is. The most ancient portion is its massive semicircular arch, which may unquestionably be referred to the early Norman, if not to the Saxon times. On the north front of the gate, among other decorations, are two figures, traditionally said to represent the two famous heroes of metrical romance, the renowned Sir Bevis of Hampton and the doughty Giant Ascupart, slain by him in single combat. Of the Giant we know little more than that he was, according to the old rhyming legend—

"——— very mighty, very strong,
And full thirty feet was long,"

but of Sir Bevis, Southampton has other memorials than the figure on the Bar Gate, more particularly an artificial elevation called Bevis Mount, which was evidently fortified in days of yore, and as some antiquaries have asserted was the palace of the ancient Saxon and Danish monarchs. On the Bar Sir Bevis has a very martial air indeed, but the other stalwart personage looks as if every moment he was about to sneeze, an effect rather unpleasant to the passenger gazing up from below. The two original lions which guarded the entrance having gradually crumbled away, they were replaced, in 1744, by two new ones, cast in lead, and from these the lamps are brought which light the gateway. On the south side the centre niche is occupied with a statue of George the Third, which has superseded a miserably executed effigy of Queen Anne.

The upper part of the building is occupied by the Town Hall, and above this are some spacious leads, overlooking the town and commanding a fine view of the environs. The chief business of the Corporation is, however, not transacted here, but in the Magistrate's Court, over the Market-house, where is kept the two-handed sword of state, a very ponderous if not a very formidable weapon, being some four feet long and three inches wide. During war this is uncased with great solemnity, the Mayor making half-a-dozen flourishes with it one way and the Corporation brandishing it six times another, but this is a much more harmless affair than it seems, for even the "oldest inhabitant" never knew of any great battle being won by it.

Nearly in the centre of the High-street is the ancient church of Holy Rood, containing some interesting monuments, among which is one by Rysbrach, to the memory of Miss Stanley, whose name has been mentioned by Thomson in the "Seasons," and who has here contributed a neat epitaph. In the portico are two tablets, erected by subscription, commemorative of the frightful loss of life in November, 1837, when twenty-two persons, who attempted to rescue property from a calamitous fire that took place in this parish, fell victims to their generous haste, and miserably perished. The interior of the church is very commodious, with a fine organ at the western window. Although no longer attended to by the social townsfolk, the curfew is still tolled at this church in the evening. The other principal churches are St. Michael's, All Saints', St. Lawrence, and St. Mary's; of these the most ancient is St. Michael's, standing in the square to which it gives name, near French-street. An octagonal spire, which is of some considerable elevation, rises from the centre of the building, between the nave and chancel. There are several ancient Saxon columns in the interior, with pointed arches of a large span. In the aisle stands an ancient brass reading desk, and there is an ancient Norman font of black marble, highly enriched, after the manner of that in Winchester

Cathedral. Here, also, may be seen, in the north chancel, an admired monument to the memory of Lord Chancellor Wriothesly, who passed sentence of death on the unfortunate Anna Boleyn, and there are other sepulchral records of sufficient interest to repay perusal.

Near the Quay is a still more attractive vestige of antiquity—the *Maison Dieu*—originally founded, in the reign of Henry the Third, partly as a Convent of Nuns and partly as a chapel to a neighbouring ecclesiastical establishment. The service is generally performed in the French language, for the convenience of Protestants from that country, but it is also open every Wednesday evening and Sunday afternoon, when English service is performed, for the accommodation of sea-faring men.

A monument in this chapel relates to a passage of history that has an extra degree of freshness imparted to it from it having been dramatically immortalized by Shakspeare. It will be remembered that the army, which afterwards acquired such distinguished fame in the battle of Agincourt, was mustered at Southampton prior to embarking for France, in 1415, and that whilst Henry V. was waiting for a favorable wind the conspiracy against him was discovered. The chief conspirators were Richard Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope of Masham, and Sir Thomas Grey; the supposition being, according to most historians, that they were engaged by the Court of France for the bribe of one million livres to assassinate the king at Southampton, and thus effectually hinder the completion of his designs. The originator appears to have been the Earl of Cambridge, second son of the Duke of York, who, having espoused the sister of the Earl of March, had zealously embraced their family interests, and had thus secured the services of Lord Scrope and Sir Thomas Grey. Before it could be carried out the plot was discovered, and as in those days the formalities of the law were not much regarded, the prisoners were immediately tried and executed, and their remains afterwards interred here. The following inscription

on a monument, erected by a late Lord Delawar, now perpetuates the crime and punishment:—

“ Richard Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope of Masham,
Sir Thomas Grey of Northumberland,
conspired

To murder King Henry the Fifth in this town,
As he was preparing to sail with his army
Against Charles the Sixth, King of France,
for which conspiracy they were executed
and buried near this place,
In the year MCCCCXV.”

Among the other public buildings and institutions of Southampton we may mention the *Custom House*, a plain neat building, situate on the Quay, near the Royal Pier; the *Free Grammar School*, in Bugle-street, founded by Edward VI.; a commodious Literary and Scientific Institution, and numerous charitable foundations, all admirably conducted. Concerts and balls are held in the *Royal Victoria Assembly Rooms*, situated in Portland-terrace, close to the High-street, and the *Long Rooms*, built in 1761, by the baths. The *Theatre*, a very neat and commodious structure, is in French-street, and stands upon the site of the ancient Hospital of St. John. The company is generally well selected, and the pieces produced with every regard to effect and propriety.

A pleasant promenade is the Royal Victoria Pier, built in 1832. It is an elegant wooden structure, extending 246 feet into the water, having a carriage way in the centre twenty feet wide, and a footway, on each side, of eight feet. A toll of twopence is required from each passenger, and the bustle that prevails on the arrival and departure of steamers causes the scene to become one of very lively interest. The Southampton Water is here three miles wide, and in the centre about forty feet in depth, so as to admit ships of any burthen. Sheltered by lofty woods, and free from all rocky obstructions, this beautiful bay presents a very convenient harbour. Bathing machines, swimming baths, and other means of salutary ablution, adapted both to the invalid and the robust, are

provided for those who choose to avail themselves of the accommodation afforded. There is a regatta in July, and some well regulated races, which take place on a beautiful spot of ground on Southampton Common.

Since Southampton, owing to the advantageous effects of the railway, has become one of our leading commercial ports, some new docks have been formed, on a scale of great magnitude, and ample accommodation afforded for housing and bonding goods, as well as for the reception of shipping and the convenience of passengers passing in and out of the port. Situated at the confluence of the river Itchen with the Southampton Water, the dock basin presents a surface of sixteen acres of water, eighteen feet deep from low water mark, enclosed by massive walls of masonry and with a noble entrance 150 feet between the pier heads, without lock or gate. The *Post Office* is in Hanover-buildings. Letters are delivered three times daily; at 7 a.m., 3 p.m., and 6 30 p.m. There is thus constant epistolary communication with London. The market days are Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; and there are four annual fairs, the two principal ones being held on Trinity Monday and the 6th of May.

The direct road to Portsmouth leads across the river Itchen, where a floating bridge conveys the passenger over to the opposite shore for a toll of one penny, and in a passage occupying about four minutes in duration. It is a large flat-bottomed vessel, plied by steam, between two vast chains stretched parallel from one bank to the other. Near the ferry is the Cross House, a building traditionally said to be about three centuries old, and to have been erected at the expense of a lady who, waiting shelterless for a boat to take her across the ferry, caught a fatal cold, which led to her bequeathing a sum of money for the erection, and a legacy for keeping it in repair. On the right hand of the road is a finger-post to Netley Abbey, of which place, as one of the great attractions to Southampton visitors, we now propose giving a few details that may serve as a concise descriptive guide.

NETLEY ABBEY.

SITUATED on the declivity of a gentle elevation which rises from the bank of the Southampton Water, the Abbey will be found surrounded by a landscape of varied beauty, rich in all the attractions of water and woodland scenery. A delightful walk of hardly three miles from the town brings us to this picturesque ruin, which is so embosomed in a thick leafy covert of trees that scarcely a fragment of it is visible till the visitor is at its side. The eye first rests on a modern mansion to the right, called, from its former uses, Netley Fort, but little now remains of the old bulwark, which was built by Henry the Eighth, after Calshot Castle—seen on the opposite shore—and designed to resist any invasion of the French.

The original name of the abbey appears to have been Lettley, which has been Latinised into *de Læto loco* (a pleasant place). The founder was Peter Roche, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 1238. The monks of Netley Abbey belonged to the Cistercian order, and were originally brought from the neighbouring house of Beaulieu. At the Dissolution it consisted of an abbot and twelve monks, and its net revenue was returned at only £100, from which it appears to have been always a humble and obscure establishment. In 1537 it was granted to Sir William Paulet, from whom it passed into the Hertford family, and thence became the property of the Earl of Huntingdon, who desecrated this noble building and sold every part of the chapel roof to a carpenter of Southampton, named Taylor, whose death occurred under the following singular circumstances. It seems that he had contracted with the Marquis of Huntingdon for so much of the materials of Netley Abbey as could be removed within a certain space of time. With these he erected a town house at Newport and several dwellings, which gave rise to a remonstrance from

those who knew him, and who felt that the demolition that was taking place was positive sacrilege. Soon after he dreamed that the arch key stone fell from the east window, and so impressed was he with the vivid warning that was conveyed by this nocturnal vision that he related it to Mr. Watts—father of the afterwards renowned Dr. Isaac Watts—who was then a schoolmaster at Southampton, and who, with others, earnestly dissuaded him from assisting further in the destruction of the Abbey. Their advice was, however, disregarded, and Taylor, a week after, forcing some boards from the east window, was struck by a stone which fell from above and fractured his skull, thus realising the presentiment he felt from this singular dream.

Entering by the old grey arched portal, the rooks—the tenants by courtesy of all crumbling abbeys—salute us as we enter with a chorn of melancholy caws, which accords well with the monastic solemnity of the spot. The buildings originally seem to have formed a quadrangular court, but scarcely anything more is now to be seen excepting the remains of the chapel, which occupied one of the sides. It was about 200 feet in length, by 60 in breadth, and was crossed at the centre by a transept of 120 feet long. The roof fell in about half a century ago, but its fragments, many of them sculptured with armorial bearings and other devices, still lie scattered in heaps over the floor. The east window is of elegant proportions, and most elaborately finished. Besides the chapel various other portions of the abbey, such as the kitchen, the refectory, and the sacristy, are usually pointed out to strangers, but their identity is very uncertain. The whole place appears to have been surrounded by a moat, of which traces are still visible, and there are two large ponds at a short distance from the ruins, which doubtless provided fish for the pious inmates. Their retired and undisturbed waters present now an aspect of solitude which is extremely beautiful, overhung as they are by trees and underwood. Near the southern side of the chapel is a small opening, with a time-

worn spiral staircase of stone, by which we may ascend to the weed-trellised gallery on the summit, and enjoy a commanding view over the ruins and surrounding country. The poet Gray has, in one of his private letters, so happily described the singular loveliness of the spot, and the poetical feelings inspired by its mournful seclusion, that we shall offer no apology for concluding with a quotation so characteristic and appropriate:—"In the bosom of the woods, concealed from profane eyes, lie hidden the ruins of Netley Abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!) and telling his beads for the souls of his benefactors interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it, the meadow still descending, nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye, only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself, to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey, there were such things near it, though there was a power of money hidden there."

Those disposed to enjoy a more extensive pedestrian excursion may, after leaving the abbey, return to Southampton by a circuit through the country, by Hound and Hamble, which will reveal for them some very pretty features of pure pastoral scenery.

GOSPORT AND PORTSMOUTH.

THOUGH not strictly entitled to the distinctive appellation of watering-places, being, in fact, more recognised as marine ports, the two towns above mentioned can hardly be omitted from our descriptive survey of the southern coast without leaving much unwritten that must prove of value and interest to the tourist who shall find himself within their limits. Gosport, in the reign of Henry VIII., was merely a miserable village, inhabited by poor fishermen, and its present importance may justly be ascribed to its convenient situation on the western side of Portsmouth harbour and its contiguity to the Royal Naval Arsenal. The stores, fortifications, and long range of forts, all formed about the commencement of the present century, give a very forcible idea of the value attached to its commanding position ; but the streets, narrow and dirty, have anything but a prepossessing appearance to a stranger. The ferry across the harbour, which is here nearly a mile broad, is contrived by means of the steam floating bridge, sufficiently capacious to convey vehicles as well as foot passengers across to Portsmouth, in a journey that rarely occupies more than eight minutes. The toll is one penny for each time of passing. About one mile north of Gosport, near Forton Lake, is the new Military Hospital, and at the extremity of that point of land which forms the western extremity of Portsmouth Harbour is Haslar Hospital, founded at the suggestion of Earl Sandwich, and completed in 1762. It is capable of affording accommodation to about 2,000 invalids. The average expenses of this establishment, intended exclusively for the reception of sick and wounded seamen, is about £5,000 per annum. The portico of the centre part of the building is surmounted by the royal arms, flanked by two figures, personifying Commerce and Navigation. A new suburb, called Bingham Town, contains

some genteel modern residences ; and Anglesea, a little village on the coast, about two miles from Gosport, near Stokes's Bay, affords a miniature watering-place for those among the residents who are not disposed to go further from home. Crossing over by the ferry to *Portsmouth*, and glancing at the dense forest of *masts* which shoot upward into the air on every side, we reach the venerable precincts of that famous old town, reminding us, by its bulwarks and fortifications, of those ancient foreign ports that we have either seen or heard of in books of travels. Its sinuous streets, massive gateways, and overhanging houses, noticeable in the older parts of the town, all contribute to aid the illusion, and bring vividly back to memory the events that through a long course of ages have established the naval supremacy of Britain. At *Portchester*, three miles to the north-west, the Romans established a station originally ; and as the harbour became afterwards contracted by the retiring of the sea, the present situation was chosen, and as early as the reign of Henry I. it became a place of considerable importance. In the time of Richard II. it was burned by the French, and then Edward IV. and Richard III. commenced fortifying the port in earnest. These fortifications were completed by Henry VII., and in the reign of Henry VIII. it became the principal, if not the only, naval station in the kingdom. Elizabeth surrounded the town with walls of stone, and in every subsequent reign additions and improvements were made. Directly a stranger arrives in *Portsmouth*, he will find enough to engage his attention. In High-street is the Town Hall, with a covered market-place underneath ; and on the Grand Parade is the Governor's House, originally a part of the hospital *Domus Dei*, but presenting nothing now of its ancient monastic aspect. The parade leads by a slope to the King's Bastion, and hence a fine view of the anchorage at Spithead and the Isle of Wight may be obtained. The ramparts being planted with trees, afford pleasant promenades ; and here may be noticed pyramids of cannon-balls, arranged in immense conical heaps,

according to weight and size, long, let us hope, to remain there and rust unused. The old parish church of St. Thomas was built in 1220, and was dedicated to the then recently canonized St. Thomas à Becket. The chancel is the only part left of the original building, many additions having been made at various later periods. At the west end is the tower, added in 1693, and of 120 feet in height; over this is an octagonal latticed structure, called "The Lantern," and the whole is crowned by the gilt model of a ship, six feet long, which has a shifting flag on the mizenmast, that moves with the slightest motion of the air, and indicates from what quarter the wind blows when the breeze is not powerful enough to turn the hull of the ship. The church contains a fine monument to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who, having come down to hasten the equipment of the armament for the relief of Rochelle, was assassinated here in 1628, by Felton, afterwards executed for the deed on Southsea Common. The spot where Buckingham fell is still pointed out in the High-street. The parish church of St. Mary, Portsea, a suburb of Portsmouth, is likewise of venerable aspect, and is chiefly noticeable for its capacious burial-ground, asserted to be the largest in the kingdom. There are in addition several more modern places of worship, affording every desired accommodation to the inhabitants.

The recognised feature of Portsmouth is of course the Dockyard, a correct idea of the importance and extent of which can only be gained by personal observation. It has three times suffered by fire, caused through both negligence and design. In 1760 lightning was the cause; in 1770 it was again in flames, from a source yet enveloped in mystery; and in 1776 from the successful attempts of Aitkin, the incendiary, familiarly known as "Jack the Painter," and who for this crime was executed at Winchester in 1777. The Dockyard covers nearly 120 acres, and has a wharf wall along the harbour of nearly three quarters of a mile in length; on the land side it is enclosed by a wall 14 feet high, which com-

pletely separates it from the town. The entrance to the dockyard from the town is by a gateway, through which strangers—provided they are not foreigners—may obtain access to the works without any formal introduction. The great basin is two acres and a half in area, 260 feet in breadth, and 380 feet in length. Into this basin four dry docks open, and on each side is another dry dock, all capable of receiving first-rate ships. Besides these there is a double dock for frigates, and six building slips, which are capable of receiving the largest vessels. The dockyard includes a rope house, three stories high, 54 feet broad, and 1,094 feet long, anchor-forges, foundries, store-houses, and, in fact, every thing requisite for the equipment and repair of vessels. The block machinery, invented by Brunel, is capable of producing 1,500 blocks daily, and it is from this source the whole of the British navy is supplied. In time of war five thousand men have been employed here in the various departments.

Few of course would be at Portsmouth without availing themselves of an opportunity to go on board the *Victory*, the flag-ship of Nelson, and on board of which he fell at the battle of Trafalgar. The payment of a trifling gratuity enables the visitor to see many relics associated with the memorable career of our great naval hero. Landport, with its bustle and lively seaport aspect, should not be left unvisited; and Southsea, where a bathing establishment is efficiently conducted, will afford bathers desirable accommodation and a pleasant promenade besides. The theatre is generally open with a well-selected company from the metropolitan establishments. The Post Office is reached from the High-street, through a small arcade; letters from London delivered at 7 A.M. and 4 P.M., box closing at 7 30 A.M. and 10 P.M.

From the Victoria Pier packets depart several times a day to Ryde, the hours varying according to the season of the year.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

As Great Britain has been somewhat eulogistically, but truly, said to contain within itself, on a small scale, specimens of the varied scenery and beauties of the whole of Europe, transfer this panegyric to the Isle of Wight, and it becomes equally characteristic, as it comprises within itself all that is pleasing and picturesque in Great Britain. The island, although the largest in the British Channel, is only twenty-three miles in length, measured from the Needles to the Foreland, and about fifteen miles in its extreme breadth, from Rocken End to Cowes Castle. Its circumference has been roughly estimated at sixty miles, and in shape (as may be seen by reference to the accompanying map) it bears some affinity to a turbot, contracting at the two extremities and becoming very narrow towards the west. The population, which has been doubled since 1811, is, according to the last census, nearly 43,000; the number of acres being about 120,000, the greater portion of which is now in a high state of cultivation. The high downs afford excellent pasturage for cattle. An old boast of the peasantry was, that the island yielded seven times as much as its inhabitants could consume, a gasconism that must now, however, be taken with some modification. The breadth of the sea channel that separates the island from the main land on the Hampshire coast varies from six to four miles, whilst at one point, opposite Hurst Castle, there is such a projection as to leave a passage by water of little more than one mile; showing that those most indisposed towards sea voyages have but little to fear. The climate, eminently favourable to vegetation, is peculiarly conducive to health.

Ryde, to which a pleasant voyage of some forty minutes from Portsmouth will conduct us, was some eighty years since a small fishing village, now expanded into a beautiful town, surrounded, like Cowes, with groves, villas, and cottages.





From the pier, which is a delightful promenade of nearly half-a-mile in length, finished in 1815, there is a fine view of Portsmouth at six miles distance, of Calshot Castle, of Spit-head and its shipping, and, in fine weather, the beautiful spire of Chichester Cathedral. The arrangements for bathing are complete. In the interior of the town there are a few public edifices, built in a complete if not elegant style, such as the Assembly Rooms at the Marine Library, in Union-street, and a new Arcade, recently completed. Inns and hotels are numerous, and very efficiently conducted. At the small theatre of this town, commencing its season in August, Mrs. Jordan took her farewell of the stage. The footway from Ryde to Appley crosses a small and rather marshy meadow, where some years ago the stranger beheld a number of graves, rising above the turf. It was there the bodies cast ashore after the loss of the Royal George, in 1782, were buried. These graves are now obliterated. From Ryde a beautiful walk through Quarr Wood, leads to Quarr Abbey, founded in 1311, by Baldwin, Earl of Devon, for monks of the Cistercian order.

Hence to the Undercliff is the usual course adopted by time-limited tourists, and passing through Brading, Sandown, and Lake, we thus come to the beautiful little village of Shanklin, where a halt is imperative. Shanklin Chine is not only the most beautiful, but, as a natural consequence, is the most frequently visited of all the chines, and is deeply cut through the cliff by an inconsiderable rill. The beach below, from which the best view is to be obtained, affords a delightful walk when the tide is out. About a mile further on occurs another of those curious ravines called Luccombe Chine, for the full appreciation of which we would especially commend the four miles' walk by the landslips, which, by a shelving and tortuous, but most picturesque pathway, will conduct the pedestrian from Shanklin on to Ventnor.

The rugged and romantic beauties of Bonchurch, one mile before entering Ventnor, mark the commencement, on the

eastern side, of that remarkable part of the island called "The Undercliff," where the effects of great and remote landslips show themselves on a prodigious scale. Here a slip of about six miles long, and from a quarter to half a mile in breadth, seems to have settled down and slipped towards the sea, exhibiting a jumble of rocks overturned and broken—mounds of rugged earth, deep hollows, and numerous springs, forming falls of water, collecting into pools, and hurrying to the Channel. The cliffs vary from 60 to 100 feet in height, and upon these runs the long irregular platform or terrace, which is backed towards the north by a bold abrupt steep—a wall of precipitous rock rising from 200 to 300 feet higher. From the similarity of the beds of sandstone, which is precisely the same above as is seen on the broken surface below, it is in every way evident that the sunken tract was formerly a continuation of the higher cliff. M. Simond remarks "The crisis of this part of the Undercliff is evidently of no recent date, and the earth has had time to grow young again; for, contrary to the laws of organised life, inert nature loses with age its original deformity, and is indebted for its beauty and fecundity to its very dissolution." In accounting for the landslips, the same writer thinks it is probable that the numerous springs which now run over the surface of the Undercliff to the sea must formerly have flowed under it, and may have worn wide passages through some soft under strata to the shore, thus unsettling the whole mass.

It would appear that the Undercliff has been formed not by one grand fall, or subsidence, but by a succession of landslips, which still occasionally occur, on a larger or smaller scale. On this perturbed soil wheat grows exceedingly well, and all other crops flourish freely. The trees that have been planted thrive in a wonderful manner, and, with the luxuriant myrtle bushes, form the most delightful shades, from which cottages and churches, villas and villages, peep forth with the most picturesque effect. This is indeed a favoured nook—an epitome of the regions of the sunny south. After a careful

examination of the places on the English coast best suited to persons threatened with consumption, Dr. James Clarke gives the preference to Torquay and the Undercliff, and he seems justly to think that many invalids might find those benefits from climate at home which they seek in distant countries, and too often separated from their friends. "The whole of the Undercliff," he says, "which presents scenery of the greatest beauty, is dry and free from moist or impure exhalations, and is completely sheltered from the north, north-east, north-west, and west winds, by a range of lofty downs or hills of chalk and sandstone, which rise boldly from the upper termination of these terraces, in elevations varying from 400 to 700 feet, leaving the Undercliff open only in a direct line to the south-east, and obliquely only to the south and south-west winds, which rarely blow here with great force." This eminent physician, who hoped that "the Isle of Wight, in addition to its proud title of the Garden of England, might gain that of the British Madeira," would now find his prediction in a fair way of becoming realised, from the number of invalids who have become restored to health by a residence in this highly-favoured spot. The mean morning temperature of the winter months here has been found not less than 45 degrees.

Ventnor is a rapidly improving and extending town, with an elegant and commodious church, and hotels and lodging-houses in abundance. Three or four days might be delightfully spent in roaming about the Undercliff and its immediate vicinity by making this the starting point. Ventnor Cove, with its sandstone cliffs, presents a peculiarly picturesque appearance. A projecting portion of the rock has been quite worn through by the sea, and now forms a natural archway, as romantic as could be desired.

Still onward from Ventnor, towards Blackgang, and a picturesque spring, flowing through the mouth of a dolphin, will be found worthy of notice, to the right. In such high veneration was this formerly held by seamen, that in passing this place it was customary for vessels to lower their top-

mast, in reverence to St. Boniface, its patron saint. Westward is Puckaster Cove, and the straggling village of St. Lawrence, next encountered, has the peculiar distinction of possessing the smallest church in England, its height to the eaves being only six feet; and, until recently lengthened by the late Earl of Yarborough, its dimensions were only twenty feet in length by twelve in width. At Rocken End, a little further, the Undercliff may be said to terminate, and immediately above this spot is St. Catherine's Hill, the most elevated point in the island, being 800 feet above the level of the sea at low water mark. A lighthouse was erected here in 1840, from the summit of which a magnificent panoramic view is obtained of the whole island, and encircling within the scope of vision, on a fine day, the Hampshire coast, with the New Forest, Southampton Waters, the downs of Sussex, Beechy Head, the isles of Portland and Purbeck, and part of the French coast, near Cherbourg. Near here, on the descent of the hill, is Niton, a pretty little village; and about a mile further on, along the coast, is the Royal Sandrock Hotel, which derives its name and celebrity from a valuable chalybeate spring, discovered by Mr. Waterworth, a surgeon at Newport, in 1807. From the threshold of this hotel will be observed a delightful marine landscape. Extending on each side will be seen those noble projecting cliffs, which, in their boldness and grandeur, are distinguishing features of the coast, and behind are the remarkable range of rocks which give the name to the vicinity, with cottages gleaming through the foliage of the trees as triumphs of human industry over the wildness and the wreck of nature.

Proceeding in a westerly direction towards Chale Bay is, at the distance of one mile and a half, the famous chine of Blackgang, a gloomy fissure that, like a chasm in the Alps, looms with stupendous grandeur on the eye of the spectator: whilst the cliffs on each side rise to the height of five hundred feet, there is not a trace of vegetation on their surface. All is rugged and bare, as if its elements of attraction were more

of the sublime than the beautiful. When the wind blows freshly from the south-west an echo of a startling character may furnish a very interesting experiment in acoustics. The hotel near the summit, with its ample album, should not fail to be inspected.

Chale Bay, which is about three miles in extent, is so dangerous in stormy weather that the strongest Newfoundland dog has been found unable to gain the shore from even a short distance. Before leaving the vicinity of the Undercliff, the tourist should contrive a visit to Appuldurcombe, the ancient seat of the Worsley family, and situated one mile south from Godshill. The fine collections of paintings, works of art, &c. are open to the public every Tuesday and Friday, by tickets, procurable from Messrs. Sewell, of Newport.

A pleasant walk or ride of six miles from Blackgang will bring us to Brixton, a neat village, with a couple of respectable inns in it. From this place we pass on through Mottestone, with its interesting Druidical remains, to Brooke, where mounds and tumuli, supposed to be coeval with the first Saxon invasion, may be found in the neighbourhood. Aston Down, five hundred feet high, affords another delightful view. From Aston Down the walk over to Freshwater Gate will be by many considered as interesting a feat of pedestrianism as can be found in the island. Eastward arise the dark stern cliffs of Blackgang and the horizon-bounded sea; southward are seen innumerable cottages and hamlets, with their church spires glittering in the summer sunshine; and directly in front, or westward, gleam the white cliffs of Freshwater, Yarmouth, with the river which gives the local appellation, and a tract of fertile country rich and varied in the extreme.

Extending from Freshwater Gate to Scratchell's Bay, the chalk cliffs are said to be of such altitude that not in the whole world can be found a parallel. Rising above the level of the sea to six hundred feet, they are for the most part perfectly white, with narrow streaks of black flint, occasionally serving as rough projecting shelves to herds of sea fowl that

here congregate in prodigious numbers from May till August. The great curiosity in Freshwater Bay is the cavern, which can only be entered at low water, and forms one of similar excavations made by the constant inroads of the sea. The cave is about one hundred and twenty feet in depth, having an entrance through a small archway. The water at the base is so clear that one may see many fathoms deep to the bottom of it. On the opposite side of the bay is the famous arched rock, so familiar to the eye from the repeated views of which it has formed the subject. Though once forming a component part of the cliffs it is now nearly six hundred feet away from them.

Three miles from Freshwater and Scratchell's Bay, Alum Bay and the Needles will be reached, forming the extreme western portion of the island. One of the most striking scenes is formed by Alum Bay, which on one side is bounded by lofty precipices of pearly chalk, broken and indented, and on the other by cliffs, strangely variegated with different colours, arising from the several strata of red and yellow ochre, fuller's earth, black flint, and sands of grey and white. Alum and copperas ores are easily collected from the beach. Standing on the shores of the bay, the tourist will perceive the Needles, varying their irregular forms to the eye according to the position assumed by the gazer. Sometimes they appear united, as if in one broad solid mass, and, seen from other points, they appear like detached and rugged fortresses, battered by storm and time. Though only three of them now stand boldly out of the water, they are in reality five, of a white colour, and curiously streaked above the black base, with dark spots, from the alternate flinty strata. Their distinctive appellation was gained from a tall spiral rock, about one hundred and thirty feet high, which, having been worn away by the constant lashing of the waves at the base, fell, in 1776, with a tremendous crash, said to have been felt even at Southampton. Its rough and flinty remains are still visible. Geologists assert that at no very distant period the present rocks will have totally dis-

appeared, but out of the western point of the island, already extremely narrow, new ones will be formed insulated like the Needles, and possibly even more picturesque. The lighthouse, seven hundred and fifteen feet above the marine level, stands on the highest point of the cliffs, and contains ten argand lamps, with a deep concave copper reflector behind each, plated with bright silver. This light can be seen, in clear weather, thirty-three miles.

From Alum Bay the lofty cliffs gradually decrease in height until we reach Cary's Sconce, near the mouth of the river Yar, where they cease altogether. On the eastern bank of this river, ten miles from Newport, lies the neat little town of Yarmouth. Until the passing of the Reform Bill, when the constituency had dwindled down to nine individuals, it regularly sent members to Parliament. A constant steam communication is kept up with Lymington, Portsmouth, Ryde, Cowes, Southampton, and Weymouth. Its ancient church is a fine feature in the scenery, being more than three hundred years old, having been built in 1543. The castle, erected by Henry VIII., is little more than a stone platform, mounted with eight guns, and possesses little strength and less beauty.

On the opposite side of the Yar is the pleasant village of Norton, and a little further westward we come to Sconce Point, where Hurst Castle, cresting the end of a projection from the Hampshire coast, appears almost within reach, the Solent being at this point very little more than a mile across. From Yarmouth to Newport the road passes through a richly cultivated district, and affords a constant succession of prospects, land and marine.

One mile and a half before entering Newport is the village of Carisbrooke, which, with its romantic old castle, associated with so many historical reminiscences, forms one of the most interesting objects in the island. Though now a long straggling village, Carisbrooke was once the capital of the island, but when Fortibus, the last of the lords of Wight, sold the regalities to the English crown, in 1291, Newport rose into

importance and usurped its position. The old church, containing some curious specimens of sculpture, is supposed to have been erected on the exact site of a Saxon church, built a few centuries before the Norman Conquest, and pleasantly called "the Church of the Manor of the Fair Valley." Adjoining are the ruins of a Cistercian Priory, founded by Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford, soon after the Norman Conquest; but of this once stately edifice scarcely enough remains to make a respectable ruin. But not so, fortunately, with the castle, which, on a much higher eminence, stands nearly opposite, and mingles tower, keep, and barbican, battlements and ramparts, with sufficient of the poetry of ruin about them to charm all lovers of the romantic and picturesque. From its origin as a Saxon fortress, early in the sixth century, constant additions were made by succeeding monarchs, the last being by Queen Elizabeth, who caused the outer walls to enclose nearly twenty acres of land. It is almost superfluous to remind the reader that here Charles I. was confined, after having fled thither from Hampton Court, in the hope of finding a safe retreat. Many unsuccessful attempts were made by the King to escape, and part of the chamber he occupied, and the grated window through which the unfortunate monarch tried to pass, are still shown at the left-hand side of the first court. The great entrance is over two bridges, through a strong gate on the western side of the structure. The view from the keep's summit is one of the loveliest and most extensive that can be imagined. Among the curiosities of the place pointed out to the stranger are two wells, one in the centre of the keep, said to have been three hundred feet deep, but now partially filled up; the other in the castle yard, of nearly the same depth, whence water, pure and crystalline, is drawn up by means of a large tread-wheel, worked by an ass. A predecessor of this animal is recorded to have fulfilled this office for fifty years, and even then to have died by accident; whilst another for many years enjoyed the boon of a penny loaf *per diem*, granted by the Duke of

Gloucester, uncle of George III. A pebble thrown into the well occupies four seconds in its descent to the bottom, and then produces a singular echo.

Proceeding onwards to Newport, the tourist will find in this, the capital of the island, some excellent hotels, and all the most prominent characteristics of a busy and prosperous town. In the High-street a famous three days' fair is annually held at Whitsuntide. The oldest building remaining perfect in the island may be here seen in the Grammar-school, which was built in 1619; the school-room, fifty-three feet in length, is memorable as having been the scene of the last conference between Charles I. and the Parliamentary Commissioners.

On the way from Newport to Cowes, a pleasant walk of five miles, the Albany Barracks will be passed, now under the familiar title of the Parkhurst Reformatory, serving an important object in the reformation of juvenile offenders, who here are made to fulfil various useful duties.

West Cowes, the principal port of the island, is advantageously situated at the mouth of the river Medina, on the declivity of a hill, and though the streets are steep and narrow, the houses and shops are good, and the whole appearance of the place lively and bustling. The harbour, in front of the town, forms a fine spacious anchorage for shipping, and for this reason, combined with its beauty and safety, it was selected in 1812 as the head-quarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Though not of very ancient date, a castle is here to be found, being one of that chain of fortresses erected about 1740 for the defence of the coast.

East Cowes, on the opposite shore of the Medina, can be reached by a short ferry, for which one-halfpenny is charged as fare, and is by far the more elegant and inviting town. To the great improvements that have been recently made here, and the exquisite villas that now stud the shelving banks in every direction, the circumstance of this vicinity having become the chosen residence of royalty must have chiefly contributed. Osborne House, the marine mansion of her

Majesty, occupies the most delightful situation on the island. The alterations in the structure, now completed, render the attractions imparted by art almost as unrivalled as those by which it has been so richly endowed from the hand of nature. For the convenience of embarkation at all states of the tide, a new pier has been constructed, and, when seen from the sea, the royal domains not only form of themselves a striking and commanding object, but constitute a really artistic addition to the general scenery of the coast.

The distance from Cowes to Southampton is fifteen miles, and the passage is frequently made by the packets in one hour and a-half. It is by this route that we recommend all who have crossed from Portsmouth to Ryde to return home. Adopting the course we have indicated, the whole beauties of the island may be seen, at a very moderate cost, in three days. The more time that a traveller can spare for their investigation, the longer, of course, will his enjoyments be prolonged; but in the period we have above named, and in the rotation of the places above enumerated, a most delightful trip may be insured, with scarcely any other condition than that of fine weather. Vehicles of every kind are easily to be obtained at the chief inns; but, if at all practicable, the best mode of surveying the charms of the isle will be to turn pedestrian, and, with early rising, make a resolution to achieve some fifteen miles per day. Those partial to aquatic excursions may take boats from point to point. Steamers from Ryde and Cowes make the voyage round the island in from eight to twelve hours. From Ryde, Newport, and Cowes, stage-coaches depart daily for the various places of resort, and a constant communication is thus kept up between the different parts of the island. For the above itinerary we have left the tourist, as likely to be influenced by circumstances, to divide the excursions of each day after his own fashion. To those however, who would rather avail themselves of the routes hereunto annexed, we would briefly hint, that Ryde, Shanklin, Ventnor, Brixton, Yarmouth, Newport, and

Cowes, will either of them be found excellent halting places for the night.

The almost invariable recurrence of fine woodland scenery in connexion with glimpses of the sea, is a peculiar feature of the island. The rivers Yar and Medina, flowing from south to north, admit vessels, with their snow-white sails, far inland, among the trees and hills; and besides these there are numerous springs and streams of less note scattered over the country. Indeed, almost every valley has its flowing stream, on the banks of which villages and mills, with rustic bridges thrown across their beds, and cattle lowing on their brinks, continually serve to make out those cool rural pictures which please even in words. Excepting those which trickle through the chimes, all the waters of the Wight have a northerly course, and fall into the Solent. The course of the main chain of hills is from east to west. It has in all its extent the character of downs, and presents in some parts far-spreading carpets of turf and odorous thyme and wild flowers, that cannot be trod without more than one sense being gratified. These are the elements of enjoyment that contribute so much to the delight of an Isle of Wight pedestrian pilgrimage.

A very speedy, but we cannot say a very satisfactory, mode of seeing the external beauties of the island is occasionally offered by the South-Western Company, who, providing a special train early to Southampton, have a steamer in readiness for the trip round the Wight, and enable the excursionist to get back to town the same evening. This is a plan, however, we can only conscientiously recommend for those to whom time is more important than money. Proceeding down the Southampton Water, the voyager will find a panorama of varied beauty continually in prospect, and should be certainly chosen as the route either for going out or the return home—the latter, we think, being preferable. As the Solent Sea is crossed (deriving its appellation, probably, from *Solvendo*, to dissolve), the tourist will see that the tradition of an isthmus once having connected it with the main land is far from

improbable. It is historically alleged that the Carthaginians had settlements in the Scilly Islands, and that buying up the tin of Cornwall, they conveyed it by this isthmus to the south of the Isle of Wight, thence transporting it into Gaul, and various other parts of the Continent. But whatever doubt may be attached to this part of our subject, there cannot be any to another, namely, that by adopting the modes we have indicated, a delightful tour of three days, or more, may be made in this charming nook, until satiated curiosity leads the wanderer back with a happy, gratified, and contented spirit to his own home in the busy regions of the metropolis, and the "pleasures of hope" are exchanged for the "pleasures of memory."

THREE DAYS' TOUR FROM COWES.

FIRST DAY.		SECOND DAY.		Miles.	
	Miles.		Miles.		
To Newport	5	Shanklin to Luccombe ..	2	Allum Bay	3
Wooton	4	Bonchurch	1	Total	29
Ryde	3	Ventnor	1		
Brading	4	Steephill	1	THIRD DAY.	
Sandown	2	St. Lawrence	1	Allum Bay to Fresh-	
Lake	1	Niton	3½	water	3
Shanklin	2	Black Gang	2	Yarmouth	3
		Kingston	2½	Shalfleet	4
Total	21	Shorwell	1½	Newtown	1
		Brixton	2	Parkhurst	5
		Mottistone	2	Cowes	4
		Brooke	2		
		Freshwater Gate ..	4½	Total	20

THREE DAYS' TOUR FROM RYDE.

(By the Undercliff first.)

FIRST DAY.		SECOND DAY.		THIRD DAY.	
	Miles.		Miles.		Miles.
Ryde to Brading ..	4	Niton to Chale	2½	Allum Bay to Fresh-	
Sandown	2	Kingston	2	water	2
Lake	1	Shorwell	1½	Yarmouth	3
Shanklin	2	Brixton	2	Shalfleet	4
Luccombe	2	Mottistone	2	Newtown	1
Bonchurch	1	Brooke	2	Carisbrooke	5
Ventnor	1	Freshwater	4½	Newport	1
Steephill	1	Allum Bay	2	Wooton Bridge	4
St. Lawrence	1	Total	18½	Ryde	3
Niton	3			Total	23
Total	18				

THE NEW FOREST,
AND
THE WATERING-PLACES OF THE HAMPSHIRE
COAST.



HAIL to the New Forest! Who has not longed to explore the recesses of this sylvan labyrinth and thread the tangled mazes of a woodland region, the very name of which evokes the associations of History, Poetry, and Romance?

The want of some guide to its secluded beauties, and the impediments of a slow and somewhat expensive mode of conveyance, have both tended to keep the metropolitan denizen in ignorance of its attractions; but hoping to supply in the following pages the first deficiency, and pointing out the way in which the second has been superseded, we may fairly anticipate each summer will bring its thousands into acquaintance with a spot that otherwise would have been relinquished in favour of some more hacknied resort.

By the extension of the South-Western Railway from Southampton to Dorchester, the tourist can now comfortably transport himself in three hours from London to the Lyndhurst Road station—the very gate of the New Forest—and this for the moderate outlay of little more than half a-guinea. He can make his way thus to Lymington, and then, crossing the Solent, to Yarmouth, visit the Isle of Wight by this route, or make a circuit through the Forest to Hythe, and thence return by ferry to Southampton. It will be seen, therefore, that it would be no difficult matter to make a pleasant deviation, and take the Forest in our way, even on a week's trip to the Wight, or on a sojourn at Southampton, and, though with only a rapid survey, a very fair estimate of its beauties may be formed. But to our pleasant duty of description:—

This tract of woodland was originally made a forest by William the Conqueror in the year 1079, about a dozen years after the battle of Hastings, and is indeed the only forest in England whose origin can be traced. Its distinction of the "*New Forest*" arose from it being an addition to the many already possessed by the crown. Within equal limits, perhaps, few parts of England afford a greater variety of beautiful landscape. Its woody scenes, its extended lawns, and vast sweeps of wild country unlimited by artificial boundaries, together with its river views and distant coasts, are all in a measure magnificent. It must still, however, be remembered that its chief characteristic, and what it rests on for distinction, is not sublimity, but sylvan beauty. Alternations of wild and

woodland are presented, upon which there is no trace of the hand of man, interspersed with exquisite retreats and highly cultivated patches, making the most delightful contrast with the surrounding wilderness that can possibly be imagined. The question whether William the Conqueror devastated the country, in order to make this district a hunting forest, has been answered by modern historians in the negative; and there seems now every reason to believe that the reports of the Conqueror's cruelty originated with the traditions of the early monks, who had their own motives for endeavouring to traduce his character as a man as well as a monarch.

In form the New Forest is an irregular triangle, of which the three angles are at Calshot Castle on the east; the Black Hill of Rookbourne Down, on the borders of Wilts, on the north-west; and Dunley Chine, within about a mile and a half of Poole Harbour, on the south-east. Its geological appearance is that of the tertiary formation above the chalk, and, as is the case in other parts of England, the formation varies greatly in different places, though within the Forest itself the prevailing soil is sand, or sandy loam, more or less mingled with clay, and, generally speaking, pretty strongly impregnated with iron.

The New Forest horse is quite a study to those who would see the natural development of this useful animal. If not very beautiful he is at least picturesque, and admirably in unison with the scenes in which he is found. The mane and tail are at all times copious and flowing, and in the winter his coat becomes considerably thicker. The hog is another animal, the breed of which is peculiar to this district. These hogs are generally to be met with in small herds, led on by one patriarchal male. In their native glades, or in the depths of the beechen forests, they are frequently of no inconsiderable beauty, their forms being light and elegant, and their bristles having almost a metallic lustre, which gleams brightly in the straggling rays of the sun among the trees.

To the lovers of birds, whether as a sportsman or a natu-

ralist, this is a district of great interest; and, unlike most other places, it is equally interesting at all seasons of the year. In winter the aquatic birds throng to its shores, and resident species flock upon the cultivated fields and rich valleys; in spring, it is the resting-place of many of the migrating tribe, that proceed farther onward to spend the season; in summer it is all song and flutter; and, in autumn, many of the birds which find their way into the country singly, and by stealth, muster their array here before they take their departure for those more tropical climates in which they winter.

At the present time the Forest comprises nearly 64,000 acres, which are the property of the crown, subject to certain manorial rights. The Lord Warden is the chief officer, who is appointed by letters patent under the Great Seal, during the royal pleasure. The subordinate^b officials are a lieutenant, a bow-bearer, two rangers, a woodward, an under-woodward, four verderers, a high-steward, twelve regardors, nine foresters, and fifteen under-foresters. Of course, these appointments being for the most part considered as marks of distinction, rather than business situations, the parties who fill them are very often the gentry of the neighbourhood.

In addition to these ancient officers there are two others concerned in what relates to the timber—the Purveyor to the Navy, and the Surveyor General of the Woods and Forests; the latter appoints a deputy, whose duty it is to execute all warrants for felling timber for the navy, or for the sale of wood and timber, and the execution of other works connected with the Forest. Indeed, the chief mercantile value of the New Forest may be considered the raising of oak and beech timber for the use of the navy. With respect to the convenience of water carriage, and its proximity to the dock-yards, it possesses advantages of situation superior to every other forest, having in its neighbourhood several ports and places for shipping timber; and with Lymington within two miles, Beaulieu half a-mile, and Redbridge hardly four miles from the Forest, there was felt, even in the early days of locomotion,

no difficulty of transport. To these the facilities afforded by the railway have now to be added, and this latter mode has given an immense stimulus to the local traffic.

As it may be as well to know beforehand the most favourable localities for observing its choicest features, we borrow the graphic geographical description of Gilpin, who gives an excellent suggestion occasionally to the pedestrian in his "Forest Scenery:"—

"Along the banks of the Avon, from Ringwood to the sea, the whole surface is flat, enclosed, and cultivated. There is little beauty in this part. Eastward from Christchurch, along the coast as far as to the estuary of Lymington river, we have also a continued flat. Much heathy ground is interspersed, but no woody scenery, except in some narrow glen, through which a rivulet happens to find its way to the sea. In two or three of these there is some beauty. Here the coast, which is exposed to the ocean, and formed by the violence of storms, is edged by a broken cliff, from which are presented grand sea-views, sometimes embellished with winding shores. As we leave the coast and ascend more into the midland parts of this division the scenery improves, the ground is more varied, woods and lawns are interspersed, and many of them are among the most beautiful exhibitions of this kind which the Forest presents."

Between Lymington and Beaulieu, though the coast is flat and unedged with cliff, there is a great variety of beautiful country. The pedestrian must and should surrender himself entirely to the luxurious enjoyment of these solitudes. Sometimes seated under the shade of a wide-spreading oak, to listen in vain for sounds indicating life, and pondering on the huge stems which uprear themselves everywhere, and then the mind incontinently ponders over the many and mighty events that have followed one another in succession since they had first developed themselves from the tiny acorns whence they had sprung; and then, led by fancy, we may strive to penetrate the mysteries of the Forest, and become more and more per-

plexed by the increasing depth of its shades. Anon, perchance, an increase of light will gradually disclose an embayed arm of the sea, surrounded by magnificent oaks; and, in fact, so fascinating are these forest scenes in their beauty and variety, that time, space, and position may be so far forgotten, that a night beneath the shelter of some of the tangled thickets of these sylvan wildernesses would not be an unlikely forfeit of these pleasures.

Taking the railway from Southampton and passing Spring Hill, an eminence on our right commanding extensive prospects, we come to Blechynden, the first station. Millbrook, a large and pretty village adjacent, has a monument in the churchyard commemorative of Pollok, the author of "The Course of Time," who died in the vicinity, at Shirley, in 1827, at the premature age of twenty-nine. Soon after we come to Redbridge, at the head of the Southampton Water, and the commencement of the Andover Canal. It is a port of some antiquity, and carries on a considerable trade in ship-building. Thence we arrive at the Lyndhurst Road station, and here we plunge into the very heart of the Forest.

Lyndhurst is beautifully situated. It has been considered the capital of the New Forest ever since its formation. All the Forest Courts, under the direction of the verderers, are still held here, and an ancient stirrup-cup is preserved, said to have been that used by William Rufus at the time he was shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel. The King's House, the official residence of the Lord Warden, was built in the reign of Charles II., and probably occupies the site of a more ancient building. A quadrangular structure opposite is called the King's Stables, and during the war proved serviceable as barracks. The church was built in 1740, and a fine prospect, worth the ascent, may be obtained from the tower. The population is about 1500. This forms an excellent starting point for an excursion into the interior, and some of the feelings inspired by the scenes that now greet the eye have been so well described by Howitt, that we cannot resist quoting the passage, as a slight indication of what the tourist may expect:—

"Herds of red deer rose from the fern, and went bounding away and dashed into the depths of the woods; troops of those grey and long-tailed forest horses turned to gaze as I passed down the open glades; and the red squirrels in hundreds scampered away from the ground where they were feeding. I roved onward without a guide through the wildest woods that came in my way. Awaking as from a dream, I saw far around me one deep shadow, one thick and continuous roof of boughs, and thousands of hoary bolls standing clothed as it were with the very spirit of silence. I admired the magnificent sweep of some grand old trees as they hung into a glade or ravine; some delicious openings in the deep woods; or the grotesque figure of particular trees which seemed to have been blasted into blackness and contorted into inimitable crookedness by the savage genius of the place." Thus prepared we now invite the reader to accompany us on a visit to what has been considered for centuries the Lion of the New Forest—the stone that indicates the spot where Rufus fell.

Leaving Lyndhurst on the right, and turning into the road to Minstead, the ground will be found pleasantly varied, being hilly, broken, and wooded in clumps, with cottages here and there interspersed. Nothing in the pastoral style can be more picturesque. We have also extensive views through the woods, particularly a grand retrospect towards Southampton. As Minstead is approached the woods fail, cultivation is more apparent, and the idea of a forest is in a great degree lost. Soon after, the western road to Ringwood is entered over a spacious heath, and at the 82nd stone, about a quarter of a mile down the hill on the right from the road, we are shown the scene of the celebrated event of Rufus's death. The tree, on which the arrow of Tyrrel glanced, was an oak, which Charles II. directed to be enclosed by a paling. In the time of Leland there was also a chapel near the spot; but now, neither tree nor chapel remain, and the spot on which the former grew is marked by a triangular stone about five feet high, erected by Lord Delaware about a century back. The

following inscription, now in many places obliterated by the united agency of time and the elements, was placed upon the monument:—

“Here stood the oak tree on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel at a stag, glanced and struck King William II., surnamed Rufus, on the breast; of which stroke he instantly died, on the second of August, 1100.

“King William the Second, surnamed Rufus, being slain as before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkess, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city.

“That where an event so memorable had happened might not be hereafter unknown, this stone was set up by Lord John Delaware, who had seen the tree growing in this place, anno 1745.”

Malwood Castle, or Keep, seated upon an eminence embosomed in wood at a short distance from here, was the residence of the king when he met with that accident which terminated his life. No remains of it now exist, but the circumference of a building is yet to be traced, and it still gives name to the walk in which it was situated. Sir Walter Tyrrel afterwards swore in France that he did not shoot the arrow, but he was probably anxious to relieve himself of the odium of killing a king, even by accident. It is quite possible, however, that the event did not arise from chance, and that Tyrrel had no part in it. The remorseless ambition of Henry might have had recourse to murder, or the avenging shaft might have been sped by the desperate hand of some Englishman, tempted by a favourable opportunity and the traditions of the place. According to the most authentic accounts the king was hit by a random arrow. The diversion of the day was over, the sun was declining, and William, dismounting his horse, was enjoying a moment's rest after the fatigue of the chase, when a stag darted suddenly across the heath. The king turning towards it, and lifting his hand to screen his eyes from the

sun, at that moment received the arrow. The scene is a calm sequestered spot, open to the west, where the corner of a heath sinks gently into it, but sheltered on the east by a grove of beeches, and on the north and south by irregular clumps of trees, among which are seen several winding avenues of greensward. It is the very place where a person heated with toil might be allured to stop for a moment's repose. Unconnected with the history it records, the scene is a pleasing one.

Ascending once more to the high road, and pursuing the heath over which it leads, we come upon a wide expanse, unadorned with wood, but bounded on every side by very extensive distances. In front we discover the high grounds of the Isle of Purbeck, on the left we have a large range over the Isle of Wight; in the retrospect we overlook the bay and town of Southampton, and on the right is a vast stretch of distant country, bounded by the hills of Dorsetshire and Wiltshire. It is from here to Ringwood a distance of seven miles, and the tourist can regain the railway either there or at Brockenhurst, as he may feel disposed.

Ringwood was in existence during the Roman occupation of Britain, and was a place of some importance in the Anglo-Saxon times. It is a neat, clean town, situated on the eastern side of the Avon, which here divides into three branches, each spanned by a stone bridge. Besides the parish church, there are places of worship for several other sects, and there is a small endowed school. The ale brewed here has a celebrity throughout the county, and after a day's march through the New Forest the traveller will find himself in a competent condition to test its excellence.

Between Ringwood and Christchurch, nine miles apart, there are two roads parallel with each other, and separated by the river Avon. The one on the left bank of the river is most frequented, and passes by Lower Kingston, Avon, Ripley, Sopley, and Staple's Cross. In the vicinity of the latter are some noble mansions—Hinton House, Hinton Admiral, and High Cliff.

Christchurch is one of the principal towns in the Forest, and is pleasantly situated within the angle formed by the confluence of the Avon and the Stour. By the road it is a little better than twenty miles from Southampton, and about one hundred from London. The two rivers above named, after uniting about a mile and a half below the town, flow into Christchurch Bay, forming a harbour very spacious, but very shallow; for, being obstructed by a moving bar of sand, it can only be entered, even at high water, by small vessels. Good anchorage in six fathoms water is found in the bay, about two miles from shore, east of the harbour.

The town of Christchurch is of great antiquity, and here we find the ruins of a castle which was intended formerly to secure the mouth of the Avon. The priory of Christchurch was founded early in the Saxon era, for a fraternity of the order of St. Augustine. The last abbot was John Draper, whom Henry the Eighth's commissioners reported to be "a very honest, conformable person. We found," say they, in their letter, "the house well furnished with jellies and plate, whereof some be meete for the King's Majestic use." Some remains of the wall that enclosed the conventual buildings are yet standing, and without it, to the south-east, is a meadow still called the Convent Garden; in a field adjoining to which are the vestiges of several fishponds and stews. Another trace of this religious foundation may be found in a walk or ambulatory called "Paradise," now used as a place of recreation for the scholars of Christchurch school.

The principal entrance to the church is under a large porch, of the architecture of the fourteenth century, at the north-western extremity. The arches of the doorways were originally very beautiful. The square embattled tower which rises at the west end of the church was built by the Montacutes, earls of Salisbury, in the 15th century. It is worth while entering the church, if only for the sake of some curious ancient monuments to be seen within, especially one in alabaster of a knight and his lady, supposed to have been erected to the memory of

Sir John Chidiock, of Dorsetshire, who perished in one of the battles of York and Lancaster. The monkish legend says that the building of this church was hastened by a mysterious supernumerary workman, who always appeared at the hours of labour, though he never was present to receive either food or pay. To finish the building a large beam was raised to a particular situation; but, after it had been raised, it was found too short. This occurred in the evening, and when the workmen returned to the church on the ensuing morning, they discovered that the beam had been placed in its right position, and that it now extended a foot longer than was necessary. They agreed, therefore, that this must have been supernatural agency, and gave that name to the church which it afterwards gave to the town. The miraculous beam is still shown.

Christchurch is one of the smaller boroughs which were permitted to return two members by the Reform Bill. The salmon and other fisheries, the breweries, the knitting of stockings, and the making of watch-springs, are the chief supports of the town, which has a population of about 5,000. There is a handsome hotel which commands a beautiful view of the sea, the Isle of Wight, and the Needles; and in the vicinity appears the site of a camp and entrenchments, with several tumuli and barrows.

Leaving Christchurch, and proceeding on the road to Lymington, ten miles farther, the coast-line assumes a bolder and more elevated character. To the right is a quaint, old fashioned village, called Hordwell, and beyond is Hardwell Cliff, rising about 150 feet above the level of the sea. We next come to Milford, a small village three miles from Lymington, and situated between that town and Hurst Castle. Being opposite Alum Bay it affords some fine views of the Isle of Wight, and from here it is worth while to deviate from the exact course and visit Hurst Castle, built at the extreme point of an extraordinary natural causeway that runs into the sea. From this little peninsula the Island and the Needles form a marine prospect, dreary, vast, and grand; and, on a

dull day, there are few places more calculated to infuse into the mind a solemn feeling of awe and desolation. The castle consists of a round tower fortified by semi-circular bastions, and was among the strongest of those castles which were built by Henry VIII. Though still occupied as a garrison, it is but of little strength, and since Portsmouth has been guarded by a fleet, this place has been much neglected. The apartments are still shown where Charles I. was confined, when he was carried from the island, and very miserable they are. Looking at the dismal rooms provided, and the dreary aspect of the locality, it seems just the kind of place to make anybody regard a trial and execution as a pleasant change.

A little farther on is Lymington, just at the point where the flat country we have been passing over from Christchurch descends to the river. The town occupies the brow and gentle descent of this falling ground, forming a handsome street, which overlooks the high ground on the opposite side of the river.

Of late years the town has received considerable improvements, with a view to invite visitors during the bathing season. Three thousand pounds have been subscribed for the erection of baths, and a similar sum for the establishment of gas works. The chief manufacture is that of salt, which some years ago was carried on to a considerable extent in the neighbourhood. The parish church, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, contains a number of handsome monuments. Lymington has returned two members to Parliament since the reign of Elizabeth. About a mile to the east of the town is Wallhampton, a noble seat, affording extensive views, and containing in the grounds a magnificent expanse of water, twelve acres in extent.

Two miles from Lymington to the north is Boldre, the village church of which was, for above twenty years, the scene of the pastoral labours of the Rev. William Gilpin, author of those admirable works on "Forest Scenery," and the picturesque, to which we have before made allusion. This eminent man and excellent minister died in 1804, and was buried in

Boldre churchyard, where a plain tomb marks the grave of himself and wife.

Boldre is an ancient village, being recorded in Domesday Book by the name of Booreford. The church was in existence in the beginning of the twelfth century, and it still displays some interesting specimens of its original architecture, though parts of it, at subsequent periods, have been altered. The north side appears to have been added about the time of King John, as on one of the windows are the arms of Louis, the Dauphin of France, who had been invited to England during that troublesome reign. The church is finely situated on an eminence to the north of the village, and the Parsonage House, at Vicar's Hill, overlooks a wide extent of beautiful scenery. The intermediate woods gently incline towards the adjacent stream, which, widening as it proceeds, flows into the sea, at Lymington bridge. The profits which Mr. Gilpin derived from his pen and pencil were applied to the foundation of two parish schools, which adjoin each other, and are situated in an angle formed by the junction of two roads, one of which leads to Pilley, and thence to Boldre church, and the other to Vicar's Hill and Lymington. In these schools twenty boys, and as many girls, "taken as far as can be out of the day-labouring part of the parish of Boldre," are clothed and educated according to the direction of the founder. With a view to the permanent prosperity of these schools he sold most of his drawings; the first lot produced £1200, and the second, sold after his death, pursuant to his will, realised £1500. The whole of this sum was invested for the benefit of the children, and the future secure establishment of the blessings of education to the parish.

Ascending the opposite bank called Rope Hill, to Batram-sley, we have a beautiful view of the estuary of the Lymington river, which, when filled with the tide, forms a grand sweep in the sea. It is seen to most advantage from the top of the hill, a few yards out of the road on the right. The valley through which the river flows is broad; its screens are not lofty, but

well varied and woody. The distance is formed by the sea and the Isle of Wight. At Battramsley we join the London road, and from hence to Brockenhurst the Forest exhibits little more than a wild heath, skirted here and there with distant wood. Brockenhurst is a pleasant forest village, lying in a valley adorned with lawns, groves and rivulets, and surrounded on the higher grounds by vast woods. The best view is from the churchyard, where an expanded prospect opens over the whole. On the left rise the woods of Hinchelsea, and adjoining to these the woods of Rhinville, whilst in the centre are the high grounds of Boldre wood. The little speck just seen among them is the Summer House, erected by Lord Delawar. The old church of Brockenhurst is evidently of Saxon origin, and the font will particularly interest the antiquary; it is a very antique and curious piece of workmanship, evidently formed when the custom of total immersion was prevalent. Watcombe House, in Brockenhurst Park, was for three years the residence of the philanthropic Howard, whose memory is still cherished by the poor inhabitants of the neighbourhood. To the southwest of Brockenhurst there is a heath called Sway Common, over which various tumuli or barrows are scattered, and these are supposed to be coeval with the earliest encounters of the Britons and Saxons.

The great avenue from Brockenhurst leads through the space of five or six miles. After we have mounted the summit of the hill, the close views in the descent on the other side are very beautiful, consisting of little woody recesses, open groves or open glades, varied as they were before in different forms. The town of Lyndhurst makes a picturesque approach, and the delightful situation of Cuffnalls, a stately mansion to the left, strikes the eye with admiration, as thus traversing the finest part of the Forest we again reach the spot whence we first set out upon our woodland wanderings. From Lyndhurst the tourist can again return to Southampton, where we have one more pleasant jaunt in store, which may complete our survey of the Forest.

From Southampton the tourist may cross the water by the ferry steam-boat to Hythe, and thence proceed to Beaulieu Abbey, a distance of about five miles farther. The country round is very woody, and thickly overspread with beech, which in the pannage season, beginning about the end of September and lasting six weeks, furnish provender for thousands of hogs, that are here turned out for pasture. The river Beaulieu, taking its rise to the north-east of Lyndhurst, is an insignificant stream until it reaches the village on which it bestows its appellation, and here it expands into a lake covering many acres, and on the eastern side of which stands the Abbey. The old stone walls are in many places nearly entire, and finely mantled with ivy. It was founded for monks of the Cistercian order, in 1204, by King John, and its annual revenue at the dissolution was about £400. The visitor may still find remaining the apartments of the abbot, converted, after the suppression of monasteries, into a family seat, and having a high vaulted hall; a long building, which from its height and extent has been considered the dormitory; and the ancient kitchen and refectory, which furnish agreeable evidence of olden hospitality. This refectory, a plain stone structure, with massive buttresses, and a curiously constructed oaken roof, now forms the parish church. The old Abbey church is entirely demolished; but there are still left some traces of the cloisters, and a gateway leading to the area enclosed by them is still standing. The privilege of sanctuary was long possessed by this Abbey, and it is recorded to have been afforded to Margaret of Anjou and her son, Prince Edward, on their landing in England at the time of the battle of Barnet, and to Perkin Warbeck, after the failure of his attempted usurpation of the throne.

The Knights Templars had also an hospital at Beaulieu, which they founded long before even the establishment of the Abbey. The ruins are now converted into farm buildings, and by many are mistaken for those of the Abbey. There is a striking difference, however, in their situation. The Abbey

ruins are in a swampy hollow, whilst those of the Hospital are about half-a-mile distant from the water, and on rising ground, which commands views of Hurst Castle, the Needles, Spithead, and the towns of Yarmouth, Cowes, and Newport. A very delightful excursion may be made on a summer's day by sailing down the river to Exbury, a distance from Beaulieu of rather more than three miles. Disembarking here, there is a fine walk of barely five miles to Calshot Castle, with a varied panorama of inland and marine scenery the whole way. Calshot Castle, like that of Hurst, was built by Henry VIII. for the defence of the coast, and it will be seen that it occupies a commanding position at the mouth of the Southampton Water.

From Calshot we may proceed to Hythe back again by way of Fawley, or continue our excursion on to Dibden and Eling, and thence across the Southampton Water. Either way the route will be found fraught with everything that can gratify the eye and leave pleasurable impressions on the mind. When thousands are annually leaving our own shores for those of the Continent in search of scenic beauty, it is a matter of surprise and regret that the wild and romantic scenery of the New Forest, though now brought within so speedy a transit, should be, comparatively speaking, neglected and unexplored.

There is one peculiarity sure to strike the ear of the Londoner ; he will find that the Hampshire dialect has a peculiar tendency to the corruption of pronouns by confounding their cases. This corruption prevails throughout the county, but it is in the neighbourhood of the New Forest that this Doric attains its highest perfection. Often will a pedestrian, musing among the monuments of an old churchyard, encounter some such touching elegy as the following:—

Him shall never come again to we,
But us shall surely one day go to he.

And the conversational idioms of the peasantry are very much after the same fashion. We allude particularly to these pro-

vincialisms, for in making inquiries of the villagers in remote places, the replies would be in many cases incomprehensible without some such clue as that we have given.

Before concluding we must particularly invite the attention of invalids and lovers of marine pleasures to *Bournemouth*, one of the most delightful of sequestered watering-places, and of the future celebrity of which there can be no doubt. Dr. Granville, who has proved himself to be an excellent authority, gives Bournemouth the preference over all the bathing-places of the southern and western coast. It enjoys a most romantic situation in the centre of a fine bay between Christchurch and Poole, with inland prospects of the New Forest, and commanding sea-views of the Isles of Wight and Purbeck. There is a fine firm sandy beach, and the cliffs on the north and east afford such shelter as to render this a most desirable retreat for the invalid during the winter months. To provide accommodation for the daily increasing number of visitors, hotels, assembly rooms, libraries, bathing establishments, and, in short, every accessory to the comfort and enjoyment of the frequenters, have been furnished on the most liberal scale, and nothing has been omitted to secure and retain that patronage it so freely receives, and has so justly deserved. The markets are well provided with fish, meat, and other comestibles, and the railway stations at Christchurch and Poole render every facility of access to or from the metropolis and Southampton.

We have thus endeavoured—as far as in us lies—to make the reader acquainted with all that is necessary to be known in a ramble through this romantic haunt of Nature's loveliness; and as he reclines, like *Jaques*, under many an oak,

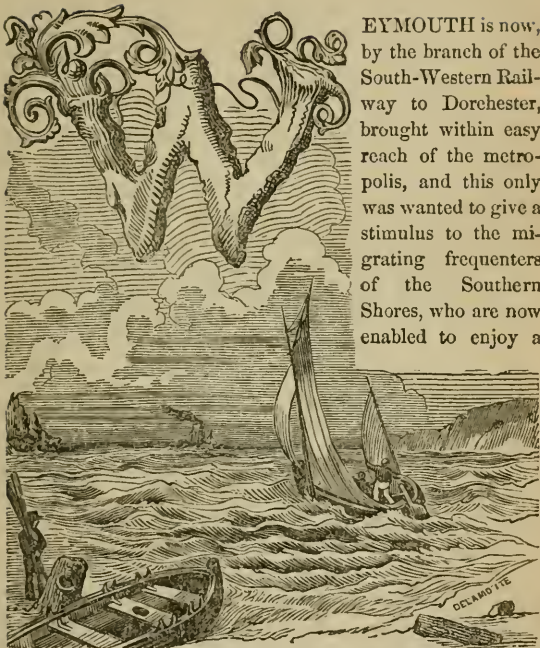
Whose boughs are mossed with age,
And high-top bald with dry antiquity,

we would have him remember this as our parting exhortation. As inns and houses where refreshments can be procured are not everywhere easily accessible, it is always advisable on a

protracted excursion through the forest—what a charm still lingers in the name, even for this age of railways—to be not unmindful of the “creature comforts,” which to frail humanity are still essential. And be it remembered a pic-nic in the woods is a delightful incident wherewith to diversify the erratic tendency of a summer day’s ramble. Nay, the commonplace refection of a cold veal pie carries with it a charm in the open air which may in vain be sought for amidst the heated atmosphere of our gastronomic temples in town, and the sharp champagne twang of the creaming bottled stout hath then a temptation perfectly irresistible. In such scenes and under such influences we have involuntarily brought before us the images of the sturdy outlaws of old, who were wont to enjoy their venison pasties and flasks of mellow malvoisie, under the spreading shades of the Sherwood elms; conjuring up before our mental vision the stalwart forms of Robin Hood and his “merry men all,” and picturing them anew crouched “under the waving greenwood tree.” But in these utilitarian days of solemn matter-of-fact and special constables it does not behove us to get too enthusiastic in their praise. The whole of the roads through the New Forest are delightful, and the rides and drives they yield are all sufficiently charming in themselves; but if one would thoroughly enjoy the full attractions of this sylvan spot, we must abjure the common and everyday path, and dive into the very depths of the Forest. We must wander about with Nature, hand in hand, from one wild and silent retreat to another, till the mind becomes filled with the exquisite woodland pictures on which it has luxuriated, and the memory is stored with a thousand agreeable images on which it can afterwards dwell with delight.

WEYMOUTH.

EYMOUTH is now, by the branch of the South-Western Railway to Dorchester, brought within easy reach of the metropolis, and this only was wanted to give a stimulus to the migrating frequenters of the Southern Shores, who are now enabled to enjoy a



sunset off Weymouth Bay, and yet—thanks to railway transit—be in time the same evening to relish a supper in the Strand.

The towns of Weymouth and Melcombe Regis form opposite boundaries of the harbour, in the conveniences of which they had their origin, and, to terminate their mutual rivalry, they were, in the reign of Elizabeth, united into one borough. Of these two Weymouth, deriving its name from the mouth of

the Wey, is the more ancient, and was probably known to the Romans, as in the immediate neighbourhood there are evident traces of a vicinal way, leading from one of the principal landing stations connected with their camp at Maiden Castle to the *Via Iceani*, where the town of Melcombe Regis now stands. By the charters of Henry I. these ports, with their dependencies, were granted to the monks of St. Swithin, in Winchester, from whom, however, no legendary wet weather was happily bequeathed in return. In the year 1471, Margaret of Anjou, with her son, Prince Edward, landed at this port from France, to assist in restoring her husband, Henry the Sixth, to the throne of England. During the parliamentary war it shared in the usual broils and turmoils of the time, having been alternately garrisoned by both parties. In 1644 it was evacuated by the royalists, on which occasion several ships and a great quantity of arms fell into the hands of the parliamentary forces, who obtained possession of it. Soon afterward an attempt at recovery was made by the royalists, but the garrison sustained the attack for eighteen days, and finally obliged them to raise the siege. From this time it sank from an opulent and commercial port to a mere fishing village, until, by the notice of Ralph Allen, of Prior Park, Bath, in 1763, and the repeated visits of George the Third and the royal family, with whom it was a most admired place of resort, the foundation was laid for its present prosperity.

Nothing can be more striking and picturesque than the situation of this delightful watering-place. The town is built on the western shore of one of the finest bays in the English Channel, and being separated into two parts by the river, which forms a commodious harbour, it is most conveniently situated for trade. A long and handsome bridge of two arches, constructed of stone, with a swivel in the centre, was erected in 1820, and thus the divided townships enjoy a communication. The town, especially on the Melcombe side of the harbour, is regularly built, and consists chiefly of two principal

streets, parallel with each other, intersected with others at right angles; it is well paved and lighted, and is tolerably supplied with fresh water. Since the town has become a place of fashionable resort for sea-bathing, various handsome ranges of building, and a theatre, assembly-rooms, and other places of public entertainment, have been erected, and these are now rapidly extending and increasing in every direction. The principal of these are Belvidere, the Crescent, Gloucester-row, Royal-terrace, Chesterfield-place, York-buildings, Charlotte-row, Augusta-place; and Clarence, Pulteney, and Devonshire-buildings, are conspicuous; to which may perhaps be added Brunswick-buildings, a handsome range of houses at the entrance of the town. From the windows of these buildings, which front the sea, a most extensive and delightful view is obtained, comprehending on the left a noble range of hills and cliffs, extending for many miles in a direction from west to east, and of the sea in front, with the numerous vessels, yachts, and pleasure-boats, which are continually entering and leaving the harbour.

To the west of the harbour are the barracks, a very neat and commodious range of buildings. The Esplanade is one of the finest marine promenades in the kingdom. It is a beautiful terrace, thirty feet broad, rising from the sands, and secured by a strong wall, extending in a circular direction parallel with the bay for nearly a mile, and commanding a most beautiful panorama of the sea, cliffs, and the mountainous range of rocks by which the bay is enclosed.

On the Esplanade is the Royal Lodge, where George the Third and the royal family resided, and here also will be found the principal public libraries, echoing with the dulcet strains of some experimental musician.

The Theatre is a neat and well-arranged edifice, in Augusta-place, but it is seldom inconveniently crowded. Races are held early in September, and during their continuance a splendid regatta is celebrated in the bay, which has a fine circular sweep of two miles, and being sheltered by a conti-

nuous range of hills from the north and north-east winds, the water is generally very calm and transparent. The sands are smooth, firm, and level, and so gradual is the descent towards the sea, that, at the distance of 100 yards, the water is not more than two feet deep. Bathing-machines of the usual number and variety are in constant attendance, and on the South Parade is an establishment of hot salt-water baths, furnished with dressing-rooms and every requisite accommodation. At the south entrance of the harbour are the higher and lower jetties, the latter of which is a little to the east of the former. The sea has been for a long series of years retiring from the eastern side of the harbour, and part of the ground over which it formerly flowed is now covered with buildings, other parts being enclosed with iron railings, which form a prominent feature on the Esplanade. On the Weymouth side are the Look Out and the Nothe, affording extensive and interesting prospects; on the latter is a battery, formerly mounted with six pieces of ordnance, which, on the fort being dismantled, were removed into Portland Castle. Within the walls a signal post has been established, which communicates with several other stations, and apartments have been built for the accommodation of a lieutenant and a party of men. The bay affords ample facilities for aquatic excursions at any time, its tranquil surface being never disturbed except by violent storms from the south or south-west. Yachts and pleasure-boats are always in readiness, and the fares strictly kept under municipal supervision.

No place can be more salubrious than Weymouth. The air is so pure and mild, that the town is not only frequented during the summer, but has been selected by many opulent families as a permanent residence; and the advantages which it possesses in the excellence of its bay, the beauty of its scenery, and the healthfulness of its climate, have contributed to raise it from the low state into which it had fallen, from the depression of its commerce, to one of the most flourishing towns in the kingdom.

About half a mile to the south-west are the remains of Weymouth or Sandsfoot Castle, erected by Henry VIII. in the year 1539, and described by Leland as "a right goodly and warlyke eastle, having one open barbican." It is quadrangular in form; the north front has been nearly destroyed, the masonry with which it was faced having been removed; the apartments on this side are all vaulted, and appear to have been the governor's residence; at the extremity is a tower, on the front of which were the arms of England. The south front is circular, and was defended by a platform of cannon, the wall of which now overhangs the precipice on which it was raised. On this side is a low building, broader than the castle, and flanking its east and west sides, in which are embrasures for great guns, and loop-holes for small arms. The walls in some parts are seven yards in thickness, but in a very dilapidated state, and rapidly crumbling away. The burning cliff at Weymouth—a kind of miniature volcano—has long attracted the notice of naturalists, and will well repay a visit. At Nottingham—about two miles and a half distant, on the Dorchester road—is a mineral spring, the water of which is considered very efficacious in cases of scrofula.

About four miles south from Weymouth is the island of Portland, which, though thus called, is in reality a peninsula, connected with the main land by an extremely narrow isthmus, called Chesil Bank, a line of shingles thrown up by the sea, and extending for more than eight miles, from Portland to Abbotsbury. It is not more than two miles broad and four long; and though the shores are steep and rugged, the surface of the soil at the summit is smooth, and yields wheat, oats, and barley of average quality. At the southern extremity, called Portland Bill, are the higher and lower lighthouses, and a signal station, called the "Lowes;" near the former is a remarkable cavern, from which the water rises as from a fountain. On the eastern side are Rufus and Pennsylvania Castles, and on the northern side are Portland Castle and another signal station. Nearly in the centre of

the island is the little village of Easton, chiefly inhabited by the families of the men employed in the quarries. In the southern part of the island are the remains of an ancient castle, and the ruins of the old church, which formerly was in the centre. Behind the Portland Arms Inn—where, by the way, the original plum-pudding is made, after George the Third's verbal recipe (*vide* announcement over the mantel-piece)—there are some slight traces of a Roman encampment. The custom of gavelkind prevails here, and many curious practices are still preserved in this quaint nook of the Channel. The rocks in the isle of Portland rise frequently to the height of one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet, and large masses lie scattered along the shore. These are composed of calcareous grit, containing moulds of various shells, and emitting a bituminous smell when rubbed with steel. The quarries are scattered among these rocks more or less in every part of the isle, but those of most repute are at Kingston. At this place is a pier, where upwards of six thousand tons of stone are supposed to be shipped annually. The colour of the Portland stone, or freestone, as it is called, from the freedom with which it may be broken into any shape, is well known as almost white, and as composing the materials of the most splendid edifices in London, as well as in other parts of the British empire. It was first brought into repute in the reign of James the First; and whilst the digging of it constitutes the principal employment of the inhabitants, the quarries have proved an inexhaustible source of wealth to the proprietors. In the island are found numerous fossilized trunks of trees, or rather their roots and lower parts, apparently broken off.

A trip to the island is one of the most favourite excursions generally offered, among other temptations, to travellers, and will furnish materials for an interesting day's enjoyment. Indeed, this picturesque coast is unrivalled. The sea view is agreeably diversified with grand and striking objects, to break the monotony that usually pervades a marine prospect. The coast of this part of Dorsetshire itself presents also grand and

striking points. St. Alban's Head and Tulworth Cove, with their bold and soaring cliffs, are sublime and astonishing features in the vast picture that we look upon from hence. The surrounding country is full of castellated remains and interesting historical associations. In the neighbouring isle of Purbeck are the ruins of Corfe Castle, memorable for the assassination of King Edward the Martyr. Milton Abbey is even yet beautiful, under the decaying winters of many ages; and at Sherborne Castle there are many architectural fragments that still attest the genius of the ill-fated but high-minded Raleigh, and a garden too whose shades, planted by his hand, now overlook and wave above those walls which once afforded them shelter, honour, and protection. The rides about Smallmouth Sands, Upway, and beyond the source of the river Wey, are replete with picturesque and ever-changing objects, and the beauty of the town itself is not a little enhanced by the remaining ruins of Weymouth Castle, a scanty relic of the troublous times of old.

The latitude of Weymouth is one degree farther south than London, and many plants which require protection from the cold in the other parts of the country here flourish through the winter in the open air. The geranium grows luxuriantly, and requires little care, and the large and small-leaved myrtle are out-of-door plants. Indeed, so salubrious is the climate, that Dr. Arbuthnot, who came in his early days to settle at Weymouth, observed that no physician could either live or die there. This, however, savours more of flattery than fact, as present observation will fully testify.

As a place for sea-bathing Weymouth is perfect, and the accommodation of about twenty or thirty machines, always ready, near the centre of the esplanade, greatly facilitates that operation. The sands over which the bathers have to walk are well known as of the finest description; the declivity of the shore is almost imperceptible, and totally free from those obstructions which are noticed on many parts of the southern coast, so that the most timid can indulge in the luxury of open

sea-bathing, with the additional comfort of perfect security, and of sea-water pure, clean, and transparent. Neat and commodious warm salt-water baths will also be found on the South Parade, opposite the harbour.

Altogether, it may be fairly asserted that a more interesting district to reside in than that which immediately surrounds this place is hardly to be met with in the south-west of England, whether in point of its geology, rural scenery, fine views, extensive prospects, interesting antiquities, or grand and often palatial residences of the noble and the wealthy. A visitor spending his time at Weymouth need not complain that time hangs heavy on his hands, for he may find full and instructive occupation for every day of the period, without going over the same ground twice, if he has but energy, taste, and inclination, and should happen to enjoy that vigour and elasticity which a sojourn in any of the many comfortable boarding-houses fronting the bay will not be long in imparting.

The post-office arrangements are as follow:—Letters from London delivered at 9h. 30m. a.m.; box closing 4h. 15m. p.m. There has also been a day-mail recently added.

“THE COUNTRY ROUND WEYMOUTH AND ITS QUARRIES.

“If we take Weymouth bridge as a centre, and draw around it a circle of about eight miles radius, we shall find within that circle many striking contrasts. We shall have the thoughts drawn back to a period when the ancient Britons, or their priests, built mounds and earthworks, which—whether intended for defences, as some think, or rude temples, as others deem more probable—have remained to this day a marvel both to archæologist and to peasant. We shall find the Roman period pictured to us by the amphitheatre, which has withstood all changes. We shall see, in the old town of Dorchester, evidence of a spot which has known Romans, Saxons, and Normans, in succession, and still remains one of our southern cities. We shall see how, in Weymouth, by a dextrous adaptation of natural advantages, a small fishing village has

become a fashionable watering-place. We shall obtain, in the Isle of Portland, an epitome of certain remarkable geological changes, and a glance at the mode in which building-stones are obtained from the quarries. We shall have proof how inviting a harbour Nature seems to have formed between Portland and the main coast, and how splendid a haven of refuge this will become when the projected breakwater is completed. Lastly, we shall witness the strange sight of the bustling busy locomotive, rushing close past the Roman earthworks in one spot, and tunnelling beneath the British tumuli in another—a race, a contest, between time-enduring works and time-annihilating machines. All these features are to be met with in the circle whose limits are marked above.

“The quarry itself is usually worked by a company of six men and two boys, whose pay in all cases depends on the quantity of good stone wrought or ‘won,’ in a given time, at a certain stipulated wages per ton. This being the condition, it follows that no money is earned by the quarrymen until the thirty feet of rubbish and bad stone have been removed; and this removal, in the case of a new quarry, is said to occupy a space of *three years*, with the labours of six men and two boys! The men must, therefore, either have a little store of accumulated earnings by them, or they must have money advanced on account by their employers, to support them until the good and merchantable stone is brought to light. The real arrangement is said to be as follows:—Ten shillings per ton is fixed by common consent, as the average price paid to the quarrymen for their labour; and this is supposed to include the value of all the preliminary work. The money thus earned is placed to the credit of the quarrymen; and at the end of six months an account is made out, and a balance determined. During the interval, the agents or stewards open chandler's shops, from whence the men can purchase their provisions, on the credit of their forthcoming account. The average wages of a quarryman are set down at about twelve shillings a week, if at full work; but there are many drawbacks from this sum. If it rain before nine in the morning,

no work is to be done that day; if the wind be high, the dust in the quarries is so dangerous to his eyes, that he has to leave work; if the markets are dull, his labours are restricted to four days in the week; if a burial occur in the island, he is expected, by immemorial usage, to refrain from work during the rest of the day; if accidents occur, which are very probable, expenses of one kind or another follow—so that the real earnings are not supposed to reach ten shillings a-week, on an average.

“Without entering minutely into the processes described by Smeaton, it may be interesting to trace the history of a block of stone till it leaves the island. First, the layers of surface-soil and rubbish are dug up, and carried in strong iron-bound barrows, to be thrown over the fallow fields in the neighbourhood. Some of the next layers are then broken up and removed, by picks and wedges, and carted away from the quarry, either to be thrown over the cliffs into the sea, or to be piled up in large mounds at a distance. When the roach is attained, the labour becomes more arduous, on account of the thickness and hardness of the mass. This is usually separated into blocks by blasting, in the following way:—A hole, nearly five feet in depth, by three inches in width, is drilled in the rock, vertically; this is filled at the bottom to the height of two or three inches with gunpowder, tightly rammed, and connected with a train on the outside; the train is fired, and an explosion follows, which splits the stone for several yards around into perpendicular rents and fissures. The masses included between these rents sometimes weigh as much as fifty tons; and yet the quarrymen manage to detach them from their places. This is done by means of screw jacks, which are pressed against the mass of stone in convenient positions, and worked by winches. The labour is immense and long-continued, to move the block one single inch; and when, as often happens, it has to be moved, by similar means, over a rough and crooked road, to a distance of a hundred yards, one can with difficulty conceive that the stone beneath can repay the quarrymen for such exhausting toil.”—*The Land We Live in.*

TORQUAY.



A

MONGST the mysteries of modern movements may be fairly ranked the rapidity with which a morning lounge along the dark narrow thoroughfares of the city may transport himself into an afternoon

promenader on the glittering sun-lit sands of a freshening watering-place on the coast of Devon. He who, at ten o'clock, a.m., has just dispatched his basin of mock-turtle at Birch's in Cornhill, may, if he make good use of the facilities afforded him by the Great Western, and its lineal descendant, the South Devon Railway, be in excellent time for a cup of

coffee by twilight at Hearder's family Hotel, Torquay—thus separating the scene of his luncheon and tea by a distance of 220 miles. Verily the magic carpet of the "Arabian Nights" could hardly have effected a more rapid change of location than the revolving wheels of a railway train. Distance, therefore, being rendered of no consideration by the iron trams that intersect the kingdom, this place, which has long enlisted the suffrages of the invalid in its behalf, in common with many others, is, as it were, brought to our very doors.

Torquay has been somewhat characteristically described as the Montpelier of England, and truly it is deserving of the appellation. Situated in a small bay at the north-eastern corner of Torbay, the larger one, it is sheltered by a ridge of hills clothed by verdant woodland to the summit, and has thus an immunity from the cold northern and easterly winds, which few other spots so completely enjoy. From being a small village with a few scattered houses, chiefly occupied by officers' wives, during the period of the last French war, when the Channel fleet were at anchor opposite, it has rapidly risen to a thriving populous town, with about eight thousand permanent residents within its limits. To borrow the description of a local authority,* "the town, beginning with the lower tier, is built round the three sides of the strand or quay formed by the pier, and is composed chiefly of shops of the tradesmen, having a row of trees in front, planted between the flag pavement and the carriage way. The next tier, which is approached by a winding road at each end, and steps at other places, is comprised of handsome terraces; and the third, or highest, having a range of beautiful villas. The views from either of these levels are most enchanting, taking in the whole of the fine expansive roadstead of Torbay, within whose circumference numerous fleets can ride in safety, and where is always to be seen the trim yacht and pleasure-boat, the dusky sail of the Brixham trawler, or coasting merchantman, and frequently the more proud and spirit-

* The Route Book of Devon.

stirring leviathan of the deep—‘one of Britain’s best bulwarks—a man of war.’ To this also must be added, the beautiful country surrounding, commencing by Berry Head to the south, until your eye rests upon the opposite extremity, encircling within its scope the town of Brixham, the richly cultivated neighbourhood of Goodrington and Paignton, with the picturesque church of the latter, and the sands rounding from it to the fine woods of Tor Abbey, and the town and pier immediately below. But it is not within the circle of the town of Torquay, such as we have described, that residences for strangers and invalids are exclusively to be found; the sides and summits of the beautiful valleys which open from it are dotted over with cottages, pavilions, and detached villas, to the extent of two or three miles, in every direction, to which the different roads diverge. About half a mile from Torquay, in the once secluded cove of Meadfoot, which is now being converted into a second town, terraces surpassing those in Torquay are already rising, and the forest of villas has connected the two towns. The sea views from these heights are magnificent, and the situation most attractive.” This, though it must be admitted a very alluring picture, falls far short of the reality, as it bursts upon the eye of the stranger who visits it for the first time. The groupings of the various villas, and the picturesque vistas which every turning in the road discloses, are enough to throw a painter into ecstasies, and render his portfolio plethoric with sketches. As before stated, the whole of the buildings are of modern origin. The pier, which forms a most agreeable promenade, was begun in 1804, and with the eastern pier, about forty feet wide, encloses a basin of some 300 feet long by 500 broad. This is the favourite lounge. Another on the Torwood-road is “The Public Gardens,” skilfully laid out under the direction of the lord of the manor, who has placed about four acres of his estate at the disposal of the public. Passing up the new road, made under Walton Hill, to the Paignton Sands, we come to the remains of Tor Abbey, once more richly endowed than any

in England, and now forming a portion of the delightful seat belonging to Mrs. Cary, a munificent patron of the town. Between Torquay and Babbicombe is Kent's Cavern, or Hole, consisting of a large natural excavation capable of being explored to the extent of 600 feet from the entrance. Dr. Buckland here discovered numerous bones of bears, hyenas, elephants, and other expatriated animals, now no longer happily found in this country. Amusements of every kind are easily attainable. A theatre, concerts—held at Webb's Royal Hotel—assemblies, libraries, news and billiard rooms, cater for every imaginable taste, and the Torquay Museum, belonging to the Natural History Society there established, has a most valuable collection. An excellent market, inns proportionate to the depths of every purse, and apartments to be obtained at reasonable rates, form not the least of the advantages to be derived from a protracted sojourn in this delightful region; but there is one greater attraction yet—its climate.

If those English invalids who, in search of a more congenial temperature, hastily enter on a long journey to some foreign country, and wilfully encounter all the inconveniences attending a residence there, were but to make themselves acquainted with the bland and beautiful climates which lie within an easy jaunt, and offer their own accustomed comforts in addition, how many a fruitless regret and unavailing repentance might hereafter be spared. To all suffering under pulmonary complaints, Torquay offers the greatest inducement for a trial of its efficacy as a place of winter residence. Dr. James Clark, in his excellent work on Climate, says, “the general character of the climate of this coast is soft and humid. Torquay is certainly drier than the other places, and almost entirely free from fogs. This drier state of the atmosphere probably arises in part from the limestone rocks, which are confined to the neighbourhood of this place, and partly from its position between the two streams, the Dart and the Teign, by which the rain is in some degree attracted. Torquay is also remarkably protected

from the north-east winds, the great evil of our spring climate. It is likewise well sheltered from the north-west. This protection from wind extends over a very considerable tract of beautiful country, abounding in every variety of landscape, so that there is scarcely a wind that blows from which the invalid will not be able to find a shelter for exercise either on foot or horseback. In this respect Torquay is most superior to any other place we have noticed. It possesses all the advantages of the south-western climate in the highest degree, and, with the exception of its exposure to the south-west gales, partakes less of the disadvantages of it than any other place having accommodation for invalids. The selection will I believe lie among the following places as winter and spring residences—Torquay, Undercliff, Hastings, and Clifton; and perhaps, in the generality of cases, will deserve the preference in the order stated." So high an eulogium from so impartial and eminent an authority has seldom been bestowed. That it is well deserved, however, may be further seen from the meteorological observations registered, which give the mean winter temperature as about 46 degrees, being five degrees warmer than even Exeter. In summer, from the cooling influence of the sea breeze, the temperature, during the last five years, has never at the highest exceeded 80 degrees. So equable a temperature is, we believe, not to be met with elsewhere in Great Britain.

A delightful sandy beach, within ten minutes walk of the town, presents facilities for sea-bathing, that render a plunge into the clear and sparkling bosom of the bay perfectly irresistible to all who have the taste for its enjoyment. Bathing-machines and baths of every description may be had between Torquay and its suburb Paignton, and as a brisk walk after so refreshing a submersion is the orthodox sequel, it may be some satisfaction for the pedestrian to know that the environs abound in those landscape-looking vistas seen through green lanes and over-arching woodland, which form the true characteristic of Devonian scenery.

For those who delight in the meditative pleasures arising from a stroll by the beach, Torquay, in its drowsy quietness and dreamy influences, presents peculiar charms. It has been well observed, that in watching the sea the mind never becomes weary; each wave, as it curls its silver form, and dashes on the shore, will yield a constant novelty, and the mind speculates involuntarily on each variety of motion and of form, finding in all an exhaustless fund of excitement and amusement. Never does the sea have a wearying effect on the gazer. Other forms inanimate may amuse for a moment or an hour, but their charm soon gives way to a feeling of monotony; they are ever, in their general form, unchangeably the same. Not so with the sparkling surface of these sunny waters; the eye of the listless loungeur may therein find the endless combinations of the kaleidoscope itself.

The recent extension of the South Devon line of railway direct to this favourite spot has added to the facility of transport thither. The Dartmouth mail and stage coach pass through up and down daily, and to Plymouth there are conveyances every morning. Steam maritime communication is maintained between Torquay, Plymouth, Falmouth, Southampton, and Jersey, during the season, and the Exeter steamer also calls once a-week for London and Exeter. Six or seven hours is the time now expended in a journey from Paddington.

The post-office arrangements are:—Letters from London delivered at 9.30 a.m.; box for London closes 3.45 p.m.

EXMOUTH AND SIDMOUTH.



EXMOUTH and its sister watering-place, Sidmouth, are no longer the remote regions that they used to be, when it required a month's preparation to think about a metropolitan visit to Devon's delightful coast and nearly half that time to reach it. Now a cab to Paddington, a flight over the trams of the Great Western, a short sojourn in that pleasantest of provincial cities, Exeter, and the thing is done. Eight hours will comprise the whole time occupied on the journey, and even in the dark dismal days of a London winter will change the climate from one of fog, snow, and

drizzle, to a bright, warm, sunny atmosphere, where myrtles thrive luxuriantly in the open air all the year round, and you may bathe in the sparkling channel as comfortably as though the summer had just set in, and stroll over the sands or through the bye-lanes, with a perfect contempt for great coats, railway wrappers, or other ingenious devices for enshrining the human form divine. This simple expedient for giving winter the slip, and retreating from its dreary concomitants, is of no slight value to invalids, and it is in this light that we view the places named above as being most worthy of a full and graphic description.

Exmouth is ten miles from Exeter, and is reached through Topsham by a very agreeable and picturesque road, studded with those charming old-fashioned villages that still linger in all their primitive simplicity along the western coast. From a hill called Beacon Hill, encountered in the progress, the eye is presented with a line of coast extending from Exeter to the southern boundary of Torbay, Berry Head, a distance of about twenty miles. This line is broken by several hills that ascend gradually from the opposite side of the river, clad with verdure to the summit, and sheltering the little village of Starcross in a wooded enclosure beneath. Mainhead and Powderham Castle, the seat of the Earl of Devon, heighten the beauty of the prospect, which is additionally embellished by the noble buildings connected with those estates.

In the reign of King John—a tolerably fair allowance of antiquity—Exmouth was one of the principal ports in Devonshire, and is said in the time of Edward III. to have furnished ten ships and nearly 200 mariners towards the Calais expedition. It must not be, however, concluded from this that the town was then either extensive, or the population great. A few scattered houses along the east side of the hill, and a dozen straggling tenements along the strand, sufficed to provide sufficient accommodation for the inhabitants, and the town is said only to have been brought into repute as a watering-place by one of the judges of the circuit bathing here, and

who, from being an infirm invalid, became in consequence a hearty, sturdy centenarian. However this may be, it is certain that Exmouth has, within the last few years, made rapid strides in the march of improvement. The Beacon Hill is covered with buildings, and the Parade is stretching away right and left, with no visible signs, hitherto, of limitation. To the late Lord Rolle the modern public improvements are justly due, and to him the fine capacious church, erected in 1824, and the market-house, built in 1830, owe their completion. The inundations from the sea, in severe storms, with high tides, have also been prevented by an embankment, which has likewise converted about sixty acres of what were formerly banks of mud into green meadows and pleasant promenades. A further extension is, however, desirable, from its southern end to the extremity of the point, by which that wide surface of sand now visible at low water would be effectually prevented. Situated on the eastern side of the river Exe, two projecting sand banks form a partial enclosure, leaving an opening of about one-third the width of the harbour. The Exe is here about a mile and a half across, and though the entrance is somewhat difficult, the harbour is very convenient, and will admit the passage of ships of more than 300 tons burden.

There are two good inns, numerous boarding-houses and apartments, and a good subscription library and reading-room, but the visitor must create his own amusement, chiefly in the rides or pedestrian excursions, which the beauty of the surrounding country will so well afford the opportunity of enjoying. The proper time for bathing here is at high water, but there are hot and cold baths, that can be taken at any hour, conveniently situated under the Beacon-terrace. Like many other maritime towns in Devonshire, Exmouth has in its immediate neighbourhood a valley sheltered on all sides from the winds, and capable of affording a genial retreat to those affected with complaints in the lungs. This will be found at Salterton, four miles to the east, and here the romantic caverns

of the secluded bay, the rough but richly-pebbled beach, and the continuous marine prospect, will form irresistible temptations to explore the way thither. Dr. Clarke says, in speaking of the climate—"Exmouth is decidedly a healthy place, and notwithstanding the whole of this coast is rather humid, agues are almost unknown." Invalids often experience the greatest benefit from a residence here, more particularly on the Beacon Hill, the most elevated and finest situation in the neighbourhood, and which, as some compensation for the south-west gales, commands one of the most magnificent views in Devonshire. Along the southern base of this hill there is also a road of considerable extent, protected from north and north-east winds, and well suited for exercise when they prevail; and here it may be remarked, that between the summer climate of North and South Devon there is as marked a difference as between the east of their scenery, the air of the former being keen and bracing, and its features romantic and picturesque, while in the latter the rich softness of the landscape harmonizes with the soft and soothing qualities of the climate. Between Exmouth and Exeter there are several conveyances daily, and an omnibus goes twice a-week to Sidmouth. The postal arrangements are:—Letters delivered 7h. 45m. a.m.; box closes 5h. 45m. p.m.

About a mile from Exmouth is the secluded and picturesque village of Withycombe, and two miles further a fine old ruin, known as the Church of St. John in the Wilderness, will attract attention. It was built probably in the reign of Henry VII., but the old tower, one of the aisles, and part of the pulpit, now alone remain.

Sidmouth, eleven miles from Exmouth, and fifteen from Exeter, is one of the most agreeably-situated little watering-places that can be imagined. It lies nestled in the bottom of a valley, opening to the sea between two lofty hills, 500 feet high, whence a most extensive and varied prospect of a beautiful part of the country is afforded on one side, and on the other a view of the open sea, bounded by a line of coast

which stretches from Portland Isle, on the east, to Torbay, on the west. The summit of Peak Hill, on the west, is a lofty ridge, extending from north to south; that of Salcombe Hill, on the east, is much broader, and affords room for a race-course: both are highest towards the sea, where they terminate abruptly, forming a precipice of great depth, on the very verge of which the labourer may be seen guiding the plough several hundred feet perpendicular above the sea.

Although Sidmouth is irregularly built, its appearance is generally neat, occasionally highly picturesque, and in some parts positively handsome. The magnificent villas and cottages on the slopes are, almost without exception, surrounded with gardens; they command pleasing prospects, and are delightfully accessible by shady lanes, which wind up the hills, and intersect each other in all directions. Old local topographers speak of Sidmouth as a considerable fishing town, and as carrying on some trade with Newfoundland, but its harbour is now totally choked up with rocks, which at low water are seen covered with sea-weed, stretching away to a considerable distance from the shore. Its history may be very briefly recounted. The manor of Sidmouth was presented by William the Conqueror to the abbey of St. Michel in Normandy, and was afterwards taken possession of by the Crown, during the wars with France, as the property of an alien foundation. It was afterwards granted to the monastery of Sion, with which it remained until the dissolution.

Hotels, boarding and lodging-houses are scattered over every part of Sidmouth and its vicinity, and the local arrangements are throughout excellent. The public buildings are soon enumerated, for they only consist of a church, near the centre of the town, a very ordinary edifice of the fifteenth century, enlarged from time to time, a neat little chapel of ease, and a new market-house, built in 1840. Around here and in the Fore-street are some excellent shops, and the town is well supplied with gas and water. The sea-wall was completed in 1838. There was formerly an extensive bank of

sand and gravel, thrown up by the sea, a considerable distance from the front of the town, but this being washed away in a tremendous storm, this defence was resorted to as a more permanent protection from the encroachment of the waves. It now forms an agreeable promenade, upwards of 1,700 feet long.

Sidmouth is sheltered by its hills from every quarter, except the south, where it is open to the sea, and has an atmosphere strongly impregnated with saline particles. Snow is very rarely witnessed, and in extremely severe seasons, when the surrounding hills are deeply covered, not a vestige, not a flake, will remain in this warm and secluded vale. The average mean winter temperature is from four to five degrees warmer than London, and eight degrees warmer than the northern watering-places.

Previous to the great storm in the winter of 1824, which extended over the whole of the north of Europe, and was most sensibly felt along the southern coast of England, a little rock formed a pretty feature in the sea view, and was the only object that broke the uniformity of the prospect. It was a mass of indurated clay—the last wreck of the land, which, at no very remote period, undoubtedly extended itself in this direction, and which has been gradually washed into the sea. The work of destruction is yet going on, and large pieces of the cliff still fall occasionally, in rainy weather. The conspicuous situation of Chit Rock—for so was it called—led to an annual festival among the fishermen, who every year formed a procession to its base, and crowned the oldest member of their body king of Chit Rock. Some of them climbed to the summit, where they fixed a flag, and a day of feasting usually concluded with a parting bowl upon the rock, which was partaken of by as many as could get to the top, and find a footing upon its very narrow dimensions.

The great storm, which destroyed so much shipping on the coast, and considerably damaged the breakwater at Plymouth (as detailed at page 88), was felt with redoubled severity at

Sidmouth. It began about one o'clock on a dark winter morning; the beautiful beach was destroyed, and washed many yards up into the town; the library and places of amusement fronting the sea were levelled, and the inhabitants, in a number of instances, were taken from their bed-room windows in boats. When the morning dawned, the streets of the town were found filled with sand-stones and rubbish, the shore was strewn with wrecks, and Chit Rock, which had braved so many storms, was gone. Well may subsequent visitors regret the loss of this little rock; not that it was much in itself, but it was the only object in view on that side, and it was prized accordingly. It was also a goal to be attained by those who were actively disposed, and most persons who visited Sidmouth once at least during their stay made an attempt to reach it. This was a matter of some difficulty, for it was only at low water that it could be achieved, and the rocks were so slippery, from the slimy sea-weed by which they were always covered, that many a slip into the water has been the consequence of an insecure step, or a leap from one stone to the other.

"In Sidmouth and its neighbourhood," says the author of the "Route Book of Devon," "will be found an inexhaustible mine for the study and amusement of the botanist, geologist, or conchologist. A very curious relic of antiquity was found on the beach here about five years since—a Roman bronze standard or centaur, representing the centaur Chiron, with his pupil Achilles behind his back. The bronze is cast hollow, and is about nine inches in height. The left fore leg of the centaur is broken, and the right hind leg mutilated. The under part or pedestal formed a socket, by which the standard was screwed on a pole or staff."

The present great features of interest in the neighbourhood are the landslips, ten miles distant, which, extending along the coast from Sidmouth to Lyme Regis, are most interesting to the geologist and the lover of nature. The locality, which has obtained so much celebrity, lies between the rivers

Axe and Lyme. The cliffs between these two points, taking their names from the respective farms to which they adjoin going from west to east, are called Haven, Bendon, Dowlands, Rowsedown, Whitlands, Pinhay, and Ware cliffs. The Rev. W. D. Conybeare, in his "Account of the Landslips on the South-east of Devon," speaking of the appearance of these cliffs, says, "the broken scenery of East Devon undercliff ranges upward to the very brow of the down, being generally surmounted by a range of chalky cliff, averaging 200 feet in almost perpendicular height; in front of this range, shattered turrets and pinnacles, the fragments of subsided masses, stand out in the boldest relief. In the central point of this district, at Whitlands, this upper range is mantled over by luxuriant screens of ash and elm, growing wherever the less precipitous slope of the escarpment will allow a root to attach itself, and often where nothing but a veil of ivy could have been expected. These screens of foliage blending with the projecting crags of chalk, and softening down the harsher glare of that mineral, produce the happiest effects. Between this upper range of cliffs and the beach, a space intervenes of about a furlong in breadth, and from 200 to 300 feet above the sea, occupied by a series of broken terraces, formed by successive subsidences. These terraces are generally divided from each other by deep dingles, commonly crowned with underwood, but occasionally cleared and planted as apple orchards. A single line of the poet—

Craggs, mounds, and knolls, confusedly hurled,

presents at once the characteristic features of this broken ground."

This range of cliffs, extending from Haven to Pinhay, has been the theatre of two convulsions, or landslips, one commencing on Christmas-day, 1839, at Bendon and Dowlands, whereby forty-five acres of arable land were lost to cultivation—the other about five weeks after, on the 3rd of February, 1840, at Whitlands, little more than a mile to the

eastward of the former, but much smaller in magnitude than the previous one.

In describing these convulsions of nature, the same writer has observed:—"Previous symptoms of the approaching convulsion were not altogether wanting; cracks had been observed for more than a week along the brow of the downs; but they were not remarkable enough to attract much attention, as in this situation such fissures were not uncommon; until about midnight of the 24th of December, as the labourers of Mr. Chappel, who occupied the farm of Dowlands (about a quarter of a mile inland from the brow of the cliff, and more than a mile from the nearest points of the approaching convulsion), were returning from a supper, with which, in compliance with the local custom of burning the ashen fagot on Christmas eve, he had entertained them, and descending the steep path which wound down the brow of the cliff, to their own cottages, situated in a low region of the undercliff, they observed that one of the slight subsidences before noticed, which traversed their path, had sunk down more than a foot since they had crossed it in their ascent to their work in the morning. They retired to rest, however, but were disturbed about four o'clock on the ensuing morning by observing the walls of their tenements rending and sinking, and fissures opening in the ground around them. They repaired before six o'clock to alarm their landlord at the farm above, and then found their usual path nearly cut off, as the subsidence near the brow of the cliff had received a fresh accession of several feet since midnight, and they had to scramble up with difficulty.

"The cottages occupied by these labourers were almost entirely destroyed—the one a single cottage, the other containing two dwellings under the same roof; the former and westernmost cottage, from the new slope taken in the subsidence by the ground on which it was built, was completely overthrown; the most eastern has its walls still standing, and appears on looking at it at a little distance from without

scarcely injured, save where a crack has been opened in one side of the walls; but on approaching it close, and going into the interior, it is seen that the foundations have sunk about one foot, that the lime floors have been squeezed upwards, rifted in every direction, and the door-posts and window-frames have slightly yielded to the pressure, in the latter instance cracking many of the panes of glass.

“These cottages stood within a hundred yards of each other, in that portion of the undercliff situated to the east of the cape-like projection of the upper range, which was to be the scene of the next and grandest convulsion. This, however, did not begin to show itself till the following midnight. During the whole of the 25th new fissures continued to open in the portion of the undercliff adjoining the cottages, and several subsidences, often of many feet, took place from time to time. A party, who on the same afternoon (Christmas-day) were rambling in the portion of the undercliff to the west of this (beneath the projecting cape of the upper ranges), were alarmed by the opening of fissures across their path and considerable disturbance of the ground all around.

“Some parties of the coast guard were on duty in the neighbourhood through great part of the following night—the most eventful period of the disturbance—and as the moon was up, there was sufficient light to assist their observations. One of these parties observed about midnight the very commencement of these fissures, which, in their subsequent progress, led to the formation of the great chasm, more than 300 feet broad, 150 feet deep, and three quarters of a mile long. James Robinson and a companion were at that hour crossing the fields which then stretched along this tract; they stumbled across a slight ridge of gravel, which at first they thought only the work of mischievous boys, but proceeding a few steps further one of them jammed his leg into a narrow fissure: when he was extricated they looked around in alarm, and observed more extensive fissures opened and opening in the same direction; they experienced no tremulous motion,

and only heard noises which they described as like the rending of cloth. As their station was on Whitland's cliff, they soon cautiously picked their way out of this disturbed track before the subsidence of which they thus witnessed the beginning had made any material progress in the depression of the surface; but by day-break the next morning this depression is said to have been considerably advanced.

"Two others of the coast guard, Spenser and Johns, were on the same night stationed on Culverhole beach beneath, and there witnessed the remarkable phenomena of the elevation of the submarine reef. They stated that a little after midnight they observed the sea to be in an extraordinary state of agitation; the beach on which they stood rose and fell; amidst the breakers near the shore something dark appeared to be rising from the bottom of the sea amidst the deafening noise of crashing rocks. Throughout the whole of the following day (the 26th) the subsided masses of the great chasm above continued gradually sinking, and the rocks of the elevated reef gradually rising; but by the evening of that day everything had settled to very nearly its present position. No very great changes have taken place since; only the occasional precipitation of disjointed masses—the wearing away of the more broken of the detached pinnacles—and along the line of the raised reef the undermining effect of the waves has been productive of more decided and sensible alteration."

There are one or two situations, says an excellent local authority, overlooking the more western or great landslip, which seem to be admired as peculiarly striking—the view of the great chasm, looking eastward, and the view from Dowlands, looking westward, upon the undercliff and new beach. The best prospect, perhaps, for seeing the extraordinary nature of the whole district, combined with scenery, is from Pinhay and Whitlands, and looking inland you see the precipitous yet wooded summit of the main land, and the castellated crags of the ivy-clad rocks, on

the terraces immediately below, and the deep dingle which separates you from it. By turning a little to the north-east Pinhay presents its chalky pinnacles and descending terraces; whilst to the west the double range and high perpendicular cliffs of Rowsedown offer themselves. By turning towards the sea is embraced the whole range of the great bay of Dorset and Devon, extending from Portland on the east to Star Point on the west, bounded on either side by scenery of the finest coast character.

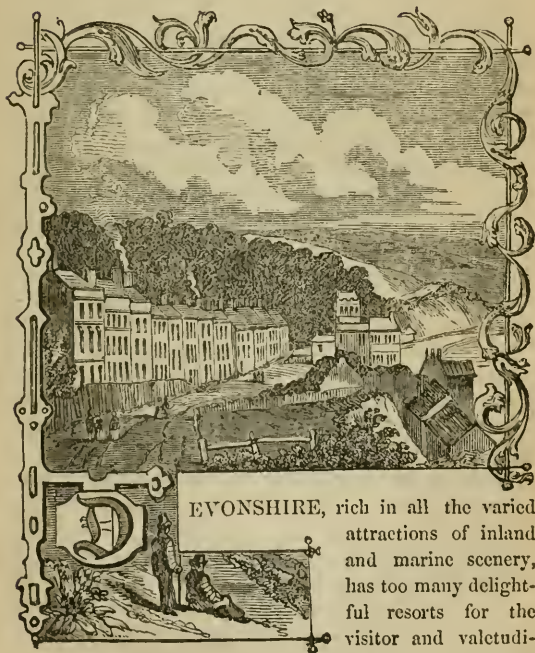
There are several ways of getting to Sidmouth, either direct by the speedy route afforded by the Great Western Railway, where, from the Tiverton station, a new road has been recently formed, or by the South Western Railway to Dorchester, and thence by coach, which affords a more economical transit, and gives an opportunity, at the same time, of catching casual glimpses of the New Forest, and some charming scenery between Bridport and Lyme Regis. The latter place will enable a visitor to enjoy some exquisite specimens of the marine scenery of our south-western coasts.

Letters from London are delivered at Sidmouth every morning at 8h. a.m.; and the box closes at 5h. p.m.

DAWLISH, TEIGNMOUTH, PLYMOUTH,

AND THE

WATERING PLACES OF THE WEST.



DEVONSHIRE, rich in all the varied attractions of inland and marine scenery, has too many delightful resorts for the visitor and valetudinarian, to be easily

exhausted in description; and therefore, in devoting another portion of our pages to an account of those places of "mark

and likelihood" remaining to be described, we propose, for the better convenience of the tourist, grouping them in one discursive paper, and thus taking cognizance of the whole together.

Dawlish, now one of the stations of the Great Western Railway, is one of the prettiest places along the coast to pass a quiet summer month. Within the last century rising, from a mere fishing village, to the dignity of a fashionable watering place, it has become extended from the valley in which it lies to a considerable distance east and west; and though the incursion of the railroad has materially affected the fine expanse of the esplanade, it still possesses an excellent beach, bounded on the east by the Langstone Cliffs, and on the west by the rocks familiarly known by the appellation of the Parson and the Clerk. The bathing is exceedingly good, and the facilities afforded for its enjoyment admirably arranged. The houses, built in handsome terraces along the sides of the hill and strand, and fronted by lawns and gardens, are very handsome and picturesque, the majority of them commanding an ample sea view. The parish church is at the upper end of the town, and was partly rebuilt in 1824, being rendered sufficiently commodious to accommodate a congregation of nearly two thousand people. There is a good organ, and a handsome window of stained glass in the interior. The walks and drives in the vicinity of the town are remarkably pretty and interesting, the shady lanes at the back, winding through the declivity of the hills, affording an endless variety of inland and marine scenery. The climate is considered more genial even than that of Torquay; but so nearly do these places approximate, that, for all general purposes, the remarks previously made upon the atmospherical characteristics of Torquay will be found equally applicable to those of Dawlish. Of late years, considerable improvement has been effected in the watching and lighting arrangements of the town, and some new buildings have added much to its external beauty. Circulating libraries and hotels, with the other usual accessories

to a fashionable marine resort, are numerous and well provided, and the excursionist may here crown the enjoyments of the day with such a stroll on the beach by moonlight as can be obtained at few other places. The letters from London are delivered at 7 30 a.m., and the box for London closes at 5 30 p.m.

Teignmouth, three miles from Dawlish, is recognised as the largest watering place on the Devonian coast; but, from the irregularity of the streets, it is only in the esplanade that it can rival the others before named. A large export trade is carried on here, which gives a life and animation to the streets, and the bustle that occasionally prevails is often felt as an agreeable change to the monotony of a country residence. The climate is mild, and similar in character to that of Torquay, the prevailing winds being those from the west and south-west. In respect both to the excellence and accommodation of houses and apartments, there are few places more convenient for either a temporary or permanent residence than Teignmouth. An excellent supply of gas and water is enjoyed by the town, and all the comforts with most of the luxuries of life are easily and economically obtainable. There are two churches, situated respectively in East and West Teignmouth, the former being the more modern, and the latter—particularly as regards the interior—being the more interesting. The assembly-rooms, with subscription, reading, billiard, and news rooms attached, furnish an agreeable source of amusement, and libraries are with hotels plentifully scattered through the town.

The river Teign, which here flows into the Channel, yields an abundant supply of fish, and the pleasure of a sail up the river to the interior is to be numbered among the allurements of a sojourn. A bridge, considered the longest in England, has been thrown across the Teign at this point, erected in 1827, at a cost of nearly £20,000. It is 1672 feet in length, and consists of thirty-four arches, with a drawbridge over the deepest part of the channel, to allow free passage for vessels.

It underwent considerable repairs a few years back, and may now be regarded as capable of resisting, for a long period, the action of the salt water, which before materially affected the structure. Near the mouth of the river is a lighthouse exhibiting a red light. The noble esplanade—or Teignmouth *Den*, as it is curiously styled—is a deservedly favourite promenade with all visitors, and the bold and towering cliffs that overhang the sea impart a most romantic aspect to the surrounding scenery. Excursions either on sea or land may be made from Teignmouth with the greatest facility of conveyance, and the environs are so extremely rich in natural and artificial attractions that they are almost inexhaustible. Three fairs are held in the months of January, February, and September, and an annual regatta takes place in August. The post-office is in Bank-street, and the arrangements are—Letters delivered 8 a.m.; box for London closes 5 15 p.m.

Brixham, ten miles from Torquay, and eighteen from Teignmouth, is chiefly noted for its extensive fisheries, employing more than two hundred vessels and fifteen hundred seamen. The weekly average amount received for fish is no less than £600. It was here that the Prince of Orange landed, and to commemorate the event a monument has been fixed in the centre of the fish-market, with a portion of the identical stone he first stepped upon inserted, and inscribed thus:—"On this stone and near this spot William Prince of Orange first set foot, on his landing in England, 4th of November, 1688." About three miles further is the antique town of Dartmouth, with its capacious harbour, affording safe anchorage for five hundred large vessels at the same time. The coast scenery here is exceedingly romantic, and the excursion hence made to the source of the Dart is one of the great attractions with visitors.

Plymouth, with its adjoining towns of Stonehouse and Devonport, though hardly falling within the limits of description as a watering place, could not be passed over without rendering our coast companionship incomplete. So many

resort hither to enjoy the pleasure of a visit to Mount Edgecumbe and the Eddystone, that, referring to the local Guides for fuller details, we feel it incumbent to present a sketch, however slight, of the chief characteristics of a place so renowned. It was originally known, at the time of the Norman conquest, as South-town or Sutton, and, from a portion of the lands belonging to the Prior of Plympton, it received the name of Plymouth, being thus incorporated and fortified in the year 1439. The buildings collectively thus called are comprehended in three distinct towns, Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport, the latter being recognised until 1824 as Plymouth Dock, when, on an application from the inhabitants, the present name was given by royal authority, and a column of 125 feet in height erected to commemorate the introduction of the new title. The three towns occupy a space upwards of three miles in extent; the Plym, or Catwater, skirting the suburbs of Plymouth on the east, the river Tamar encircling those of Devonport on the west, and Stonehouse lying between the two. The total population cannot be considered less than eighty thousand, being more than double what it was forty years ago. The salubrity of Plymouth is proverbial, having a climate mild and humid, but seldom experiencing frost and snow. The inhabitants of the three connected towns are supplied with water from the prolific source of Dartmoor, thirty-seven miles distant, whence it is conveyed to a large reservoir at the upper part of Stoke, and distributed by cast-iron pipes through the neighbourhood.

The first object that invites the stranger's attention at Plymouth is the celebrated *Hoe*, a most delightful promenade, extending from the mouth of Catwater, on the east, to Mellbay on the west. The view is remarkably fine and extensive, embracing Mount Edgecumbe, the Cornish coast from Penlee Point, and the Eddystone Lighthouse, fourteen miles distant. The citadel at the eastern extremity was built in the reign of Charles II. One of the most prominent among the splendid buildings of Plymouth is a noble pile that comprehends the

Royal Hotel, the Assembly Rooms, and the Theatre. The foundation was laid in 1811, and the expenses of the erection, £60,000, were defrayed chiefly by the corporation. The Athenæum, a fine building completed in 1819, contains a large lecture room, and a museum containing a valuable collection of minerals, fossils, and miscellaneous curiosities. The Custom-house, erected in 1820, at an outlay of £8,000, is principally composed of granite, and exhibits a well-arranged interior. The Royal Baths, between Stonehouse and Plymouth, are admirably conducted, and these aquatic luxuries are provided with a due regard to economy. From these, and a hundred other attractions that our prescribed space will not allow the opportunity to describe in detail, we must turn to take cognizance of the Royal William Victualling Yard, which has been completed within the last few years, from a design by Sir John Rennie, at an expenditure of £1,500,000. It occupies, with the basins and wharves, a space of sixteen acres. Mount Wise, near the Grand Parade, commands a southern view of much varied beauty. The large brass cannon at the principal entrance was taken from the Turks by the late Sir John Duckworth, in the engagement off the Dardanelles. Admission to the Dock-yard—second only in the kingdom for size, convenience, and effective strength—may be obtained by application to the Admiral Superintendent. The number of persons constantly employed here is two thousand. Stonehouse and Devonport each possess their mutual attractions, and he must indeed be difficult to please who cannot here find objects to interest him during the most protracted sojourn. Amusements are prodigally provided, and the adjacent country is replete with everything calculated to provoke both equestrian and pedestrian into exercise. Mount Edgecumbe, where the visitor is admitted free every Monday, is generally the first attraction, and easy access is gained by the passage-boat. The mansion was originally built in 1550, but it has since undergone considerable alterations and improvements. The grounds are indescribably

beautiful, and a volume might be devoted to a description, which must be felt inadequate even then. Weekly excursions are throughout the summer constantly made to the Eddystone lighthouse by steam boats. The present structure was begun by Sineaton in 1757, and finished in two years afterwards. Three men are constantly kept at the station. It is one hundred feet high, and twenty-six in diameter. Provisions at Plymouth are very reasonable and of excellent quality. The postal arrangements are—Letters delivered, 9 55 a.m.; box closes for London, 3 15 p.m. A day mail has been lately added.

We extract the following interesting account of the wonders of Plymouth and its neighbourhood from the pages of the *Christian Witness*.

If it is the first time you have been in those parts, you are literally overwhelmed by the grandeur of the scene. A party is formed, and about ten o'clock in the morning you find yourself on the side of the Cremill Passage, which you speedily cross, and enter the grounds of Lord Mount Edgumbe, and proceeding by the left-hand road, you advance with an easy ascent in the midst of a fine grove, till it rises more rapidly through a wood of a wilder and more rugged character, looking down a steep declivity on the left into a beautiful valley, and on reaching the summit of the hill, suddenly breaks out on the prospect at the White Seat. From this commanding spot the view is most extensive, and the whole circumjacent country is expanded at your feet. Hence you completely and distinctly overlook the Hamoaze, and the whole course of the river Tamar as high as the town of Saltash; the ships in the harbour; the dockyard and town of Devonport; the fortifications and government house; the church and village of Stoke; the Military Hospital; Stonehouse, with the Naval Hospital and Marine Barracks; the citadel and churches of Plymouth; Saltram, the seat of the Earl of Morley; Catwater, with its shipping, enclosed by Mount Batten; St. Nicholas' Island, the Sound and Staddon

Heights beyond it;—the whole view is bounded by a range of lofty hills, among which the round top of Hingston (or Hengist) Down, the peaked head of Brent Tor, and the irregular summits of Dartmoor, are the most elevated and conspicuous. At this place the gravel road ceases, and you enter on a grass drive, which is carried round the whole summit of the hill, and conducts straight forward to Redding Point, whence is discovered a prospect of a totally different description. An unbounded expanse of open sea here bursts upon the sight, confined only by Staddon Heights and the Mew-stone on the left, and on the right by Penlee Point under which lies Cawsand Bay, with the little town from whence it takes its name. The Breakwater, constructed for the security of ships anchoring in the Sound, appears immediately in front, and in clear weather the Eddystone Lighthouse is visible, at a great distance in the offing.

This wonderful structure is built on one of a large cluster of rocks stretching across the Channel in a north and south direction, to the length of about 100 fathoms, but lying in a sloping manner towards the south-west quarter; the surface of the rock slopes from east to west, about eleven feet in twenty-four, and is so exposed to the heavy swells from the Bay of Biscay and the Atlantic Ocean, that the waves beat against it with incredible fury. The particular form and position of these rocks is a circumstance that tends greatly to augment the force and height of the sea, and previously to the erection of the lighthouse many fatal accidents happened from ships running upon them. The building is certainly one of the most wonderful productions of art, and at the same time the most important object to the port of Plymouth; for without it the entrance to the harbour would be extremely dangerous. It is not, indeed, to ships resorting to this port only that the Eddystone Lighthouse is beneficial, but to vessels of all nations going up the Channel, when they approach the English coast. The first building was reared in the year 1696, when, notwithstanding the insuperable difficulties that seemed to attend the

erection of an edifice on a rock so situated, Mr. Henry Winstanley, of Littlebury, in Essex, succeeded in accomplishing the mighty project. The fabric, however, was so fantastically constructed, that it bore no unapt resemblance to a Chinese pagoda, and it was a common saying that "in hard weather it was very possible for a six-oared boat to be lifted on a billow and driven through the open gallery of the lighthouse." The general opinion was that the structure would be one day overset by the weight of the sea, but Mr. Winstanley was so firmly convinced of its stability, that he was frequently heard to observe "he was so well assured of the strength of his building, that he only wished to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew, that he might have an opportunity of witnessing what effect it would have upon the lighthouse." This desire was fatally gratified. In November, 1703, Mr. Winstanley went out to the rocks, to superintend some repairs of the building, and that very night a fearful tempest arose, which so increased the next day that the lighthouse, with its inmates, was swept into the bosom of the foaming deep.

The next lighthouse was erected by Mr. John Rudyerd, a silk mercer, of Ludgate-hill, London, and was constructed of stone and timber. The principal aim of Mr. Rudyerd appears to have been *use* and *simplicity*, and, in furtherance of this design, all useless ornaments were laid aside. The building formed the frustrum of a cone, entirely free from any projection which might endanger its security. It was commenced in 1706, and completed in 1709, sustaining the repeated attacks of the sea, in all its fury, for upwards of forty-six years after its completion, but was at length destroyed by fire—an element against which no precautions had been taken, because no idea of danger had been conceived. On the 22nd of August, 1755, the workmen returned on shore, having finished all necessary repairs for the season, between which time and the 2nd of December following the attending-boat had been several times to the lighthouse, particularly on the 1st of December, and landed some stores, when the light-

keepers made no manner of complaint. On the morning, however, of the 2nd of December, about two o'clock, when the light-keeper then upon the watch went into the lantern, as usual, to snuff the candles, he found the whole in a smoke; and on opening the door of the lantern into the balcony, a flame instantly burst from the inside of the cupola. He immediately endeavoured to alarm his companions, but they being in bed and asleep were not so ready in coming to his assistance as the occasion required. As there were always some lantern-buckets kept in the house, and a tub of water in the lantern, he attempted, as speedily as possible, to extinguish the fire in the cupola, by throwing water from the balcony upon the outside cover of lead. By this time his comrades approaching, he encouraged them to fetch up water with the leathern buckets from the sea; but as the height would be, at a medium, full seventy feet, this, added to the natural consternation that must attend such a sudden and totally unexpected event, would occasion the business of bringing up water to go on but slowly. Meanwhile, the flames gathering strength every moment, and the light-keeper having the water to throw full four yards higher than his own head to be of any service, it is by no means surprising that, under all these difficulties, the fire, instead of being soon extinguished, would increase; but what put a sudden stop to further exertions was the following most remarkable circumstance:—As one of the light-keepers, named Henry Hall, a man aged ninety-four years, was looking upwards to observe the progress of the flames, a shower of melted lead fell from the roof, and a quantity of the liquid metal passed down his throat. The man having disclosed this fact was not believed, but on his death, which took place about twelve days after the accident, his body being opened, a solid piece of lead, weighing seven ounces and five drachms, was found in his stomach. Early in the morning the lighthouse was discovered to be on fire by some Cawsand fishermen, and a boat was immediately procured, and sent to relieve the people, who were supposed to

be within it in distress. This boat reached the Eddystone rocks about ten o'clock, after the fire had been burning full eight hours; and in this time the three light keepers were not only driven from all the rooms and the staircase, but, to avoid the falling of the timber, red-hot bolts, &c., upon them, they had taken refuge in a hole or cave, on the east side of the rock, and were found almost in a state of stupefaction; it being then low water. The wind at this time was eastwardly, and though not very strong, was yet sufficient to render the landing upon the rock impracticable, or attended with the utmost hazard. It was with much difficulty, therefore, that the men could be taken into the boat; but this being accomplished, the boat hastened to Plymouth to procure them assistance. The late Admiral West, who then lay with a fleet in Plymouth Sound, no sooner heard of the fire than he sent a launch, with several hands, and an engine; but the agitation of the waves round the Eddystone rocks was so great, that nothing could be done in stopping the progress of the flames; and after some ineffectual attempts to play upon the building, the engine-pipe was broken by accident. The fire was in consequence left to its own course; for the height of the sea prevented every endeavour to land. In the succeeding days it was observed that the interposed beds of timber were sufficient to heat the moor-stone red hot, and that the whole mass became one great body of red-hot matter. Nor was it till the 7th of the month that the joint action of the wind, the fire, and the sea, totally completed the catastrophe so fatally begun, and then left no other evidence of the destruction they had made than that the greatest number of the iron cramps and branches were left standing upright upon the rock.

The third—the present lighthouse—was erected by Mr. Smeaton; and it is a striking instance of human ingenuity, which has hitherto baffled all the fury of the elements. The first stone was laid on the 1st of June, 1757. Mr. Smeaton conceived the idea of his edifice from the waist or bole of a large spreading oak. Considering the figure of the tree as

connected with its roots, which lie hid below ground, Mr. S. observed that it rose from the surface with a large swelling base, which, at the height of one diameter, is generally reduced by an elegant concave curve to a diameter less by at least one-third, and sometimes to half its original base. Hence he deduced what the shape of a column of the greatest stability ought to be to resist the action of external violence, when the *quantity of matter* of which it is to be composed is given. To expedite the erection of the building, the stones were hewn and fitted to each other on shore, and after every precaution to ensure security had been taken, the work was completed in October, 1759. It has proved highly beneficial to all nations, which fact was strikingly exemplified by Louis XIV. France being at war with England while the lighthouse was being proceeded with, a French privateer took the men at work on the Eddystone rocks, together with their tools, and carried them to France, the captain expecting a reward for the achievement. While the captives lay in prison the transaction came to the knowledge of the French monarch, who immediately ordered the prisoners to be released and the captors to be confined in their stead, declaring that though he was at war with England he was not so with mankind. He therefore directed the men to be sent back to their work with presents.

The form of the present lighthouse is octagonal, and the framework is composed of cast iron and copper. The outside and basement of the edifice are formed of granite, that kind of stone being more competent than any other to resist the action of the sea. Round the upper store-room, upon the course of granite under the ceiling, is the following inscription :—

“ EXCEPT THE LORD BUILD THE HOUSE,
THEY LABOUR IN VAIN THAT BUILD IT.”

Over the east side of the lantern are the words—

“ 24TH AUGUST, 1759.
LAUS DEI.”

The number of keepers resident at the lighthouse was at first only two, but an incident of a very extraordinary and distressing nature which occurred showed the necessity of an additional hand. One of the two keepers took ill and died. The dilemma in which this occurrence left the survivor was singularly painful: apprehensive that if he tumbled the dead body into the sea, which was the only way in his power to dispose of it, he might be charged with murder, he was induced for some time to let the corpse lie, in hopes that the attending-boat might be able to land, and relieve him from the distress he was in. By degrees the body became so putrid that it was not in his power to get quit of it without help, for it was near a month before the boat could effect a landing. To such a degree was the whole building filled with the stench of the corpse, that all they could do then was to get the dead body disposed of by throwing it into the sea; and it was some time before the rooms could be freed from the offensive stench.

Since the above occurrence three men have been stationed at the Eddystone, each of whom has, in the summer, a month's leave to visit his friends, and are provided with food and all other necessaries by a boat appointed for that purpose; but they are always stocked with salt provisions, to guard against the possibility of want, as in winter it sometimes happens that the boat cannot approach the rock for many weeks together.

The range of the enjoyments of the keepers is confined within very narrow limits. In high winds so briny an atmosphere surrounds this gloomy solitude, from the dashing of the waves, that a person exposed to it could hardly draw his breath. At these dreadful intervals the forlorn inhabitants keep close quarters, and are obliged to live in darkness, listening to the howling storm, excluded in every emergency from the hope of human assistance, and without any earthly comfort but that which results from their confidence in the strength of the building in which they are immured. In fine

weather they just scramble about the edge of the rock when the tide ebbs, and amuse themselves with fishing ; and this is the only employment they have, except that of trimming their nightly fires. Singular as it may appear, there are yet facts which lead us to believe it possible for these men to become so weaned from society as to become enamoured of their situation. Smeaton, in speaking of one of these light-keepers, says, "In the fourteen years that he had been here he was grown so attached to the place, that for the two summers preceeding he had given up his turn on shore to his companions, and declared his intention of doing the same the third, but was over-persuaded to go on shore and take his month's turn. He had always in this service proved himself a decent, sober, well-behaved man ; but he had no sooner got on shore than he went to an alehouse and got intoxicated. This he continued the whole of his stay, which being noticed, he was carried, in this intoxicated state, on board the Eddystone-boat, and delivered in the lighthouse, where he was expected to grow sober ; but after lingering two or three days, he could by no means be recovered." In another place he says, "I was applied to by a philosopher kind of a man to be one of the light-keepers, observing, that being a man of study and retirement, he could very well bear the confinement that must attend it. I asked him if he knew the salary ? He replied no ; but doubted not it must be something very handsome. When I told him it was £25 a-year, he replied he had quite mistaken the business ; he did not mean to sell his liberty for so low a price ; he could not have supposed it less than three times as much." Another man, a shoemaker, who was engaged to be the light-keeper, when in the boat which conveyed him thither, the skipper addressing him, said, "How happens it, friend Jacob, that you should choose to go and be cooped up here as a light-keeper, when you can on shore, as I am told, earn half-a-crown and three shillings a-day in making leathern hose (leathern pipes so called), whereas the light-keeper's salary is but £25 a year, which is scarce ten shillings a-week."

"Every one to his taste," replied Jacob promptly; "I go to be a light-keeper because I don't like *confinement*." After this answer had produced its share of merriment, Jacob explained himself by saying that he did not like to be *confined to work*.

The long black line in the sea, visible from hence, is one of the most wonderful undertakings of modern times—Plymouth Breakwater. That arm of the sea which the line lies across is Plymouth Sound: the importance attached to this place, as a naval station, arising from the magnitude of its dockyard, and other causes, gave rise to the Breakwater. In the early part of the year 1806 the attention of the Admiralty was directed to the subject, and in the month of February in that year their lordships directed the late Mr. John Rennie and the late Mr. Joseph Whidbey, then Master Attendant at Woolwich Dockyard, to proceed to Plymouth to survey the Sound. On the 18th of March they met at Plymouth, in order to carry out their lordships' instructions, and on the 21st of April they made a joint report to the Admiralty, with the result of their survey, and at the same time submitted to them a plan for a stone breakwater, and gave their opinions upon several plans which had been previously proposed for protecting Plymouth Sound and Cawsand Bay, none of which, however, had been prepared under the directions of the Board of Admiralty. The plan proposed by Messrs. Rennie and Whidbey consisted of a pier or breakwater across Plymouth Sound, of 1,700 yards in length at the top, 1,000 of which at the middle part was to be straight, and 350 yards at each end was to incline to the straight part in an angle of about twenty degrees, leaving an opening at either end for the passage of vessels, &c. The top of the breakwater was to be ten yards in width at the level of ten feet above the low water of an ordinary spring tide, and to have a slope on the south or sea side of three feet horizontal to one foot perpendicular, and on the north or land side one and a-half horizontal to one perpendicular. The work was to be constructed by blocks of stone, thrown promiscuously into the sea, in the line of the

intended breakwater, leaving them to find their own base, and the top was to be composed of a cut stone pier.

The work, however, did not commence till six years after. The first stone of the work was laid on the 12th of August, 1812, after which vessels continued to discharge their cargoes, consisting of stones of from half-a-ton to seven tons in weight, upon the line of the direction of the intended work. By the 30th of March, 1813, a small part of the breakwater was visible at low water, and by the 30th of July following the work was dry at low water to the extent of about 720 yards. The work progressed so rapidly that in the month of March, 1814, first-rate ships of war were enabled to anchor in the Sound, instead of in Cawsand Bay, as they had previously done. In November, 1814, it was determined to bring up the breakwater to the height of twenty feet above low water of spring tides, and to finish it with rubble, instead of with a cut stone pier, as originally intended. In August, 1815, 1,100 of the 1,700 yards of the intended length of the breakwater were brought up above the level of low water, spring tides. Up to this time 615,057 tons of stone had been deposited. The design was at first ridiculed by numbers of persons, who thought it impracticable.

The first storm which materially affected the work occurred in January, 1817; and in the month of November, 1824, another storm occurred, far exceeding in violence any that had preceded it since the work began. The wind blew from the S.S.E. to S.W., and the tide rose seven feet higher than the usual flow of spring tides. At this period 1,241 yards in length of the breakwater were completed, of which 796 yards were overturned and deposited upon the north slope during the storm, which lasted only a few hours, leaving only 445 yards remaining, not much damaged, at the east end of the main arm. The slope as left by the sea on this occasion, from low water upwards, was about five feet horizontal to one foot perpendicular, and in some places rather more. It was, therefore, determined in April, 1825, to form the breakwater

regularly from the level of low water, spring tides, with a casing of rough squared blocks of granite and limestone on the top and on the exterior or south side, with a slope of five to one, and on the inner or north side with rough blocks of limestone, with a slope of two to one. It was also determined to change the centre line, by placing it thirty-nine feet six inches to the northward, so as to leave the great mass of materials to seaward, and to increase the width on the top to forty-five feet. Although the breakwater was so much affected by this great storm, and considerable damage was sustained by the shipping then in harbour, the generally received opinion was, that had the breakwater not been in existence, the shipping would have sustained still greater damage, and the lower part of the town of Plymouth been swept away. In 1830 it was found necessary still to add to the south side, by depositing about 60,000 tons of stone as a foreshore, fifty feet in width, from the toe of the south slope at low water at the west end, and thirty feet at the east end of the main arm. In 1833 it was proposed to complete the extreme western end of the breakwater with a circular head of solid masonry, with an inverted arch, as the foundation of an intended lighthouse. In February, 1838, a storm removed about 8,000 tons of stone from the foreshore at the west end, and threw them over to the north side, and disturbed a portion of the masonry, where it was unconnected or in an unfinished state. A further extension of the foreshore at this part was consequently agreed upon. Another severe storm in November of the same year, producing nearly similar results, occasioned the construction of a buttress, not only for the purpose of securing the foot of the south slope, but also to afford protection to the intended lighthouse, by breaking the force of the sea, and preventing the stones composing the foreshore from beating against the lighthouse. The force of the sea at this part of the work is so considerable, that stones of fifteen and even twenty tons have been taken from low water, and carried over the top of the work. The buttress, as well as the work round the west end

at the foot of the slope at low water, is composed of granite masonry, dovetailed horizontally, and vertically fixed with iron lewes or cramps, the rough blocks formerly deposited being first removed by the aid of a diving-bell, to the depth of from three to five feet below low water, and the masonry then laid at the above-mentioned level.

It was originally calculated that 2,000,000 tons of stone would be required to construct a breakwater, according to the plan of Messrs. Rennie and Whidbey; but, from the various extensions of the work, the quantity necessarily increased, and the total amount deposited from the commencement of the work, on the 12th of August, 1812, up to the 12th of August, 1845, was 3,576,234 tons! The greatest number of tons of stones deposited in any one week amounted to 15,329, and the greatest quantity in any one year to 332,407.

The estimated cost of the breakwater, as originally planned in 1806, was £1,013,900; but this amount cannot fairly be brought into comparison with the actual outlay, owing to the frequent alterations which have taken place in the mode of executing the work, and the consequent increase in the quantity of materials required for the purpose. The expenditure upon the whole undertaking (including the lighthouse) has been about £1,300,000.

On the 22nd of February, 1841, the lighthouse was commenced, upon an inverted arch, the foundation of which was laid about one foot six inches below the level of low water, spring tides. It is constructed of granite finely dressed, the diameter of the base or first course being thirty-two feet. Ten steps cut in the solid granite lead from the breakwater to the outer or storm-door, which is formed of bell metal, and is in two parts, moved on rollers. The breadth of the opening at this door is three feet, and the height seven feet. Four feet further in is an inner door, made of wood, and fixed on hinges, in a bell-metal frame. Within the inner door is the ground floor, used as a store-room; it is nine feet in diameter and eight feet six inches high. Under the floor of the store-

room is a well or tank for fresh water, eight feet deep and five feet in diameter. From hence twelve granite steps lead to the second floor, which is used as a living-room; it is fourteen feet in diameter, and nine feet six inches high. Over it is a sleeping room and a watch-room, each of the same dimensions as the living-room. The largest granite stone used in the building was in the first course, and measured nine feet two inches in length, and weighed eight tons. All the granite was brought to the work ready dressed, and the stones are vertically fixed by dovetailed slate dowells. The lantern is twelve feet wide, and seven feet six inches high, and shows a dioptric fixed light of the second order, with mirrors. The south half shows a red light, to distinguish it from the coast lights; and the north side, towards the Sound, is white.

The Breakwater is nearly one mile in length, and its width, at low water, is about eighty yards, and at top fifteen yards; its height above low water of spring tides is six yards and two feet; the south or sea slope is at an inclination of five to one, and the north or land slope two to one.

In Devonport the wonders of nature are all but surpassed by those of art. You must not leave without seeing the Royal Dockyard, which is worth a journey of a thousand miles. It exhibits the head and crown of British mechanic power. It is a monster magazine of marvels. The scale on which every action is performed, and everything exists, is gigantic, imperial, stupendous, imparting an overwhelming impression of the greatness and grandeur of the English nation. But it is impossible to survey these prodigious monuments of British wealth, and British skill in naval architecture, without the thought, which cannot be banished from the heart of the observer, that this region of maritime wonders has been created by the genius of war—that here is the treasury of Death, and that here, to a vast extent, have been prepared those instruments of wrath and destruction by which England has broken the power of Europe on every sea, and awed the wide world. How different the feelings while traversing the magnificent

summit of the Breakwater! There we behold the triumph of man, not over his fellow man, but over the fury of the elements. The achievement is marvellous, most impressively illustrating the power of the continued exercise of human toil and human skill. This prodigious work required the labour of *two hundred men* during the space of *thirty-four years* to construct, thereby creating a barrier which bids eternal defiance to the collective force of the most exasperated fury of the Atlantic. Here is created a haven of safety for the life and property of every nation in all future time!

The whole of these magnificent works, from first to last, were superintended by one individual—Mr. William Stuart—and on the completion of the lighthouse, in the summer of 1844, the assembled workmen, to the number of two hundred, presented him with a handsome silver salver, on which was inscribed the following appropriate inscription:—"Presented to William Stuart, Esq., Civil Engineer, M.I.C.E., Superintendent of the Plymouth Breakwater, by the Officers and Workmen of that Establishment, on the occasion of the completion of the Lighthouse, erected on the western end of the Breakwater; as a small token of grateful respect and esteem, after his connexion with the undertaking for a period of more than thirty-two years.—1st June, 1844."

Ilfracombe, 81 miles from Plymouth, and 51 from Exeter, is a favourite watering place of the west, on the north coast of Devon. This sea-port, which was once of considerable importance, still carries on an extensive coasting trade. The scenery is exceedingly bold and romantic. Hillsborough Rock, which rises with a rugged outline upwards of 500 feet above the level of the beach, bounds the harbour on the eastern side, and on the western is a smaller eminence, crested by a lighthouse, which is about 150 feet above low-water mark. Capstone Hill, Wildersmonth, the hot and cold baths at Crewkhorne, with the tunnel, and a range of delightful excursions to the romantic glades and coves in the vicinity,

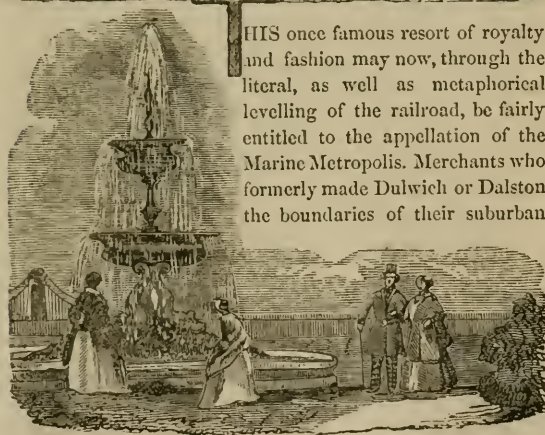
all contribute to increase the attractions of the town. The views comprise the Bristol Channel and the Welch coast. Hotels and libraries are plentifully distributed, and furnished houses and apartments are easily obtained, the rent of course varying according to the season. Conveyances afford the choice of transit between coach and packet; steam-boats running twice a week to Swansea and Bristol, and vans and coaches being in daily communication with Barnstaple and Exeter. The post office is near the harbour. Letters from London are delivered at 11 25 a.m.; box closing, 2 35 p.m.

Bude—a small port and picturesque village in the north-eastern extremity of Cornwall—has within the last half-dozen years risen to the dignity of a fashionable marine resort; to which distinction the excellent facilities it affords to bathers, and the picturesque scenery of its environs, have in a great measure contributed. The bed of the harbour, which is dry at low water, is composed of a fine bright yellow sand, chiefly consisting of small shells. The sea view is of a striking, bold, and sublime description—the rocks rising on every side to lofty broken elevations; and those who desire a sequestered and romantic retreat will find in Bude the very object of their wish. The Bude Canal was commenced in 1819, and completed in 1826, at a cost of £128,000. It terminates within three miles of Launceston, forming an internal communication through Devon and Cornwall of nearly forty miles. Bude is fifty-two miles from Exeter, whence a coach runs three times a week, through Crediton, Bow, Hatherleigh, Holsworthy, and Stratton. Letters delivered, 1 20 p.m.; box closes, 8 45 p.m.

Weston-super-Mare has the advantage of being very accessible from Bristol, Bath, Exeter, and other towns on the line of the Great Western Railway, as a short branch line of a mile from the station leads up to the very centre of the town. Weston has none of the picturesqueness arising from old streets and buildings, but, situated on the margin of Uphill Bay, near the Bristol Channel, it possesses the usual attractions of a neat watering place, having within the last ten years

become considerably enlarged and frequented. The receding of the tide leaves a disfiguring bank of mud along the beach, which is a great drawback to the enjoyment of bathing; but a good market, numerous shops, and a delightful neighbourhood for rambling, present some counterbalancing advantages. Worle Hill is one of the pleasantest spots that a tourist could desire to meet with. In traversing the northern or sea side of the hill, the path lies, most of the way, through a copse of young fir trees, presenting occasional openings of the Channel and the rocky coast beyond. Towards the eastern end of the hill beautiful prospects are unfolded over a large and richly cultivated plain, extending to Woodspring Priory and Clevedon, with two or three churches standing up amid the elms and ashes. The nearest of these is Kewstoke Church, situated on the slope of Worle Hill itself. It derives its name from St. Kew, who once formed his cell upon the bleak hill top. From the church a craggy track, called the Pass of St. Kew, consisting of a hundred natural and artificial steps, leads over the hill to the village of Milton on the opposite side, and these are said to have been worn by the feet of the pious recluse, as he daily went to perform his devotions at the church, which then occupied the same spot as it does at present. The ruins of the Priory at Woodspring are of considerable extent, and very picturesque, situated in a very solitary position at the farther end of a wide marshy but cultivated flat; they are divided from the sea by a narrow ridge of rocks, called Swallow Cliffs, quite out of the way of any frequented road. Crossing the broad mossy top of Worle Hill we can descend upon the village of Worle, which is prettily situated on the southern slope of the hill, and commands a delightful view over the richly cultivated flat to the range of the Mendip Hills. In short, the inducements to prolong a visit to Weston will be found principally to arise from the charming localities by which it is surrounded. The climate is bracing, and the air very salubrious. The postal arrangements are—Letters delivered 10 a.m.; box for London closing 4 p.m.

BRIGHTON.



HIS once famous resort of royalty and fashion may now, through the literal, as well as metaphorical levelling of the railroad, be fairly entitled to the appellation of the Marine Metropolis. Merchants who formerly made Dulwich or Dalston the boundaries of their suburban

residences, now have got their mansions on the south coast, and still get in less time, by a less expensive conveyance, to their counting-houses in the city. Excursions are now made with greater facility, and possibly more enjoyment, to Brighton, than would have, a few years back, sufficed for the common-place pilgrimage to Hampton Court; and a constant

succession of trains, conveying a host of pleasure seekers and business men to and fro, now traverse with marvellous frequency and precision the line that has sprung, by the magical enterprise of man, from tracts of waving corn-fields and boundless breadths of pasture. The lamp of Aladdin has, of a verity, been superseded by the steam-engine.

Whirled from the London Bridge terminus through a charming country, and deposited within a short hour and a half at the Brighton station, the most fidgety passenger has hardly time to get fatigued, or the most nervous to become frightened. Directly you arrive at your destination, too, there is a view which alone is worth the whole cost of the transit, and pleasantly prepossesses you in favour of what remains to be seen. Hollingbury Hill—no mean eminence of itself—stretches northward about two miles from Brighton towards Lewes, and occupies a conspicuous position in the landscape. Before you is a majestic range of buildings—such as perhaps no other town in the kingdom can boast—sweeping down the sides of the cliff in every direction, and sheltering the three miles of architectural magnificence which forms the sea frontage, whilst beyond spreads the swelling sea, an object of such grandeur as in its ever-changeful expanse to outvie the lavish richness with which art has fringed its cliffs and shingled shores.

But let us get as far back into antiquity as possible, and then trace the growth of this extensive and extending town. Somewhere about the middle of the fifth century Ella, a Saxon chief, with a band of fierce retainers, landed at Wittering, near Chichester, and being repulsed, made a second and more successful attempt at Shoreham. The Saxons, who were armed with formidable battle-axes, speciously invited their antagonists to a banquet on the occasion—a sort of ordinary *al fresco*—and directly the repast was over, taking advantage of the general indigestion that prevailed, they served out an additional course of “chops to follow,” and took possession of the land for their own use. Ella parcelled out

the county among his retainers, who kept, in accordance with their name, all they could conveniently lay their hands upon, and one of these, the Bishop Brighthelm—for bishops belonged to the church militant in those days—took possession of the prettiest part, and stood sponsor to it accordingly. Bright-helmstone, thus enjoying the double advantage of the English Channel and the bishop's see, gradually rose into some importance as a fishing village, and, by the fourteenth century, its inhabitants had assumed such a position, that the French frequently paid them the compliment of borrowing their boats and ships, but materially inconvenienced the fishery by forgetting to return them. In 1545 the French again visited the coast, and landed near Hove, with the intention of burning both Brighthelmstone and Shoreham, but the country having been apprised of their friendly design, assembled in vast numbers upon the Downs, and the invaders, having made their fortunes by private pickings on the road, very prudently gave up business and retired.

This uncertainty of position induced the townsfolk, in the reign of Elizabeth, to take some energetic measures for their defence, and a long strip of land on the cliff, fronting Black Lion-street and Ship-street, was selected as a store-house for armour and ammunition. Four ponderous stone gates, and a wall fifteen feet high and four hundred feet long, were also constructed, to resist any encroachment of a foreign power, and beneath the cliff, shelving down towards the sea, were situated the houses of the townsfolk. Should the curious visitor desire to approach the site of this olden town, let him wend his way to the extreme point of the chain pier, and there, leaning over the massive timber frame-work of the pier head, he may look down upon the surging waters and behold where it formerly stood. In 1705 the whole of the buildings were overwhelmed, and not a trace of the ancient Brighthelmstone is now perceptible. But so sudden and startling has been the increase of the buildings in the new town, that not more than sixty years back only ten houses stood upon the

western side of the Steyne, which resembled a common field, with a rude wooden railing, and on the eastern side the only structures were a kind of shed, imposingly called "The Library," and a little dove-cote erection for an orchestra, wherein of a summer's evening music was occasionally performed.

In the reign of George II. Dr. Russell, a physician of repute, first drew public attention to Brighton, in a treatise on the advantages of sea-bathing, and the successful result of his recommendations led many invalids to make that their place of residence, and set an example for their friends to follow. In 1760, a fine chalybeate spring was discovered at Wick, half a mile westward of the town, and in 1782 the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, paid his first visit, and stamped the reputation of the place with the impress of rank and fashion. From this period until the present moment the sound of the tinkling trowel has never ceased within its limits. Every available plot of ground has been marked out for a building-lease, and the superb additions of modern architecture invest the region of the Esplanade with the appearance of Belgrave-square, or the terraces of the Regent's Park, suddenly removed to the broad margin of the Channel.

As will be at once apparent on descending the street leading from the station, the town is seated on an eminence, that declines gradually towards the south-east, with a sloping undulation towards the Steyne, and then again ascends to the eastward. The twang of saltness that greets the lip, and the freshening, invigorating tone of the breeze, are agreeable proofs, on your first entrance, of the bracing bleak atmosphere that characterizes the climate, though in various portions of the town, more sheltered, the air will be found adapted to the exigencies of the most delicate invalid. The panoramic view that first bursts upon the eye is so striking of itself, that it may be worth while glancing at it in detail, for the benefit of the visitor's future peregrinations.

To the left are seen two noble turfed enclosures, both thickly

planted with shrubs, and laid out in the style of our metropolitan squares. The further section, intersected by a road, is the old Steyne, in the northern enclosure of which is Chantrey's bronze statue of his Majesty the fourth George, erected in 1828, at a cost of £3,000, collected among the visitors and inhabitants. This memorial crowns the square, and, as it were, points out the actual founder of the magnificence and prosperity of the place. The building which rises with domes and minarets, and is fretted with greater variety than taste, is—we cannot say how long it will remain—the Marine Pavilion of her Majesty, erected for George the Fourth, after a fanciful oriental model, which, despite its supposed resemblance to the Moscow Kremlin, has had no precedent before or since. Adjoining are the royal stables, the main architecture of which is a vast glazed dome, lighting a circle of about 250 feet. In these days of haricot beans as a substitute for wheat, it may be useful as a reminder to mention that the cost of these sumptuous stables—*stables*, oh, niggard donors of pence to houseless humanity, remember this—cost upwards of £70,000. The spacious arches at the cardinal points of the compass are so judiciously contrived for ventilation, that the area and stables are, in the hottest seasons, kept of a remarkably cool temperatnre. Would that a like benevolence of science had been extended to the homes of our humble fever-stricken poor! But to return to the panoramie view before us.

It will be seen that the chief streets are not only wide and handsome, but well paved and brilliantly lighted, whilst the shops are of absolute metropolitan magnificence, with goods equalling in quality, and, on the average, not much excelling in price, the wares destined for a London sale. The profusion of squares, terraces, crescents, and steynes, with the bold beauty of the esplanade itself, produces a pleasing impression of variety, enhanced by the amphitheatre of hills that enclose the town beneath, and loom out in startling relief against the summer sky. The groups of animated nature

identified at the corner of every thoroughfare, and the busy stragglers of the streets, are all of the marked watering-place description—pleasure seekers, out for the day, and eager to be ubiquitous, hurrying to and fro, through the market, to the spa, the race-course, the windmill, the beach, the shops, and the chain-pier, in as rapid succession as the most ingenious locomotion could devise. Then appear invalids, trundled out in Bath chairs on to the Parade, to catch the earliest sunbeams; scores of laughing, chubby, thoughtless children, skilled manifestly in the art of ingeniously tormenting maids, tutors, governesses, and mamas; prawn-sellers and shell-fish hawkers a few, and flymen a multitude, all idly vociferating, whilst, intent on their customary constitutional walk, the morning *habitués* of the promenade swing lustily past. Let us mingle with the throng, and obtain a closer intimacy with the principal features of the place.

Kemp Town—the most magnificent range of private dwellings in the kingdom—is on the estate of Thomas Read Kemp, Esq., of Black Rock, at the eastern extremity of Brighton, and is fronted by an esplanade, which is a delectable spot whereon to cultivate the intellectual. On a clear day, the eye may reach from Beachy Head to the Isle of Wight, catching between the points many a bold outline of cliff and crag. The cliff is here 150 feet high, and the tunnel under the road, cut through the rock from the centre of the crescent lawn, is a very ingenious mode of shortening the distance to the lower esplanade, retained for the exclusive use of the occupants of those noble mansions above, amongst whom are the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Bristol, and most of our fashionable noblemen. Before the erection of the cliff-wall, one continued fortification, as it may be called, extended from the bottom of Middle-street. The road was rugged and dangerous enough to cause terrible disasters during foggy and inclement seasons; the wayfarer had a tremendous chance of walking into one of the frequent chasms intersecting the road, or over the uneven cliff, by the miscalculation of one fatal and

unwary step. This wall cost a hundred thousand pounds in erection. The materials of the close compost of which it is constructed are boulder stones, lime, and sand, reduced to a consistency, and forming a concrete cement. At the base it is upwards of fourteen feet in thickness, and diminishes to about two feet towards the top. From Kemp Town a brisk walk over odoriferous downs brings us to Rottingdean, a village rather peculiar than either pretty or picturesque. It is famous chiefly for its wells, which are empty at high water, and full to overflowing at ebb tide. There is, however, an excellent inn for the accommodation of company, unexceptionable in the quality of its fare.

Returning past the old Steyne, we arrive opposite Mahomed's baths, in the busiest part of Brighton. Here we find fishermen mending their nets, boats laid up for repair, the fish-market and vendors engaged in every characteristic employment to be met with in a maritime town. Here also are pleasure-boats and sailing-vessels to be hired, where, if a party club together, a few hours' sail may be compassed for a dozen shillings. The fish-market is supplied by about one hundred boats, which sail usually in the morning or evening, remain at sea all night, and next morning spread their marine food on the beach by hundreds of thousands. The principal herring season is from October to Christmas, and mackarel is in its fulness of supply from May to July. Three men generally suffice for one boat, and sometimes clear considerable sums by their cargo. From here the Market Hall is but a short distance; it stands on the site of the old Town Hall, and was built in 1830. It answers every purpose in being spacious, unconfined, and well supplied daily with fresh and fine comestibles. The new Town Hall—a vast pile of building, with three double porticos—cost £30,000, and has a handsome assembly-room on the upper story, rendered available for divers purposes of provincial legislation and amusement.

A few, very few, years back, the Battery was on the western verge of the town, and beyond it the several houses seemed to

be fairly in the country. A quiet hotel or two, and a bathing establishment, reminded us that we were still in Brighton, and a solitary villa, belonging to the Countess St. Antonio—a kind of Italianized cottage, with two wings, then the scene of many a gay rout, notwithstanding its humility—just kept the fashion of the place in mind as, many a time and oft, we lingered on the rough and barren road to Shoreham, strewn with the flowers of hoar antiquity.

The line of extension has now become almost interminable, and most conspicuous in this elongation of the western esplanade is Brunswick-terrace, built from the designs of Mr. Busby, a son of Dr. Busby, of musical memory. The terrace consists of forty-two splendid houses, and has a very majestic aspect. Between the two great divisions of the frontal line lies Brunswick-square, open to the sea towards the south, and the whole is fronted by an artificial esplanade, which extends a mile in length. Along this delightful walk the votaries of fashion are wont to exercise their “recreant limbs,” and recruit their wasted energies with the invigorating sea-breeze.

The chain-pier, which has been for years entitled to the first consideration of the Brighton visitor, is well worthy of being still considered its greatest lion. Erected under the superintendence of Captain Brown, R.N., this light and elegant structure was commenced in October, 1822, and opened to the public in the November of the year ensuing, at a total expenditure of £30,000. We are not over partial to the dry details of admeasurement generally, but as the dimensions of the pier may prove interesting to the promenader thereon, we subjoin the particulars, in as brief a form as is consistent with the information to be conveyed:—

The exact length is 1,134 feet, and the promenade is 13 feet wide, enclosed on each side with a neat iron railing. The four iron towers supporting the chains are erected on platforms, raised on piles, driven nearly ten feet into the solid rock, but rising nearly thirteen feet above high-water mark.

These towers are 200 feet distant from each other. On each side of the pier are two double suspension chains, each consisting of wrought iron rods or links, two inches in diameter, and very ingeniously connected. Those at one end pass into tunnels formed in the cliff, the size of which gradually increases, and are secured to a plate of iron placed perpendicularly, at the north end, much larger than the opening of the cylinder. After passing the towers above-mentioned the chains are firmly fixed to the substantial timber frame-work of the pier head, an extensive platform, raised on piles, and paved with Purbeck stone.

Hazlitt has said "there is something in being near the sea like the confines of eternity. It is a new element, a pure abstraction." The mind loves to hover on that which is endless and ever the same, and the wide expanse that is here visible gratifies this feeling to the uttermost. The approaches to the pier are handsome and spacious, and the reading-room at the north end, with its camera above, is a delightful lounge for the promenader, who, having inhaled health by instalments of breathing, may therein plunge into the world of fiction, and enjoy a perusal of the last new novel with the zest of a marine atmosphere.

Churches, chapels, and meeting-houses, of all ages and for all denominations, are plentifully strewn over the town. The most modern is the handsome church of St. Peter's, erected about twenty years ago, in the best pointed style, by Mr. C. Barry, the well-known architect of the new Houses of Parliament. But the oldest, and perhaps the most interesting, is the ancient parish church of St. Nicholas, standing on the summit of a hill at the north-west extremity of the town. It is an excellent sea and land mark, and is said to be as old as the reign of Henry the Seventh. Tradition gives to the curious sculptured font in this place a Norman extraction. Below the copper gilt vane of the steeple is hoisted the British flag on gala occasions, and from the churchyard, covered with old monuments, we gain one of the best views of this picturesque

watering-place. The tomb of Captain Tetttersell here, or rather a stone of black marble erected to his memory, contains an inscription to the following effect:—

P.M.S.

CAPTAIN NICHOLAS TETTERSELL,

Through whose prudence, valour, and loyalty Charles II., King of England, after he had escaped the swords of his merciless rebels, and his forces received a fatal overthrow at Worcester, September 3, 1651, was faithfully preserved and conveyed to France, departed this life 26th July, 1674."

Another curious monument tells us of Phœbe Hessel, who served as a private soldier, despite her sex, in various parts of Europe, and fought at the battle of Fontenoy, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, terminating her life at Brighton in her 108th year. A monument to the memory of Mrs. Crouch, erected by Michael Kelly, the composer, and another to Sir Richard Phillips, the founder of the interrogatory system of education, and consistent advocate of a vegetable diet, are also among the interesting features of the place, which, without any disparagement to the spruce churches and chapels around, bears the bell from them all. From this pleasant locality the esplanade and parade are seen to much advantage. Gay loiterers of pleasure, and donkey parties, regiments of schools and old bathing women, literary loungers, who read out of doors, and stumble against lamp-posts in interesting passages—these, and a host of other peripatetic humanities, make the beach populous between Hove and Kemp Town.

With regard to inns, taverns, hotels, lodging and boarding-houses, nowhere are they more numerous than here, their excellence of accommodation of course varying with price. Bathing establishments, too, are almost as numerous, whilst, for amusements, there is no provincial town in the kingdom that can offer such a variety of assembly and concert-rooms, libraries, bazaars, and other expedients for slaughtering our common enemy—Time. In the New-road is the theatre—one

of the prettiest out of London—and close adjoining is the Post-office, concerning which, in these economical days of epistolary communication, it may be as well to know the precise hours of dispatch and delivery. The London letters are delivered at 7 30 a.m. and 1 p.m.; the box for London closes at 10 45 a.m. and 9 30 p.m. The number of extra receiving houses about the town materially increases the accommodation.

The race-course is about a mile and a half northward of the town, on the summit of one of the loftiest and most commanding downs in the neighbourhood. The races generally take place early in August. Two annual fairs are also held at Brighton, one on Holy Thursday, and the other on the 4th of September. Each of these proves, in turn, the means of attracting an additional concourse of visitors.

The environs of Brighton are replete with objects of interest and landscapes of panoramic extension and variety. A pleasant railway trip, at the expenditure of twelve minutes and as many pence, will deposit you at New Shoreham, where a delightful day can be spent in the “Swiss Gardens,” adjoining the station. The grounds are admirably laid out, and a constant succession of amusements provided in exchange for the shilling that entitles you to the admission. The cottage is called the “Swiss Cottage”—not that peasants are so lodged in Switzerland, but that in novels and noblemen’s parks structures of one story high are thus denominated. The material must have cost less than the workmanship, for the doors, windows, and less substantial parts of the fabric are composed of little pieces of stick with the bark on—not expensive by any means, but so picturesque, as a young lady will be sure to remark within your hearing. Inside this Helvetian habitation there is a *salon à manger*, on a great scale, besides several little saloons for refreshment and flirtation, being, in fact, refectories for two inside—the most compact and comfortable places you can imagine. Added to this, there is a little theatre, a concert, music, swings, and oracles of divination, for all who choose to consult the mystic temple of

the Sybil. Of the whole place it may be said, with justice, that there is not in England another so well designed or preserved in such excellent order.

Few districts in England exhibit more interesting relics of the early history of the island than this part of Sussex. Shoreham was certainly a place of importance previous to the conquest. Subsequently its geographical position must have added still more to its consequence. From the Downs to Portsmouth the coast is, even in our day, most difficult of access—ten centuries ago it was without a landing-place for vessels of burden, or for craft of any sort, with strong winds from three points of the compass, except Newhaven and Shoreham. As easterly winds are—happily for folks of rheumatic tendency—more rare than any others for nine months in the year, these two places probably monopolised all the intercourse between Great Britain and her French territories. For this reason splendid and unique specimens of Norman architecture abound in Sussex. Of these, not one of the least remarkable is the parish church of New Shoreham. It was originally formed as a crucifix, and covered a great deal of ground. The embellishments are still of rare richness and variety, and are full of interest as marks of the state of the arts in those remote days.

As the Brighton excursionist will go to the Devil's Dyke as a matter of course, we do not stay to tell him how he shall behold therefrom the Isle of Wight, spread beneath him like a map, or Beachy Head, looming like a snow-peak to the east, and the Downs far away, mingling with the horizon. But he it gently whispered, that on the margin of this demoniacal defile there standeth a small hostel, the glories of whose bread and cheese and ale have been sung by many an aristocratic voice. Everybody that ever was there assures you that for baking and brewing it stands unrivalled, although we shrewdly suspect that the preparatory course of Southdown oxygen hath a wonderful agency in eliciting this appreciation of a fare so humble.

Altogether, for convenience of railway transit, and excellence of bathing and general accommodation, there is no watering-place, within the same distance of London, so attractive, for a short sojourn, as Brighton.

On the banks of the Adur, four miles from Shoreham, is *Bramber*, a little village which once enjoyed the privilege of sending two members to Parliament, but the four and twenty burgesses of Bramber being disenfranchised by the Reform Bill, its importance is only perpetuated by the ruins of its fine old castle, of which the gateway and a few crumbling walls on the western side alone remain. By whom or in what century it was built we have no historical record to inform us, but the explorer of these majestic ruins may at least traverse the ground with the consciousness that he is pressing the soil on which marched sturdy yeomen and barons bold in the days of William the Conqueror, for in Domesday Book—begun by order of the Norman—we find honorable mention made of the castle of Bramber. From the vast thickness of its walls and the trifling change it has undergone within the last hundred years it is supposed to have been destroyed by gunpowder, but we have no authentic account of its demolition. The last time it was occupied as a garrison was in the protectorate of Cromwell, who, to keep the neighbouring Royalists in awe, filled the castle with the troops of the Commonwealth, dull, dark, dismal fellows, characteristically represented by its present occupants, the rooks. The old church lies in the fosse of the castle, from the ruins of which it had its origin, as the token of a calm after a storm.

Ten miles from Brighton is *Worthing*, once the mere resort of smugglers and fishermen, but now selected by quiet-loving visitors to the Sussex coast as a pleasant retreat from the crowding and bustle of Brighton. On the land side it is sheltered by an amphitheatre of chalk downs, and on the sea side it is margined by a long tract of smooth and level sands, extending from Shoreham to Littlehampton, a distance of about twelve miles. These sands are very agreeable for

bathing, and have, in fact, given to Worthing its chief celebrity. The town is well laid out and has some good streets and desirable tenements within its limits, but to those of a lively temperament the monotony of its aspect must seem irredeemably dull. There is a small theatre in Anne-street, but of late years it has had but indifferent support. The Post Office is in Warwick-street. Letters from London delivered at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m.; box closes 7 15 p.m. and 10 a.m.

There are some very pleasant walks around the town, which afford extensive prospects of inland scenery; and whilst here the visitor should not fail to make a pilgrimage to "the Miller's Tomb," situated on Highdown Hill, about four miles from Worthing. The road lies through Goring, a small village to the north, leaving the little parish of Ferring, with its white spire, to the left. A pleasant walk leads us shortly after to the tomb itself, encircled by iron railings, the sides being of brick, inlaid with stone. This singular memorial perpetuates the memory of one John Oliver, an eccentric miller, who died and was buried here, April 22nd, 1793, aged eighty-four years. The tomb was erected in 1766, being twenty-seven years prior to his decease, and is inscribed with some strange poetical fragments, the composition of the miller himself. Oliver was a man who indulged himself in the practice of the most extraordinary whims, not the least remarkable of which was a coffin that he constructed, which, on a spring being touched, would run from beneath his bed every night, and rear itself against the opposite wall, to serve as a *memento mori*. The adjoining cottage, where refreshments are provided for the guests, was formerly the property of the miller, and still remains in the possession of his family. An annuity of £20 was left by the miller to keep this cottage and the tomb in a state of constant repair. There is a magnificent expanse of scenery from this eminence, which would of itself repay the trouble of going. Chanctonbury Hill, formerly a Roman station, can be seen, with its fir-crowned summit, many miles distant, and in the valley is shewn the ancient site of

Cæsar's encampment. Numerous villages lie grouped around the base, and the whole prospect cannot fail to charm and delight the reflective and imaginative mind. There are some other picturesque places within the circuit of twenty miles round Brighton, but as they are all too far distant to be grasped by the general excursionist on the railway, we have contented ourselves with describing the principal as above.

Bognor and *Littlehampton* are two pleasant little watering places on the coast, between Worthing and Chichester, which have been lately much frequented on account of their sheltered situation and the genial mildness of the air. Bognor was made a market-town in 1822, and owes its rise to Sir Richard Hotham, in 1785.

Littlehampton being the port of Arundel, from which it is distant only four miles south, affords an eligible opportunity for the temporary sojourner there to vary his strolls inland by a visit to the time honored castle of Arundel. The road thither winds through an extremely pleasant country, and the succession of villages, dotting the sea-shore, and with their pointed church steeples forming a romantic contrast with the wide expanse of the channel stretching away in the distance, make up the elements of a very pretty pastoral and marine landscape. The town lies at the foot of a hill, on the summit of which stands the castle, the home of the "ancient Counts of Arundel," and the majestic mansion of the present Duke of Norfolk. Its great antiquity may be conceived when we mention that it even found a place in the will of Alfred the Great, who bequeathed it, with other possessions, to his nephew Athelm. The present family obtained possession of it in the sixteenth century. The view of this grand edifice is striking beyond description. The whole is in the gothic style, and surrounded by a battlemented wall that separates it from the high road. Of the ancient edifice the keep and part of the walls alone remain, but the modern portion has been much improved by the late Duke of Norfolk, and as a residence it is worthy of its princely possessor. It has numerous apartments

richly adorned, a splendid staircase, a fine library, and a chapel profusely decorated. The state room is in the square tower projecting from the buildings, and has a noble large arched window emblazoned with armorial paintings. The castle is held by his Grace of Norfolk under a peculiar tenure, and is the only earldom now held upon those conditions. Arundel Church is also especially deserving of inspection. It is said that the choir was built in 1380, and in the Fitzalan Chapel will be found some highly interesting monuments of the most illustrious members of the houses of Howard and Fitzalan. The visitor will be particularly struck with the monument in the middle of the church to the memory of the fifth Earl of Arundel and his consort, a princess of Portugal by birth. It is very handsomely ornamented with twenty-eight figures of saints, neatly wrought round the sides in stone. The monument of John, Earl of Arundel, dating so far back as 1334, is executed in a very singular manner. On the upper part lies the earl in full armour, and on the ground below he is represented as a skeleton. Altogether a day at Arundel may be delightfully spent, and, should time permit, we can specially commend a further trip of four miles north from Arundel to the little village of Amberley, where there is another castle less known, but equally worth seeing for its picturesque position. It has been the seat of the Bishops of Chichester for many centuries, and was built, in 1369, by Bishop Rede. In the state apartments is the Queen's Room, with some curious paintings, and a series of ten female figures, with a carved ceiling. We throw out these hints as likely to prove of service to those who may feel otherwise at a loss to conceive how a month at Bognor or Littlehampton can be reasonably got through, without being driven to "Zimmerman on Solitude" as a preliminary course of study, or to the necessity of taking lessons in seclusion from a philosophically matriculated hermit.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARD'S.



NOW brought within four hours' easy railway distance of the Metropolis, environed by the most beautiful inland scenery, and throned upon the fairest portion of the Sussex coast, there are few of our watering-places that can, in point of intrinsic charms and varied attractions, vie with the delightful old cinque-port of Hastings, and its more modern adjunct, the elegant town of St. Leonard's. The visitor happily endowed with fortune's richest dowry—health, and the enfeebled invalid, seeking to restore the tone of his shattered system, alike derive benefit from its breezes, and solace from its shores. Once fairly within its peerless precincts, and wander

whithersoever he will, objects of freshening beauty and venerable antiquity fall in the path of the traveller. A summer's sojourn at this favoured gem in "Albion's ocean crown" may be said to comprise some of the most delicious experiences of existence, and can never be retrospectively regarded without a host of pleasant reminiscences thronging upon the memory.

The original town of Hastings is supposed to have been swept into the sea by an inundation, but the period of a catastrophe so remote is altogether unknown. Tradition attributes its name and origin to Hastings, the Danish pirate, but it must have existed much earlier, as Arviragus, the British king, constructed a fortress here in the fifth century, when he threw off the Roman yoke. Whatever was its early condition, it is evident that in the time of the Saxons it had become a flourishing place, for we find that in the year 926 King Athelstone had established a royal mint, and, judging from the number of retired tradesmen in the neighbourhood, the inhabitants seem to have retained the privilege of making money ever since. In 1377 the French burned the town, and when rebuilt it was divided into three parishes, still recognised as St. Clement's, All Saints, and St Mary's-in-the-Castle. Of these three churches only two remain—St. Clement's and All Saints. They are both in the old pointed style of architecture; but having been found quite insufficient to accommodate the increasing population, in 1828 the consecration took place of a new church called St. Mary's, in the centre of Pelham-crescent, and supplied the deficiency.

The town once enjoyed the advantage of a good harbour, but, about the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, it was destroyed by a violent tempest. Large fragments of stone and timber that formed the foundation are still visible at low water. Boat building and the herring and mackarel fishery form the chief support of the poorer inhabitants. The length of the esplanade here is not more than five hundred feet, so that to achieve the distance of a mile it must be tra-

versed from one end to another and back again five times, a mode of measuring a morning walk which we give as a hint to those who like to take exercise by rule. At the east end of the parade is a small but strong fort, which, in the time of the last war, mounted eleven guns, and might have done stalwart service on emergency. A few years ago the Castle hill, having become loose and dangerous in front, was cut away to a depth of about eighty feet, where it now forms a wall of the strongest solidity. On this a terrace, ascended by a handsome flight of steps, was erected, and is now Pelham-crescent, the houses assuming a style of comfort and convenience rarely surpassed.

The Town Hall, with its market-place underneath, was erected in 1823, and here a liberal supply of commodities at a reasonable rate can always be obtained. The streets are narrow and not exceedingly remarkable for architectural elegance, but in Pelham-arcade the shops are of a more refined description, and, with their superadded attractions of raffles and music, form pleasant evening lounges. Reading-rooms and circulating libraries are of the usual number and variety.

To dispose at once of the dry details of local description before we touch upon the lighter portions, we may just inform the reader that the principal hotels are the Albion, on the Parade; the Marine Hotel, in Pelham-place; and the Castle, a very comfortable one, together with the Swan and the Crown, and others of minor importance. The Bank is in High-street, and the Post-office adjacent. There are four places of dissenting worship and several institutions, whilst the poor of the town are not neglectfully regarded. A singular instance of unostentatious benevolence occurs here in the case of a person who conveyed to the corporation about fifty-six acres of land and concealed his name.

The bathing establishments may vie with any in the kingdom for excellence of arrangement. The Pelham baths, in Pelham-place, deserve especial notice, and the Marine baths

are also much frequented. What more could a visitor require? We have thus briefly but comprehensively glanced at the present aspect of the place; let us now turn to a more fertile theme—the poetry of its associations. Who that has passed beneath the crumbling cliff on which still stand the ruins of the ancient castle, and wandered westward on the beach, can forget the spot near Bulverhithe, pointed out as the Conqueror's table? Although the stone itself has been removed to the public gardens of St. Leonard's, the stirring associations still remain. There—so runneth the legend—the daring Norman killed by a single blow from his mailed hand one of his own followers, because, less ardent than himself, he had hinted at what appeared to him an insurmountable obstacle that stood frowning defiance at their puny efforts; and therefore, though safely landed, counselled retreat from the well-manned battlements of the castle, then commanding every available path leading to the interior, as well as all the ocean within bow-shot of its site, threatening alike the adventurous band that had polluted the soil of England, and the mariners who had conveyed them from St. Vallery. Great was the stake played for by the daring duke; and, like a true gamester, he determined to deserve, by the boldness of his venture, the smiles of that treacherous jade, Fortune. The life of a friend—the services of a faithful follower—became but a feather in the scale compared with the spreading of that fear manifested by one of his chosen commanders; and thus, sacrificing the adviser of an instant re-embarkation to the expediency of the moment, William of Normandy instantly promoted a more sanguine spirit to the command, and boldly advanced his standard to Epiton, now called Battle, where he won from Harold the fair and broad lands of England.

Upon the daring soldier who so well supplied the place of his equally courageous but less rash companion in arms were bestowed, as a reward, the governorship of Hastings, its castle, and the beauteous territory encircled by its surrounding districts.

The castle of Hastings for a time was the favourite residence of the Conqueror. Here, in commemoration of his coronation, was held the first tournament in England, at which the fair Adela, his daughter, was chosen Queen of Beauty. The Lord of Hastings, not content with the possessions he had already acquired, aimed at the still greater prize of the lovely maiden, and, inspired by his hopes, vanquished every rival that appeared in the field against him. At last came Stephen—the then Earl of Blois—and, causing the first duel recorded in English annals, he challenged the ambitious Lord of Hastings, and, proving the victor, obliged the daring soldier to forego his claims, and resign the beauteous princess to himself—not, if the gossips of the period speak sooth, much against the will and inclination of the charming Adela herself.

Hastings and its castle passed into the possession of various hands without any event occurring that need be chronicled in our pages, until the reign of Henry VIII., when a lady, anxious to escape from the illicit importunities of that unscrupulous monarch, threw herself from the northern turret of the castle, and was dashed to pieces on the beach below.

The next possessor was Edgar, a jealous earl and a great favourite with the king. He had married one of the ladies of the court, but, ardently as he loved, was doomed to think it unreturned. Watching with suspicious eye every movement of his bride, the unjustly suspected lady appealed to the king, who peremptorily ordered the earl to supply her with money, and provide her, during her life, with apartments in the castle.

Obedying the mandate of his sovereign with reluctance, he resolved to watch her with more circumspection than before, and one day, suddenly entering her apartment where she was giving orders to her falconer, he not only slew the unfortunate domestic immediately, but placing his innocent wife in the custody of his guard, he ordered a blazing fire to be prepared in the outer yard for the instant immolation of herself and her infant son.

Stricken with amazement at the unnatural order, his retainers obeyed them with great reluctance, but when the preparations were completed, and their fair and unblemished mistress was dispensing her last gifts to those around, a thrill of horror ran through the whole assembly, whilst a malignant smile of revenge only illumined the satanic features of the earl. The flames were no sooner kindled than they ascended with furious power. The whistling wind, joined with the piercing shrieks of the helpless mother and her infant, became so heart-rending that they seemed at last to make an impression on even the brutal mind of the instigator of the cruelty, when an alarm was given that the castle was in flames. Every one now directed their attention to the saving of the stupendous structure, but in a few hours, despite all the exertions that were made, nothing remained but a black and smouldering mass of ruined walls. Tormented by the smittings of his conscience, fearful of the king's displeasure, and hesitating, when summoned to appear at that court, whence he had taken the fairest ornament, the earl caused the ashes of his wife and child to be placed in a stone coffin, and quitted the country never to return again. From this period the castle of Hastings has remained a mass of magnificent ruins; its towers, bastions, and ancient walls forming an object truly picturesque, as seen from any point of view, but looking even grand in their sombre desolation, as meeting the eye of the pedestrian when ascending the eminence leading to Fairlight Downs.

A few years back the visitors to the castle were shown *two* coffins, a small one and a larger one, which they were assured contained the ashes of the mother and infant. These have been lately removed, and the space of ground enclosed by the walls which used to shelter such vestiges of a more barbarous age is now employed by a market gardener to administer to the culinary wants of the townsfolk of Hastings and St. Leonard's.

The approach to Hastings Castle is from the further extremity of Wellington-square, and with the perpendicular

cliff that fronts the sea for its base, the outer walls appear originally to have had the form of a triangle with rounded angles. The wall on the east side was about three hundred feet in length; that on the north-western side is about one hundred feet more, and the whole area enclosed occupies rather more than an acre and a quarter. Near the northern angle was the entrance gateway, long since demolished, and adjoining it may be seen the ruins of a small tower and sallyport; still further westward are the remains of another. The walls, about eight feet in thickness, were composed of stone, flint and rubble, and were flanked by a broad and deep ditch, contracting gradually towards the entrance. It is scarcely possible for a tourist, at all imaginatively constituted, to wander by moonlight in the charmed circle of this relic of antiquity without expecting some mailed knight or doughty warrior to start upon his path. For some time past the interior has been laid out as a flower-garden and shrubbery, and the person who has charge of the lodge accommodates, for a small fee, visitors with seats and refreshments. The view, though not equal to that from Fairlight Downs, is varied and extensive, and commands towards the south an ample marine expanse, whilst Beachy Head, Eastbourne, and Bexhill may be seen towards the west.

The recognised salubrity and mildness of the air, together with the openess of the coast and smoothness of the beach, have long made Hastings a favourite and a recommended resort. The shore is not abrupt and the water almost always limpid, and of that beautiful sea-green hue so inviting to bathers. The constant surging of the waves, first breaking against the reefs and next dashing over the sloping shingle, is not unwelcome music at midnight to the ears of all who *sleep* in the vicinity of the shore. Dr. James Clark states that in winter Hastings is most desirable as a place of residence during January and February. "During the spring also it has the advantage of being more effectually sheltered from north and north-east winds than any other place frequented

by invalids on the coast of Sussex. It is also comparatively little subject to fogs in the spring, and the fall of rain may be said at that time to be less than on other portions of the coast. As might be expected from the low and sheltered situation of Hastings, it will be found a favourable residence generally to invalids suffering under diseases of the chest. Delicate persons, who desire to avoid exposure to the north-east winds, may pass the cold season here with advantage. Owing to the close manner in which this place is hemmed in on the sea by steep and high cliffs, it has an atmosphere more completely marine than almost any other part of this coast, with the exception, of course, of St. Leonard's, which possesses the same dry and absorbent soil." The breadth and extent of its esplanade also, and the protection afforded by the colonnades for walking exercise, are circumstances of considerable importance to the invalid, and render a conjoined residence at Hastings and St. Leonard's a very efficient substitute for a trip to Madeira.

Whilst in the neighbourhood it should not be forgotten that a delightful excursion may be made to Battle Abbey, not more than six miles distant. The grounds are now in the possession of the Webster family, who have liberally thrown them open to public inspection every Monday. It is here that the "Battel Roll," a sort of primitive "Court Guide," is carefully preserved, and furnishes a list valuable to the antiquary and historian of those families who came over with William the Conqueror.

A glance into the booksellers' windows, where engraved vignettes of some neighbouring attraction allure the eye in every direction, will at once reveal to the visitor the tempting beauty of the environs. A week may be delightfully spent in exploring the fairy-like nooks about Fairlight alone. Situated in a sweet umbrageous spot, down which, by narrow winding steps, hewn out of the solid rock, one only can descend at a time, is the weeping rock. The view of this constantly-dripping well, as the spectator looks up to the jutting rock

from the beautiful cottage of Covehurst below, is well calculated to inspire the mind with that feeling under which credence would be given to any legend that accounted for this freak of nature, by ascribing it to the influence of supernatural agency. The stone weeps, as it were, from myriads of pores, and, although the water falls in continuous drops, no trace of it is left in the reservoir; passing through the rock, its appearance is as mysterious as its disappearance is magical. It is explained by the soil beneath being loose and sandy, over a heavy beach stone foundation, and, acting as a subterraneous drain, the water is conducted beneath the surface, appearing as a translucent stream about a hundred yards from the rock, and then again disappearing down a declivity. The beautiful appearance the rock presents in winter, when the drip is frozen and the icicles hang from the sloping crags in clusters of crystals, will not be easily forgotten by those who have had the good fortune to witness, at this period, such a mimic stalactite cavern.

Then, in the vicinity of the well are the fish-ponds, with romantic walks around it, and a comfortable farm-house adjacent, where refreshments can be had at a small cost, and where the ale is—but we forbear our eloquence. The picturesque waterfall of Old Roar should not be overlooked, nor the Lover's Seat, so charmingly enthroned amid shrubs and evergreens, nor the other favoured localities, which are enough to make a Pennsylvanian lawyer turn poetical. Let the pedestrian, however, make his way to the signal house belonging to the coast-guard station at that point, and he will have a panoramic view around him which it would be worth while walking from Cornhill to Grand 'Cairo only to behold and then walk back again.

The whole forms a complete circle; the sweep of inland scenery extending to the hills in the neighbourhood of London, and the sea view reaching from Beachy Head to Dover cliffs, between seventy and eighty miles apart, and stretching out to the heights of Boulogne. The entire area of the prospect,

both by land and water, cannot be less than three hundred miles. Among many minor objects visible may be enumerated ten towns, sixty-six churches, seventy martello towers, five ancient castles, three bays, and forty windmills. The best time for seeing it is in the afternoon, when the setting sun lights up the old town of Hastings in the foreground, and brings into strong shadow the opposite coast of France. Under favourable atmospheric influences it is, indeed, a view never to be forgotten.

St. Leonard's, the recognised "west-end" of Hastings, from which it is only one mile distant, and with which the extended line of buildings must speedily form a junction, was planned and executed by the well-known architect, Mr. Decimus Burton, who only commenced his bold project in 1828. Hotels of eastern magnificence, public gardens, looking like realisations of the Arabian Nights' descriptions, libraries where the most fascinating novel gains an additional charm from the luxurious sea-fronting ottomans, on which their perusal may be indulged, together with an esplanade peerless in its promenading conveniences—these are but a few of the manifold attractions which St. Leonard's holds forth to tempt the errant visitor into becoming a stationary resident.

On the hill, by the railway station, as you approach Bulverhithe, may be seen the ruins of the Conqueror's Chapel, supposed to mark the spot where he landed. Recent antiquaries have laboured to prove that it must have been nearer Pevensey.

For the epistolary convenience of the traveller, we may state that Hastings has now two dispatches and arrivals of letters daily. Letters are delivered at 7 a.m. and 6 30 p.m.; the box for London closes at 6 35 a.m. and 9 45 p.m. There is a penny post, besides, to St. Leonard's twice a-day.

A pic-nic at Pevensey is a very frequent summer-day's temptation to the Hastings visitor. The railway brings us to the spot from St. Leonard's within less time than a lady pedestrian could stroll from one end of the esplanade to the other, and the station is within sight of the venerable castle itself.

Though formerly a place of so much importance as to give name to the hundred, it has now dwindled to an inconsiderable village, and the sea, which formerly laved the castle walls, has now receded to a distance of two miles. A number of martello towers, erected at the time of the last war—we hope the phrase will be just as applicable for a hundred generations yet to come—remain as memorials of the means resorted to for the defence of the coast. The history of Pevensey might be easily expanded by a skilful topographer into a volume, but a brief enumeration of the leading features will suffice to acquaint the visitor with its bygone glories. It first appears in our chronicles in A.D. 792, when honorable mention is made of it as having been generously given by Bervald, a general of Offa, to the Abbey of St. Denis at Paris. In the reign of Edward the Confessor it was dignified by twenty-four burgesses, and was ravaged by Earl Godwin, falling shortly after the reign of Henry III. into hopeless decay. The castle was attacked by Simon de Mountfort in 1265, and, in 1339, by the partisans of Richard II., when it was bravely defended by the Lady Jane Pelham. The outer walls of the castle enclose an area of seven acres, and are about twenty feet in height. Within is a smaller fortification, moated on the north and west, and of a quadrangular form, with round towers. The entrance was formerly by a drawbridge. The eastern wall of both is the same, and stands upon a shelving eminence. The circumference of the inner wall is about 25 rods, and of the outer walls 250. When entire it must have been of great strength. Antiquaries differ about its first builders, but if not of Roman origin it is at any rate constructed of Roman materials, and, though the adjective savours somewhat of a pun, it may be added that its present aspect is decidedly romantic. The church is but an ordinary looking structure, with a square tower at the west end. It is dedicated to St. Nicholas. The rich pastures of Pevensey level afford fine grazing for cattle, and have contributed much to the profit and renown of the graziers surrounding.

Those who may choose to explore the country in the opposite direction will find in the old town of Winchelsea, eight miles from Hastings to the north-east, plentiful matter for meditation. The original sea-port, which bore its name, was swallowed up by the sea on the eve of St. Agatha, 1287, and although the buildings were then erected further inland, the sea, unappeased by the former sacrifice, broke in anew, and finally, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, altogether choked up the harbour. The ruins of the castle of Ounber, built by Henry VIII., are still standing, and so are three out of the four town gates, but they are in a ruinous condition.

And now, having glanced at the attractions of Hastings, and of which the visitor has a reasonable right to expect the enjoyment, be it our final office to tell the uninitiated how to get there. The pleasantest route is certainly by road, the quickest is most assuredly by rail. Taking the South Coast line, *via* Brighton, from which Hastings is distant thirty-three miles, the traveller may get thither from London-bridge comfortably in three hours and a half. There is a branch in progress from the Headcorn station, on the South Eastern line, which will render the time of journeying somewhat shorter, but with less attractive stations to stop at than the rival railway just mentioned affords. By the old coach road the traveller passes through the most lovely portions of Kent and Sussex, successively showing the scenery round Sevenoaks, Tunbridge, Tunbridge Wells, Lamberhurst, Robertsbridge, &c. Let him choose, however, which route he will, there is enough, and more than enough, to repay him, at his journey's end, for all the expenditure of time and money involved in its attainment.

DOVER.



THIS much frequented point of continental embarkation has of late years occupied a prominent position among the watering-places of our island. The line of continuous terraces of noble-looking mansions spreading along the margin of its coast, the pureness of its atmosphere, the bald and rocky headlands that distinguish its marine scenery, all contribute to give it an important position

among the recently created destinations of our sea-loving citizens. The associations, too, that cling to the white cliffs of Albion—not, as of yore, frowning defiance to our Gallic neighbours, but with a better spirit illuminating their weather-beaten features with sunny smiles of welcome—all tend to draw every year crowds of fleeting visitors to a spot so

renowned in song and story. It has been well said, that scarcely any great man, from King Arthur to Prince Albert, has failed, at some period or other, to visit Dover, and all history confirms the assertion. In such pleasant aristocratic company, who would not therefore willingly make a railway or steam-boat pilgrimage to a locality so honoured?

Divided from the French coast by a passage of only twenty miles across the British Channel, Dover is advantageously situated on the margin of a picturesque bay, sheltered by the promontory of the South Foreland, and screened by its lofty cliffs from the piercing northerly winds.

The first eminent visitor of whom we have any authentic record was that redoubtable personage, Julius Cæsar. Fifty years before the Christian era, he brought his fleet within sight of these chalky cliffs, and, finding them defended by crowds of hostile warriors, very prudently withdrew until a more favourable opportunity arrived for making the incursion. A second time he was more successful, and the occasional Roman remains found about the vicinity show that at this period was effected that possession of Britain which for four hundred years afterwards was resolutely maintained, in defiance of a host of enemies native and foreign.

Dover is supposed to have derived its name from *Dwffyrtha*, a name difficult to pronounce, used to denote a place difficult of access; but a more simple and reasonable explanation is that obtained from the river Dour, which has its source from two heads—proverbially better than one—four miles west of the town, and which here discharges itself into the sea, forming the back water to the harbour.

As early as the reign of Edward the Confessor, Dover began to be a place of size and opulence, as the town then furnished twenty armed vessels for the service of the state, but at no period between the reigns of William the Conqueror and Henry VIII. could it have been very extensive, for monastic edifices and the burial grounds of their several churches covered nearly the whole space. Six parishes were formerly

the attendants upon as many churches, but the present municipal arrangements recognise only two, those of St. Mary and St. James, the rest of the sacred edifices having been destroyed, with the exception of a part of St. Nicholas and the Collegiate Church of St. Martin, endowed with immense possessions by Withred in the seventh century. The ruins of this once magnificent edifice are to be seen contiguous to the market-place, but though one of the round towers still remain in a tolerably perfect state, the modern buildings erected in front of the ancient edifice seclude the most interesting portion from observation.

A stone to the memory of the poet Churchill is to be seen in the churchyard, about one hundred and seventy feet from the ruins and eleven from the north-west wall.

When the increase of inhabitants rendered an additional number of places of worship necessary, Trinity Church was erected in Strond-street, adjoining the harbour, at a cost of £8,000. The foundation stone was laid the 7th of September, 1833. Ten years afterwards was built Christ Church, a very neat structure, at Hougham, on the road to Folkestone.

At the entrance to the town from the London-road was the Hospital of St. Mary, commonly called the *Maison Dieu*, and now the guildhall and gaol. It was erected in the reign of King John by Hubert de Burgh (afterwards Earl of Kent), and intended for the accommodation of pilgrims passing through Dover, on their way to or from the Continent. After many changes and alterations, as well as being fortified during the civil war, it was purchased from government by the corporation in 1834, and converted the following year into a guildhall, sessions chamber, and gaol. The old priory gate, half monastery, half farm, is still remaining at the beginning of the carriage road towards Folkestone.

Over the butter market in the London-road was the old Town Hall, erected in the reign of James I., on the site of an ancient cross. It is now the Dover Museum, and may be inspected daily from ten till five by the public. The collection comprises various specimens of birds, reptiles, fishes, insects,

minerals, fossils, weapons, dresses coins, and other articles illustrative of the manners and customs of different nations. An excellent local work ("Rigden's New Dover Guide") gives the following summary of the curiosities, to be seen therein associated with the topography of the town:—"An antique hammer and ancient pottery, found in the old tower in Bench-street; keystone of an arch and another from the groined roof of the *Maison Dieu*; ancient vessel, discovered in Dover Castle; sword found on the 'little ground,' twenty-five miles from Dover, encased in a formation of flint; ammonite from the harbour and various interesting fossils (amongst which is a remarkably fine oyster), from the excavations for the railway tunnel; Roman urns and the flue of a Roman bath from St. Mary's Church; various Dover tradesmen's tokens of the seventeenth century, and a portion of the tomb, formerly in Dover Castle, of Pierre de Creone, containing part of an ancient cross and the following inscription:—[*Hic jac.*] *et Petrus de Creone [orat.] e pro anima ejus.*"

Under the Museum the butter market presents on a Saturday a busy and lively scene, and the commodities that then pour in from every part of the surrounding country are both plentiful and excellent.

Ancient as Dover is as a town and port, it is, as we have said, comparatively modern as a watering-place. Adopting the admirable authority before alluded to, we find that, excepting the house of a bowling alley, which, in the reign of Charles I., stood on the beach nearly in a line with the new bridge, not a single tenement existed on the margin of its delightful bay until 1791. In that year a snug marine retreat was erected near the Castle jetty by the father of the gallant Sir Sidney Smith, and was then termed "Smith's Folly." A few years sufficed to show that the site was well chosen, for his example was speedily followed by others, and in 1817 houses were commenced on the Marine Parade, and about the same period Liverpool Terrace, and the contiguous lawns, Guildford and Clarence, were projected; followed in 1838 by the noble

mansions of Waterloo Crescent and the Esplanade. These form, in conjunction with others, a continuous range of imposing buildings that extend nearly from the Castle cliff to the north pier. Close to the sea is the Promenade, which, during the summer season, presents a complete galaxy of beauty and fashion, not unfrequently enlivened by the performance of military music. The facilities afforded to bathers merit great commendation, and the clear transparency of the water is not the least of the advantages here derived.

If not the most elegant thoroughfare in Dover, Snargate-street is decidedly the most picturesque. With the towering white cliffs on one side, and a row of excellent shops on the other, it presents a contrast that seems to link agreeably the permanent majesty of the past with the fleeting characteristics of the present. Here is situated the Post Office, nearly opposite to Rigden's library. The night mail arrives at eleven and departs about two a.m. Letters must be posted before ten p.m.; each letter is then, until half-past ten, charged one penny in addition to the postage. The day mail leaves Dover, by railway, at nine o'clock in the morning, and letters must be posted before half-past eight, a.m. It arrives from London, by the same conveyance, at three, p.m. A foreign mail is dispatched daily to Ostend, Calais, Boulogne, and all parts of the Continent.

Here also is the theatre, the Apollonian Hall, in which concerts are frequently given, and a bazaar, which affords a pleasant lounge for those who like to court the smiles of fortune in a raffle. Adjoining the Wesleyan Chapel, also in the same street, is the entrance to the grand military shaft leading to the heights and barracks above. The communication is by an arched passage and a vertical excavation, having three spiral flights of 140 steps each. The barracks are sufficiently capacious to contain many thousand troops; and beyond, following the military road, we come to the grand redoubt, occupying the site of an ancient Pharos, the ruins of which are called Bredenstone, or the "Devil's

Drop." Nowhere will the tourist find more extensive and beautiful views than a promenade at sunset on these heights will afford. We must again borrow a description from the writer previously quoted:—"The town beneath reminds one of Le Sage and his 'Diable Boiteux,' and the eye wanders over a vast expanse of water, profusely studded with ships of all nations. Directly opposite lies *la belle France*, where, on a clear day, the ploughman with his team, the sunbeam dancing on the cottage pane, and a wide extent of rich *paysage* are distinctly seen. Westward is the town of Boulogne, with its lofty column to commemorate an invasion which never took place; eastward, rising as it were from the ocean, is the white tower of the Hotel de Ville, and the revolving phare of the town of Calais. Turn which way we will there is something to admire. On one side is the magnificent Castle, still rearing its stately battlements in majestic grandeur, after braving the blasts of a thousand winters, and bringing back to the eye of the imaginative beholder the by-past glories of the days of chivalry; on the other, the noble cliff, an object sufficiently striking from its own native sublimity, but rendered doubly attractive and interesting to every spectator by its association with the greatest work of our greatest bard. Perhaps in the whole circuit of the kingdom there is not another spot so calculated to awaken in the bosom of an Englishman feelings of pride and exultation, as the objects around call up in succession reminiscences of those martial and intellectual achievements by which the inviolate island of the sage and free has attained her present unquestioned supremacy amongst the nations of the world. An evening stroll on these picturesque heights will amply repay the trouble of the ascent. At eventide

"Such pictures silently and sweetly glide
Before the eye when all around is calm;
And gentle winds and waters near
Make music to the lonely ear."

Shakspeare's Cliff is about one mile west of the pier, and is exactly 313 feet above high-water mark, being somewhat less

than it was in the days of our great dramatist. The descriptive passage that has stood sponsor to it has been so often quoted, that we may be well spared its repetition here. A steady foot and a cool head will enable a visitor himself to learn from experience "how fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low."

But the Castle is, after all, the great lion of Dover, and as the first object that strikes conspicuously upon the eye of the traveller as he emerges from the railway terminus, it is sure to woo his footsteps thither as the cynosure of attraction. Starting on his pilgrimage, early enough, if possible, to behold the artistic effect of the grey sombre ruins, magnified by contrast with a skiey background from which the shades of departing night have not altogether fled, we can promise the pedestrian a rare treat. A sunrise scene from the cliffs round the Castle will honestly challenge comparison with a sunset from the Alps. Well aware that this savours of a bold assertion not altogether orthodox, we merely recommend such as would doubt its veracity to ask Boots to call them at two o'clock in the morning, and try it. Rising northward of the tower, from a bold and abrupt ascent of more than 300 feet, and poised upon a commanding eminence, which seems to defy alike the ravages of time and war, Dover Castle answers more to our expectations of what a fortress ought to be than any other defensive building in the kingdom. Its early origin is involved in the mystery of tradition, though there can be little doubt that a British fortification was the nucleus of its future architectural strength. Julius Cæsar has had the honour of erecting the present fortress ascribed to him, but recent antiquaries have come to the conclusion that it was raised between the years A.D. 43 and 49, during the reign of Claudius. The three leading characteristics of the ground plans and buildings are Roman, Saxon, and Norman. All that can now be traced of the fortifications of the former is encircled by a deep ditch. The Saxon portion of the structure is presumed to have been commenced by Alfred the Great,

and the foundation of the present keep to have originated with the ingenious Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, about the year 1153. In its present state the Castle occupies about thirty-six acres.

On approaching the entrance to the Castle from the old Deal road the stranger's notice is first attracted by the faint tinkle of a small bell, moved by a string from the tower of Fulbert de Dover, now used as a debtor's prison. A grated window fronts the road, at which a prisoner stations himself to solicit alms, aided by a further appeal on a board, which bears the following inscription:—

“Oh ! ye whose hours exempt from sorrow flow,
Behold the seat of pain, and want, and woe ;
Think while your hands the entreated alms extend,
That what to us ye give to God ye lend.”

It is seldom that an application of so mournful a nature can be neglectfully regarded. With a glance at the curious piece of brass ordnance, cast at Utrecht in 1544, and twenty-four feet in length, known as “Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol,” we ascend the road leading to the keep, and pass through the gateway from Peverell's Tower, so denominated from an illegitimate son of the Conqueror, who had the command of this post. The keep, situated in the centre of the quadrangle, is a large square edifice rising to an altitude of 100 feet from the ground, and 370 feet above the level of the sea, presenting from its summit a view of almost unequalled grandeur. The famous well, 400 feet deep, was once an important feature of the tower, but it is now arched over for the better security of the public. The old Roman church, and the pharos, or lighthouse, adjoining, are the next objects of interest; its form is that of a cross, with a square tower. On the western side of the church is Cocklecrow or Colton's Gate. Some curious excavations have been made in more modern times for the reception of soldiers, about 2,000 of whom can be here conveniently accommodated ; light and air are conveyed into the different apartments by circular apertures cut

in the chalk, and by other openings carried through to the face of the cliffs. These remarkable subterranean barracks can be seen on Tuesdays and Fridays by an order from the commanding royal engineer, which can be easily obtained on those days between the hours of ten and twelve at the Ordnance Office, Archeliff Fort. Subterranean communications exist in every direction. Blanchard, the celebrated French aeronaut, ascended, in 1785, from the quadrangle of the Castle keep, and, after a voyage of two hours and a half, descended in safety on the Continent at the distance of six miles from Calais. Our modern steam-boat communication with that port has long since outrivalled the aerial voyager in speed.

By the Castle jetty below there have been lately built some neat houses, under the most precipitous part of the cliffs. The situation is pleasant enough, but the tenants must have strong faith in the durability of chalk. For ourselves, not having nerves of iron, all we can say is, that we should decline a lease of 99 years even upon the most advantageous terms.

Dover harbour suffers much from the accumulation of shingle, and all expedients to remove it, however ingenious, have been ultimately found futile. The simplest, as usual, has proved the best; by means of flood-gates, which are closed at high-tide, the water which flows into the basin and pent is retained; at low water these sluices are opened and the shingle driven back again by the force of the current.

The Custom House is a spacious building conveniently contiguous to the quay. All passengers' baggage coming from the Continent must be conveyed here for examination. The office hours are from ten till four.

Hotels and taverns, varying in price and accommodation, are unusually numerous; and even cheap coffee-houses, conducted on what is somewhat indefinitely styled "the London system," are now to be met with.

The pretty villages of Charlton and River, and St. Margaret's, with its fine view of the South Foreland, are all within

a pleasant three miles' walk or drive from Dover. There is St. Radegund's Abbey, too, an ivied ruin of the twelfth century, which will well repay a visit. Vehicles of every kind can be obtained at a reasonable rate, and for those who delight in water excursions, steam-boats will be found in daily communication with Margate, Ramsgate, and most of the watering-places of the southern coast.

The quickest mode of reaching Dover from London is certainly *via* the South Eastern Railway, which in four hours will transmit the traveller from one terminus to the other. Another very pleasant route, and more economical for one unencumbered with luggage, is by steamer to Gravesend, railway to Rochester, van to Canterbury, and thence to Dover by the old coach road, which passes through a delightful country; or the steamer can be taken direct from London Bridge, though the passage in rough weather round the South Foreland is certainly not one to be conscientiously recommended. But let the reader get there, no matter how the intervening distance is got over, and he will find that there is a breezy freshness about the place, a healthy expanse of wind and water, and a perfect legion of allurements thronging about the town, that will render it not so easy to get away again.

As an appropriate conclusion to our account of Dover, we may append the following lyrical tribute to the associations connected with its towering cliffs:—

Dover Cliffs.

I.

Ye chalky cliffs of Albion, how haughtily ye stand,
The Nature given fortresses that guard our native land;
True offspring of a British soil, ye independent show
Your backs unto your countrymen, your faces to the foe.
What mighty throbs for Cæsar's pulse—what meed for years of toil,
When Rome's ambitious Monarch fix'd his foot upon thy soil,
Whilst flocks of painted savages—the fountain of our race—
Beheld with awe the glittering arms that bristled o'er the place.

II.

A benison, a benison, upon thy foaming waves,
 Thy sea, that guards and separates the freemen from the slaves;
 Thy castle-crested cliffs, that rise like giants in their might,
 Defiance hurling to the storm and lightning shafts of night.
 With dewy eyes the mariner bids thee a long adieu,
 With rapture on his aching sight thy summits meet his view;
 The waves that dash round other cliffs crouch idly here supine,
 And skies that frown on other lands smile lovingly on thine.

III.

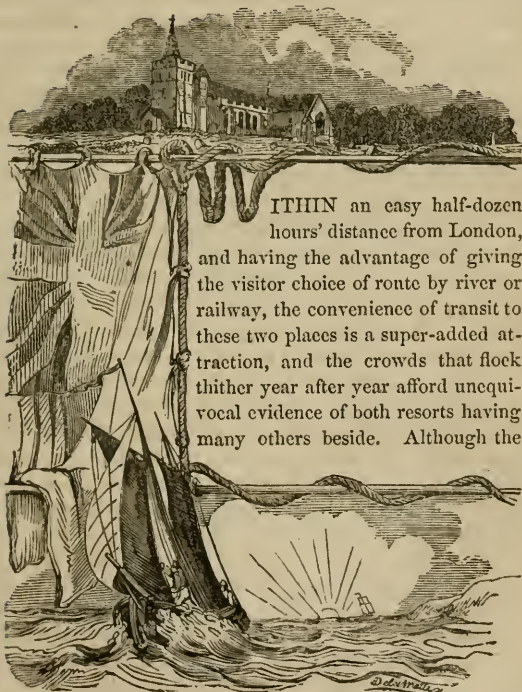
A malison, a malison, on those who idly tread
 The sacred earth that's hallowed by the memories of the dead,
 Without a burst of purer thought that flows from ages past,
 As Shakspeare's name, close linked with thine, through ages yet will last.
 Long may ye stand the monuments of Nature's mightiest throes,
 The guardian of our liberties—the terror of our foes:
 Long may ye prove old England's shield, and be, as ye have been,
 The rocky gems that stud the crown of Albion's Island Queen.

E. L. B.

Folkestone, six miles from Dover, and one of the South-Eastern Railway Stations, is rapidly becoming a much frequented watering-place, as well as a favourite point of embarkation to the French coast, the distance to Boulogne being only twenty-seven miles, and the voyage accomplished in about one hour and three quarters. The town was the *Lapis Populi* of the Romans, and close to the station on the southern acclivity of Castle Hill stood a pharos or watch tower, supposed to have been built by the Emperor Theodosius as one of the defences of the coast—the fosse and vallum may still be traced. The narrow and precipitous streets, the irregular lines of old houses, and the sea-worn chasms about the shore, seem still to perpetuate in appearance that reputation for contraband traffic which once was its distinguishing feature. On the summit of the cliff stands the church, dedicated to St. Mary, and containing three aisles and the same number of chancels, with a square tower in the centre of the building, and a peal of eight bells. The architecture is of the early English style, and it is said to have been first founded, in

1137, by Nigel de Mandeville. Near it is the Free School, founded by Sir Eliab Harvey, whose brother, the renowned discoverer of the circulation of the blood, also bequeathed £200 for the benefit of the poor, in memory of it being his native place. Folkestone Hill is 575 feet high, and commands a beautiful prospect of the town and the adjacent country, through which the railway is seen winding its devious course. To those who do not mind a little pedestrianism, and who delight in formidable ascents and footpaths trembling on the brink of ocean, we can conscientiously recommend a walk across the cliffs to Dover, which besides presenting a succession of romantic scenery will be found to afford some advantageous opportunities for inspecting the shafts connected with the ventilation of the railway tunnels running underneath. North of Folkestone is the little hamlet of Foord, within a mile of the sea, and possessing a chalybeate spring of considerable strength. A road running parallel with the sea, at the distance of about half a mile inland, conducts us to *Sandgate*, built on the very verge of the channel, and yielding excellent facilities for sea bathing. The little castle there was built by Henry the Eighth in the year 1540. The air is very salubrious, and has been thought of much efficacy in cases of nervous debility, whilst the country round is highly picturesque and abounds in varied and beautiful landscapes. To the angler the Royal Military Canal in the neighbourhood will furnish some agreeable facilities for pursuing the sport classicalized by old Izaak Walton.

MARGATE AND RAMSGATE.



ITHIN an easy half-dozen hours' distance from London, and having the advantage of giving the visitor choice of route by river or railway, the convenience of transit to these two places is a super-added attraction, and the crowds that flock thither year after year afford unequivocal evidence of both resorts having many others beside. Although the

two places have fallen, time out of mind, under the ban of cockneydom, we do not think a jot the worse of them on that account. For those who have a family, and a correspond-

ing amount of luggage to transport besides, nothing can excel in economy and convenience the old trip by steamer direct from London Bridge; and a voyage down the river on a fine calm day is not by any means an unpleasant mode of progression. But for one who has traversed the "silent highway" until every feature along its banks has become a contemptible familiarity, and who would feel absolutely grateful for a suggestion that would enable him to reach the coast by another and more diversified route—even though it involved a slight increase of expenditure—we begin our sketch with the indication of a way in which this very desirable consummation may be achieved.

By the South-Eastern Railway to Ashford is a rapid railway run of some sixty-seven miles, through the finest part of one of the finest counties in England. Here branches off the line to Canterbury and Ramsgate, and it is on this branch that we would propose our marine excursionist should travel. The scenery the whole way is picturesque and highly luxuriant, the romantic windings of the river Stour, by which the line passes during the greater part of its length, investing the landscape with such charms as to have obtained for one portion of the country, near Chilham, the appellation of the miniature Rhine-land. There is one continued panorama of uninterrupted loveliness the whole way, and not even a tunnel to intercept the vision for an instant. There is the opportunity it affords besides of visiting Canterbury and its magnificent cathedral, where modern art jostles antiquity on its very threshold, and the streets wear nearly the same venerable aspect as when Chaucer's pilgrims paid homage to à Becket's shrine. But after having duly paid reverential worship to the lingering relics of this fine old city, let our excursionist again resume the rail, and eleven miles further on his road to Ramsgate he shall find the Minster station, where we conjure him to alight, and walk across the hills into the town, whither we have promised to conduct him.

Stepping aside from the train, he will then find before him,

to the south, Minster Level, one of those broad expanding prospects that seem to absorb one's very breath in the contemplation. The eye is absolutely bewildered by the extent of the plain, and the secluded village and distant spire that gradually loom upon the sight, at remote intervals, appear almost like a new creation. After having sunned himself with this pastoral cyclorama of inexhaustible fertility, let the tourist cross the footpath from the station towards the old church of Minster, and he shall then be gazing on the oldest Christian church in England, that of St. Martin's at Canterbury being alone excepted. It was built when the earth was some eight hundred years younger than it is now, and though of course little remains of the original structure but the foundation on which it stands, there is still about the nave a few old pillars and circular arches that may honestly claim a beginning with the eleventh century. An ancient tomb with an inscription now illegible, but which once read "Here lies Edile de Thorne, Lady of the Thorn," may be seen by the north wall, and a few monumental brasses may still be met with about the chancel. The steeple—neither elegant nor elevated—may be regarded in the light only of a modern innovation. Interested—as far as in us lies—with this glimpse of our ancestors' place of worship, which seems, as a world of shadows, to contrast strangely with the brazen, blustering steam-engine of modern days, by which we have been deposited within its limits, we now turn aside into the pretty village which shares its name, and mark the old-fashioned gables and thatched roofs that still flourish here with a primitive simplicity, with a straggling villager, perchance, as old-fashioned as the rest, drawn aside from his chimney-nook by the unwonted apparition of a stranger. All is so still and indicative of peaceful seclusion, that one would hardly imagine four miles and a-half would plunge us into the midst of the fashionable watering-place whither we are now going. Such, however, is the walk before us, and deviating into that deliciously cool green lane, with a finger-post to guide us, we thence strike across the

fields, and in whatever time our companion's rate of pedestrianism will admit, reach the noble harbour of Ramsgate, with as delightful a retrospection of the walk thither as may serve, we hope, both as a zest to the repast which many a famous hostel here has enjoyed some celebrity in providing, and as a justification of the suggestion that we put forth at the commencement.

There is no occasion to go far back into history when tracing the origin of Ramsgate. It was little better than a mere fishing village before the close of the last century, and all the noble streets and terraces stretching seaward are the growth of the present. Its prosperity has been literally built on a sandy foundation, more permanent than the adage would teach us to believe, for the sands, which are really unequalled for extent, were long the prominent attraction of visitors. In 1759 was commenced the pier, built chiefly of stone from the Purbeck and Portland quarries, involving an expenditure of nearly £600,000. This stupendous structure affords an excellent marine promenade of nearly three thousand feet in length. The form is that of a polygon, with the two extremities about two hundred feet apart. The harbour comprises an area of nearly fifty acres, and can receive vessels of five hundred tons at any state of the tide. The first object that arrests attention at the entrance to the eastern branch of the pier is the obelisk, fifty feet in height, which commemorates the embarkation of George IV. from here on his Hanoverian excursion in 1821. The next is a tablet, at the octagonal head, setting forth the name of the engineer and the dates of the erection. Opposite is the lighthouse, casting at night a brilliant reflection over the dark waste of waters, and forming a striking feature in the scenery of the coast. Far away, like a phosphoric gleam upon the channel, is the floating beacon called "the Gull," which, with two smaller ones, near Deal, become visible after dusk from the pier. Eight seamen and a captain, who has only occasionally a month's leave of absence, are entrusted with the management of the beacon, and in this

desolate and dangerous region they are doomed to battle with the elements at all seasons, cheered alone by the reflection that through their vigilance thousands are perhaps annually preserved from the perils of shipwreck. The Goodwin sands, traditionally said to have been the estate of Earl Godwin, father of King Harold, form the roadstead called the Downs, and extend from the North Foreland to Deal, but as they are continually shifting under the influence of the winds and waves, their exact locality can never be ensured.

Nowhere is the accommodation for bathers more perfect than at Ramsgate, whether the green bosom of the Channel be selected for a plunge, or a private bath chosen instead. Most of these establishments, where baths can be had at all hours, are elegantly fitted up with hot air stoves, luxuriant ottomans, and refectories and reading-rooms adjacent. A communication with the upper portions of the town, built upon the high range of cliffs, is formed by two convenient flights of stone steps, called Augusta Stairs and Jacob's Ladder. The lawn esplanade that has been formed before the crescents facing the sea enables a promenader to obtain an ample sea view, and the Downs being continually studded with shipping, the picture is generally extremely varied and animated. Some elegant churches in the florid gothic style, and numerous places of Dissenting worship, are to be met with in convenient situations about the town, and in Harbour-street is the new Town Hall, erected in 1839, with a capacious market underneath, teeming with every kind of comestible of various degrees of excellence.

Boarding-houses; hotels, and dining-rooms are in the usual watering-place abundance, and the limits of expenditure may be adjusted to the depth of every purse. The bazaars and libraries provide evening amusement in abundance, through the agency of music and raffles; and though the books partake of the elder Minerva press school of composition, and the raffling is generally for articles of indifferent worth, the excitement attendant upon both is quite sufficient for sea-side

denizens. To borrow a versified comment on a subject so little diversified in itself, it may be said—

There's a library built on the brow of a hill,
Or rather 'tis perched on the top of a rock ;
Old novels the shelves of its reading-room fill,
Clocks, vases, *et cetera*, serve for its stock.
And though these old novels belong to the past,
The pliant subscribers keep reading them on,
So these very old novels preserve to the last
All the value of new when their novelty's gone.

No one of course would think of stopping a week at Ramsgate without going to Pegwell Bay, where the savoury shrimps and country-made brown bread and butter are supposed to have been brought to the very highest degree of perfection. And for a quiet stroll in another direction there is Broadstairs, two miles to the north-east, very genteel and very dull; the aspect of this “exceedingly select” place of residence being so imposingly quiet as to make one involuntarily walk about on tip-toe for fear of violating the solemn sanctity of the place. It is, however, a very agreeable excursion for a day, and an excellent plan is to go by the path across the cliffs, past the elegant mansion of Sir Moses Montefiore, and return by the sands at low water. The old arch of York gate, built by the Culmer family in the reign of Henry VIII., is the sole vestige of the once extensive fortifications that bristled up at the back of the old quay. There was a pier, too, swept away by the terrific storm in 1808, which destroyed that of Margate, but the rough wooden substitute is not the less picturesque, and there is a fine wholesome odour of sea-weed about the old rugged rafters, enough to make one willing to forego the fashionable for the fragrant. A mile beyond is Kingsgate, where Charles II. landed, and furnished a pretext for endowing it with a regal title. There is a snug inn on the top of the cliff, and a fine view besides, but few would care for more than a few hours' sojourn at this sombre-looking spot. Another mile, and the North Foreland lighthouse, 63 feet in height, may be reached, and entered too, if the curious visitor will

disburse a small gratuity to the keeper. It is well worthy of inspection. St. Peter's, the Wilderness, and a variety of delightful pleasure-grounds, rejoicing in the strangest freaks of nomenclature, are now scattered round the path of the wayfarer, and the sound of merry minstrelsy is often heard of a summer eve disturbing the echoes round about. By the circuitous but pleasant route we have indicated the pedestrian can, if he pleases, proceed on to Margate, which, we need hardly add, is also now connected by railway with its more fashionable sister-port, Ramsgate; and coaches and omnibuses maintain a constant communication besides.

There is not, in the whole range of our sea-side physiology, a more lively, bustling place than this said Margate: albeit, by those who are fettered down to cold formalities, and regard laughter as a positive breach of good-breeding, it is pronounced to be essentially and irredeemably vulgar: The streets are always a scene of continued excitement, and troops of roguish, ruddy-checked urchins, escorted by their mamas or their nursery-maids, traverse every thoroughfare about the town from morning until night. There is a theatre also, and a kind of minor Vauxhall, called the *Tivoli*, where those who care little for out-of-door enjoyments can spend a passable hour in such dramatic and musical gratifications as the artists and the place can best afford. Bazaars and marine libraries afford too, in "the season," the latest metropolitan vocal novelties; and the same raffling and rattling of dice-boxes, to test fortune's favoritism, is carried on as at Ramsgate, but with a greater spirit of freedom and earnestness. In short, for those who do not go to the coast for retirement, and who like to have an atmosphere of London life surrounding them at the sea-side, there is no place where their desires can be so easily and comprehensively gratified as here.

The increasing extent and importance of the town makes one regard the traditions told of its early origin as being nearly akin to the fabulous, yet a few centuries back, known to the local chroniclers as coeval with the period of "once-

upon-a-time," Margate was a small fishing village, with a few rude huts thrown up along the beach, and having a *mere* or stream flowing at that point into the sea, whence it derived its present appellation. When London folks, however, grew wiser, and found that short trips had a wonderful power in preventing long doctors' bills, the place grew rapidly into repute, and the old Margate hoy—immortalised by Peter Pindar—disgorged its hundreds of buff-slippered passengers annually. Since then steam has done wonders, and Margate visitors have to be numbered by hundreds of thousands in the same space of time. The only drawback to its salubrity as a place of residence is that a cold cutting north-easterly wind is frequently encountered, and not being sheltered by a range of hills, the effect on an invalid of delicate constitution is of rather an injurious tendency than otherwise. But this apart, the air is keen, fresh, and invigorating, and, with persons in good health, will have a material influence in keeping them so. It is generally a few degrees cooler in July and August than Ramsgate. The sixth day of April, 1810, saw the commencement of the present pier, and five years afterwards it was finished from a design by Rennie, and at a cost of £100,000. It is nine hundred feet in length, sixty feet wide, and twenty-six feet high. A day ticket for one penny will not only give admission to the promenade, but afford an opportunity besides of hearing a band perform for a few hours in the evening. There is a lighthouse at the extremity, which is an elegant ornamental Doric column as well, and was erected in 1829. At an expenditure of £8,000 the well-known *Jarvis's Jetty* was constructed in 1824, out of the finest English oak that could be procured. It extends 1,120 feet from the shore, and forms a pleasant cool promenade when the tide is out, although a scurrilous wag has compared it to walking along an excessively attenuated cold gridiron. The Clifton Baths, by the Fort, cut out of the chalk cliffs, are unquestionably the most commodious, and have some interesting appendages in the shape of a library,

winding passages, curious vaults, daily newspapers, and an organ. The other bathing-houses, though well conducted, are of a more ordinary character.

Margate being situated partly on the acclivities of two hills and partly in the valley below, the streets partake of that tortuous and undulating character which is so much pleasanter to look at than to climb. On the Fort, in front of East-creseent, the handsome structure of Trinity Church is conspicuously situated, and to the south-east the old parish church of St. John occupies a similarly elevated position. In this latter there are some curious old tombs and monumental brasses that should not be forgotten. A literary and scientific institution is supported by the annual subscriptions of the inhabitants, and has a library, lecture-room, and museum, that may vie with any out of London.

Extending about a mile along the shore there is a stout barricade of stone, erected as a defence to the incursions of the sea, at an outly of £20,000. The sum of £4,000 more rebuilt the Town Hall and Market Place in 1821; and from this it will be seen the townsfolk have not been chary of their coin in contributing to the security and embellishment of their native place. Inns and hotels of every grade are scattered in and about the town with prodigal luxuriance, and lodging-houses are everywhere. The staple manufacture of the land-ladies here may be set down as—beds.

We have already glanced at the suburbs and their chief attractions in speaking of the country round Ramsgate, but the visitor should not neglect, in addition, to make a pilgrimage to the old Roman station of Reculver and Richborough, the ruins of the old castle of the latter being still in a state of tolerable preservation. Corn-fields and wind-mills surround the town in every direction.

Races are held on the downs, by Dandelion, in the middle of September, and generally attract a large concourse of spectators.

As few sea-side sojourners fail to be interested in the hours

when letters can be delivered and transmitted, we subjoin the authorised times of postal communication at both places:—

RAMSGATE—Letters from London delivered 7 a.m. and 4 p.m.; box for London closes at 8 15 a.m. and 8 30 p.m. MARGATE—Letters delivered 7 a.m., 4 30 p.m.; box closes 7 45 a.m., 8 p.m.

FINIS.

PART II.

NORTHERN AND EASTERN DIVISION;

INCLUDING A DESCRIPTION OF THE

INLAND WATERING-PLACES.

GRAVESEND, SHEERNESS, SOUTHEND, HERNE BAY,

&c.

IN commencing the second portion of our descriptive sketches, we purpose describing the coast of the Thames between Gravesend and Herne Bay, and thence continuing our survey on the Essex side until we reach the northern extreme of marine migration, by which time we shall have effected a complete tour through the principal watering-places of our own land. The first that thus presents itself for notice, though hardly entitled from its position to rank with those already described, is so easily and economically reached from the metropolis, and so surrounded by exquisite scenery, that no work with a professed object like ours could be properly considered complete, without including in its delineations this much-loved resort of the Londoners.

Gravesend, which is the nearest place to the metropolis where a natural sea-bath can be procured, is distant 21 miles by land and about 32 by water. A succession of steamers departing from Hungerford, London-bridge, and Blackwall, several times a-day throughout the season, and conveying passengers at fares varying from sixpence to one shilling, provide such constant means of communication, that no great expenditure of time or money is at least involved in the transit. The railway, also, materially lessens the time occupied in making the journey. Its name in Domesday Book is *Gravesham*, or the town of the Grave, Graef, or chief magistrate, whose jurisdiction here ended, and which time has since corrupted into its present appellation. There are few places that have been so handsomely embellished and widely extended as this has been under the fostering influence of London patronage. Every day is adding a new street, or lengthening an old one, and the continuous range of buildings forms the best proof of the permanent attraction afforded to visitors and

residents in the salubrity and agreeable situation of the town. The extensive fires that took place in 1850 have somewhat destroyed the picturesque effect of the old town, but materially tended to increase the architectural beauty of its approaches. There are three piers—Rosherville, the first, forming a handsome medium of communication with the Rosherville Gardens, a most delightful resort, which, from its various allurements, would claim a volume's description for itself; the Town Pier, formed of cast iron, and belonging to the corporation, leading up from the High-street to the Dover-road; and lastly, the Terrace Pier, more recently erected, and projecting one hundred and ninety feet into the water, with twenty-two cast iron columns of the Doric order. An excellent market, a literary institution, a theatre, libraries in abundance, churches and chapels equally numerous, bazaars, tea-gardens and inns, hotels and lodging-houses, out of all number—these leave nothing for the most fastidious to desire. The first object of attraction is usually the elevation called Windmill Hill, to which all the thoroughfares from the various piers tend; and as this bold and commanding eminence is really entitled to that priority of attention which it generally meets from excursionists, we shall commence our delineation with some account of that far-famed spot.

Those interested in antiquarian lore may be agreeably reminded that here was the first mill established in this country for the grinding of corn by wind. It was erected in the reign of Edward III., the highest hill in the county being selected for the experiment. The view from the top of the old windmill, now a mere ruin as far as the interior is concerned, well repays the trouble incurred by the ascent to the summit. It is now private property, and pays better, we believe, from the trifling charges of admission, than when the cumbrous machinery was in operation. The moderate outlay of one penny entitles the visitor to a telescopic view from the gallery, where the horizon forms the only limit to the vision. There is, on a fine day, a magnificent prospect of the river Thames, as it winds towards the Nore, a distinct survey of the counties of Kent and Essex, and even glimpses of the more distant ones of Surrey and Sussex, including the most noted eminences in

each. The hills of East Kent may be discerned almost to the extremity of the coast, and the shipping at the Nore can be clearly distinguished, although thirty miles distant; Southend in Essex, Hadleigh Castle, the village church of Leigh, a place renowned for its shrimp and oyster fisheries, the isles of Sheppey, Grain, and Calvey, are all visible to the east; north and north-west are the Laindon Hills on the opposite shore, farther westward Highgate and Hampstead hills, with a portion of Epping Forest; south-west, Shooter's Hill, with its commemorative castle of Severndroog, appears rising from a woody undulation; Knockholt Beeches, verging on the very borders of Sussex; and nearer to the hill the sequestered villages of Swanscombe—where Sweyn, the Danish king, encamped, and the “Men of Kent” ably resisted William the Conqueror—Springhead, of water-cress celebrity, Southfleet, and Northfleet. Looking in a more southerly direction, and beyond the fertile parishes of Wrotham, Ifield, Singlewell, and Meopham, the extensive plantations and sylvan glades of Cobham Park rise on the left, surrounding the ancient hall of the old Lords of Cobham, and now the property of the Earl of Darnley; whilst immediately beneath the eye of the spectator ranges over the unbroken line of picturesque buildings that comprise Rosherville, Gravesend, and Milton, with (on the opposite coast) Tilbury Fort and its extensive moats, the Ferry-house, the villages of East and West Tilbury, Sandford Le Hope, Horndon, Shadwell, East and West Thurrock, and a castellated mansion called Belmont. The fertile valley, seen from this height, looks like a Brobdignag estate on a Lilliputian scale; the smoke seems to stand still in the air, the reapers in the field look like Dutch-clock automata, whilst the cattle that here and there dot the plain appear as if some holiday Miss had emptied out the contents of Noah's Ark. The hedges shrink to rows of boxwood, and the gigantic oaks dwindle to diminutive shrubs. The prolific soil, the freighted river, and the cultivated hills, all speak of industry and enjoyment. Adjoining is a tavern where refreshments are provided at a moderate scale, and on every side of the hill some villa or rustic hostel has been built in each “coigne of 'vantage.”

A pleasant footpath, across a stile and through corn-fields, leads from the lane at the back of the hill to Cobham, where the pedestrian who enjoys a quiet glimpse of woodland scenery, can revel in seclusion to his heart's content. It is thus an agreeable walk of about four miles, and the old baronial mansion, Cobham Hall, which is open to the public on Fridays, between eleven and four, would, without any other inducement, be a sufficient recompence for the excursion.

The more elegant suburb of Milton, now connected with Gravesend by a range of handsome and well-appointed edifices, is chiefly noticeable for its antique church and Gothic porch. Few persons of eminence are interred in the simple churchyard, but a tomb erected to the memory of a young girl said to have been endowed with wonderfully precocious talents, bears an inscription worthy of being quoted for its poetical merits:—

“A creature of light just was spared from the skies,
To try the frail robes which to mortals are given,
But her delicate spirit endured not disguise,
Recoiled as clay touched it, and—*flew back to heaven.*”

Hence there is but a few brief miles intervening between the pedestrian and Gad's Hill—to which, if he be a lover of Shakspeare, and remembers this scene of Falstaff's braggadocian exploits, he will incontinently ramble, and chuckle anew over a memory of the incident which has been truly since, what the merry Prince called it, “argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.”

Nor must Chalk Church, a short distance from Gravesend on the Rochester road, be entirely passed over, for it is worth while to stray out of the highway and look at the venerable building, if only for the quaint sculptures with which it has been embellished. The porch appears of a date subsequent to the rest of the structure, and immediately over the entrance arch is a grotesque human figure in a short jacket, holding a stoup or flaggon, squatted beneath the base of a neat recess, above which, on the cornice beneath the gable, is a scaramouch grinning from between his own legs, whilst on each side of him is a human head. On the faces of the latter, it has been

observed, as well as on the visage of the jovial tippler, the sculptor has bestowed such an indelible smirk, that, however they have suffered by the corrosion of time and weather, nearly to the obliteration of features, it is yet visible.

Returning through the town, and retracing our steps to Rosherville—so called from having been built on the estate of a spirited individual named Jeremiah Rosher, we may notice the Clifton Baths, commodiously fitted up for cold, shower, warm, and vapour bathing. Some mansions and terraces in this quarter may vie successfully with the metropolitan magnificence of the West-end, the inhabitants having the advantage besides of a pleasing prospect, embracing the opposite shore and Tilbury Fort, to which boats afford a constant means of communication.

Between Rosherville and Northfleet a number of chalk excavations will be observed, which give not only a wild and romantic aspect to this part of the coast, but furnish a valuable source of employment and profit to those engaged in exporting the materials to the potteries and elsewhere. Northfleet has an ancient church, containing several interesting monuments of antiquity; and a circuit made through Northfleet, round by Springhead and the Cemetery, will be found another pleasant mode of enjoying the beauty of the environs.

From the time of Richard II. until the year 1819, passengers were conveyed between London and Gravesend in small sailing boats. The fare was raised from twopence to sixpence, and in the year 1799, there being covered or tilt-boats, the fare was raised to ninepence, and shortly afterwards to a shilling. Even as early as the year 1293, as appears from a record preserved in the Town Hall, the watermen long possessed the exclusive privileges of conveyance, and were then ordered to take but "one halfpenny from each person passing," and not to exact fares "hurtful to, or against the will of the people."

The first steamboat commenced running in 1819, at which time there were but two boats engaged in the transit; now, upwards of thirty are constantly running in the summer, disembarking on an average eight thousand passengers per day.

By the Thames and Medway Canal, which, beginning at the eastern extremity of the town, joins the Medway below Strood, a tedious navigation of nearly fifty miles was avoided. It is about seven miles in length, with a tunnel two miles long, cut through an intervening hill. The Gravesend and Rochester railway now takes the same direction, and passes also through the canal tunnel, which is perfectly straight, and is lighted by a shaft near the centre. The trains run every hour throughout the day.

Gravesend is the limit to the jurisdiction of the Custom-house, and all foreign vessels, or those trading from foreign ports, are here taken under the supervision of a Custom-house officer, who accompanies them to the parent office in London. At this part the Thames is a mile in breadth, the tide in its ebb and flow falling and rising about twenty feet.

There are two despatches and deliveries of letters daily, letters from London being delivered at 7 a.m., and 1 p.m.; box closing at 1 p.m., and 9 p.m. Numerous conveyances, at fares regulated by the local authorities, provide every facility for making excursions either on land or water, and steamboats and sailing vessels for pleasure excursions to Sheerness and Southend depart from one of the piers several times a-week.

Leaving Gravesend we must not omit a passing notice of Tilbury Fort on the opposite shore, which, though not the most striking of our "national defences," possesses at least several features of historical interest.

Tilbury Fort was built by Henry VIII. to rescue the towns on the river from such chances of invasion as were then probable, and Charles II. considerably enlarged and strengthened it when the Dutch fleet sailed up the Medway in 1667, and burned three men of war opposite Chatham. Some traces of the camp formed here to oppose the threatened descent of the Spanish Armada are yet visible at West Tilbury, where Queen Elizabeth by a spirited harangue inspired her army with dauntless courage, not however fated to be put to a very severe test. The fury of the elements conspiring with the brave attacks of our navy proved a final blow to their hopes of conquest, and the remnant of the "Invincible Armada" was

miserably stranded on the Orkneys. Of the whole fleet, originally consisting of one hundred and thirty vessels, with twenty thousand land forces on board, only fifty-three ships returned to Spain, and they were in a wretchedly shattered condition. Such recollections as these connected with the old fortress before us invest it with greater interest than its architectural aspect would seem of itself to claim.

Continuing our way from Gravesend and Tilbury seawards, we may mention that the wide reach of the river here is called "The Hope," at the extremity of which we come to the Nore, and the mouth of the river, now about six miles in breadth. This junction of the Thames and the Medway with the absorbing channel is distinguished by the Nore boat, which at night carries a beacon to guard mariners against a treacherous shoal which exists in the vicinity. The "Mutiny of the Nore," which took place here in 1797, has given to this place a peculiar celebrity. It was in the April of that year that the proceedings of the seamen on board the Channel fleet first created an alarm, from a general mutiny for an advance of pay, and the redress of other alleged grievances. A convention of delegates from the various ships met in Lord Howe's cabin, and drew up petitions to the House of Commons and the Board of Admiralty. Upon these being acceded to, order was in some degree restored; but the seamen on board the fleet off the Nore soon after broke out in a far more dangerous revolt, and on the refusal of their demands moored their vessels across the Thames, threatening by these means to cut off all communication between London and the sea. After much recrimination on both sides the mutiny was at last suppressed by the Government, and Richard Parker, the principal delegate, and a man of considerable energy and talent, paid the forfeiture of resistance with his life, being run up to the yard-arm of the *Sandwich* on the 30th of June. The other ringleaders were likewise tried and executed for sedition.

At the north-western point of the Isle of Sheppey, formed by an arm of the sea called "The Swale," is situated the busy shipping town of *Sheerness*, which in the reign of Charles II. contained but one small fort with twelve guns to defend the

passage—a force miserably inefficient. When the Dutch, in the year 1667, forced a fleet up the Medway, and burned some vessels at Chatham, the place became then regularly fortified, and has since become so important a station for vessels as to render this part of the coast almost impregnable. Its dock-yard is one of the principal features, but the town itself, being chiefly situated in a swamp, is dirty and unhealthy. The trip from Sheerness up the Medway to Chatham, Rochester, Maidstone, and Tonbridge, affords, however, a charming excursion, and renders this maritime rendezvous a very eligible starting-point.

Southend, on the Essex coast, nearly opposite to Sheerness, is a favourite watering-place with many; and, though only of recent origin, possesses all the essentials to a fashionable marine resort. The company that assemble here in the season will be found more select than at Margate, but it suffers severely in its climate when an easterly wind prevails. It is pleasantly situated on the undulating slope of a cultivated and well-wooded hill, commanding some extensive land and sea prospects. The upper road from London passes through Rayleigh, Billericay, and Romford; the lower road passing through Stamford le Hope, Rainham, and Barking. A wooden pier, nearly a mile in length, enables passengers to land at low water, and forms besides a pleasant promenade for those who love to enjoy the salubrity of the sea-breeze. The bathing accommodation is good, and a small theatre, together with a news and music room, furnish their quota of amusement. The vicinity presents several temptations to the pedestrian, and though the surrounding scenery is not characterised by many striking landscapes, the prospects are varied and interesting. Southend is forty-two miles from London, and five from Rochford, having a communication with the metropolis by coach as well as by a steam-boat which leaves London Bridge every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The postal arrangements are—letters delivered 7 a.m.; box closes 4 p.m.

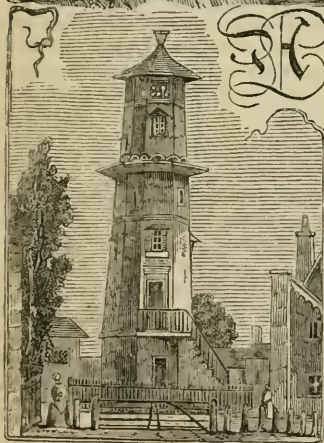
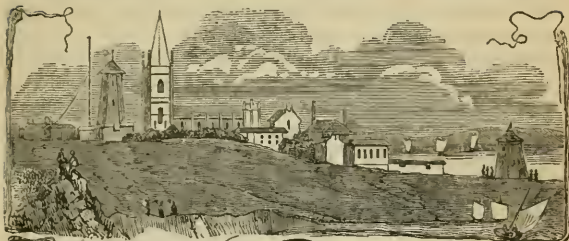
Leigh, a small fishing-town about three miles from Southend, was, some 800 years ago, celebrated for its fine grapes, rivalling those of Hamburg. It has none to boast of now,

but Hadleigh Castle, in the vicinity, is a picturesque ruin, majestic even in its decay, which will furnish a pleasing addition to the sketch-book of the artistic Rambler.

Herne Bay, so named from the old village of Herne, about a mile and a half distant, which was thus called from the number of Herons frequenting the coast at this point, was not twenty years ago more than a scanty collection of houses, irregularly built along the beach. It has now become a fashionable and somewhat populous watering-place, with long lines of streets, many of them still unfinished, stretching out in every direction. In 1831, a pier from one of Telford's designs was commenced, and now presents an elegant and substantial structure, extending 3,640 feet over the sands and sea. At the extremity are commodious flights of steps for the convenience of small vessels and passengers landing at low water, and a fine parade sixty feet in width and upwards of a mile in length has been formed on the adjoining shore. The air is very bleak but invigorating, and the sea purer, it is considered, than at Margate. A considerable portion of the adjacent land, and the very site of the town itself, was anciently covered by the waves, constituting the estuary which admitted the passage of the largest vessels, and divided the Isle of Thanet from the mainland. Mrs. Thwaites, the widow of a wealthy London merchant, has proved a munificent benefactress to the town, for, in addition to having built and endowed two large charity schools, she has caused to be constructed also a clock tower, which serves the purpose of a lighthouse as well. A new church has been built in the centre of the town, with a chapel of ease and a dissenting chapel, and there is also an infirmary for boys from the Duke of York's military school at Chelsea. On the Parade is a large bathing establishment, with an elegant assembly-room adjoining, to which apartments for billiards, reading, &c. are attached. Libraries and bazaars have also been recently introduced in the usual number and variety. The old village church, with its embattled roof and square tower, is a spacious edifice, comprising a nave, two aisles, and three chancels. The post leaves at 6 30 p.m.; letters delivered at 8 a.m.

Steam-boats ply daily between London and Herne Bay in the season, and coaches run twice a-day to Canterbury, about nine miles distant, whence the South-Eastern Railway affords a speedy medium of communication with the metropolis. It is fifteen miles westward from Margate, four miles westward from the Reculvers, the twin towers of an old church now used as a lighthouse and sea-mark, and about the same distance eastward from Whitstable, which is likewise in railway communication with Canterbury.

WALTON, HARWICH, AND THE WATERING-PLACES OF THE ESSEX COAST.



AFTER leaving Southend, already described, and passing the adjacent promontory of Shoebury Ness, the voyager towards the north sees upon the Essex coast only a dreary succession of flat, swampy pastures, and a few scattered rocks, thinly crowned with the commonest vegetation. There is nothing in the way of the picturesque to attract the eye, and therefore should the track of a steamer not allow the coast line to be continually present to the

view, it will be the less regretted when we call to mind its level, fenny character, and absolute poverty of prospect. Turning Foulness Point, we may indeed stop to remind the

tourist that here, where the river Crouch pours its slender stream into the German Ocean, is situated the little marine village of *Burnham*, where oysters are carefully preserved and fed for the London market, and where the "real natives," that so delight the epicurean palate of the oyster-eater, are cultivated on a large scale for home and foreign consumption. There is nothing in the village itself to require description, but a cursory glance at the famous oyster-beds within its limits may be neither uninteresting nor out of place. In both England and France the season for oyster-fishing is restricted by the law. In the former country, the time allowed for collecting the spawn from the sea is May, when the dredgers may take all they can procure, but after that month they are liable to be convicted of felony if they disturb it, and are only allowed to take such oysters as are the size of half-a-crown. The spawn, or *spat*, as it is technically called, is dredged up at Burnham, and, if not too small, they separate it from the shells and stones to which it is adhering, and these they are obliged again to throw into the water, to prevent the beds being destroyed. The spat is thrown into creeks or into shallow waters along the shore, to increase in size and fatten, and in such situations is considered private property. The most destructive animal in an oyster-bed is the sea-star, which clasps its rays round the shell and perseveres till it has sucked out the inhabitant. The mussel is said to be another enemy. The oyster frequently contains shining intestinal worms, which may be seen by opening the shell in the dark. The fish is viviparous, and the young are produced with a perfectly-formed shell. They are, when first emitted, quite transparent, and swim with great quickness by means of a membrane extending out of the shell. So small are they in this state, that Leeuwenhoeck computed that one hundred and twenty of them in a row would extend only an inch, and consequently a globular body, whose diameter is an inch, would, if they were round, be equal in size to one million seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand of them. The vulgar opinion, and that on which the restraining laws have been framed, is that the period of spawning is May, at which time the spawn is

found adhering to the rocks; but as the young are found in the parents perfectly formed and alive in the month of August, this is most probable the period of parturition, though it be not till May that they become fixed or sufficiently grown to be seen by the common observer. At this time they are little larger than a fourpenny piece, and being comparatively hard and firm, have been well compared to a drop of candle-grease in water. In two, or at farthest three years, they are fit for the table. The age to which it attains is probably great, but, after having arrived at its full size, the valves are thickened instead of being increased in length or breadth. From May to July the male and female oyster are said to be "sick," and are in thin and poor condition, but by the end of August they have again recovered, and are then fat and in season. The fishermen distinguish the sexes by the colour of the fringe, that of the male being black or dark-coloured, and that of the female white. Sand is as prejudicial to them as a mixture of fresh water is advantageous. Of the quantity consumed in England we have no statistics that are either certain or continuous. In 1844 the quantity bred and taken on the Essex coast, and consumed chiefly in the metropolis, amounted to thirty thousand bushels, but the yearly quantity is subject of course to very great fluctuations. The consumption at Paris is estimated at one million dozen annually, selling on the average at six sous per dozen. The oyster trade at Burnham is the chief means of maintenance, not only to those who reside about the place, but to nearly one-half of the population on the adjacent coast.

Bradwell, *Mersea*, and *Brightlingsea*, next passed, are too insignificant in size, and too deficient in accommodation, to rank as places of marine resort, though they are severally in close vicinage to the German Ocean. In fact, as before hinted, the shore about here is not very inviting to bathers, the rocky declivities being covered with treacherous entanglements of sea-weed, and the shoals affording a basis of more mud than sand. The damp exhalations, too, arising from the marshy nature of the land, render the climate not favourable for a long sojourn, and agues and fevers are not seldom

attendants upon the inhabitants of a locality so badly drained and so unfavourably situated. The appellations of *Great Holland* and *Little Holland*, given to two parishes adjoining the sea at this part, are sufficient in themselves to describe the general character of the district, and it is not until we reach Walton—which is now to the summer visitors of Essex what Margate and Ramsgate used to be to the rambling citizens of London—that we meet with anything worth describing, or really come to a picturesque spot that has in it the necessary elements of attraction.

Walton-le-Soken, or, as it is now more harmoniously called, *Walton-on-the-Naze*, is a rapidly-improving watering-place, which, as it becomes better known, will be more frequented. Its peculiar appellation of “Soken” was derived from some exclusive privileges formerly granted to certain refugees from the Netherlands, who here established themselves, and introduced several manufactures, particularly that of cloth. Adjoining the old hall is a square tower, built by the corporation of the Trinity House, as a mark to guide ships passing or entering the port of Harwich, and on other parts of the coast are two martello towers and a signal station. The church of All Saints was erected and consecrated by Bishop Porteus about forty years ago, the ancient structure having a few years before been entirely swept away by the tides, as well as the churchyard, and every house but one of the old village. In the clay base of the Walton cliffs fossils and elephant tusks, with antediluvian remains of gigantic animals long since extinct, are frequently found embedded. The beach presents a gradual declivity, affording excellent facilities for bathing, and as the ebb tide leaves a fine firm sand several miles in extent, it is also peculiarly available as a promenade.

The promontory at Walton, called the Naze or *Ness*, which juts northward into the ocean, formerly extended much farther into the sea, and the ruins of buildings have been discovered under the water at a considerable distance, particularly on a shoal called West Rocks, nearly five miles from the shore, which is left dry during great ebbs. The wall thrown up to

keep out the sea gave name to Walton parish. In the church at Thorpe, the adjacent parish, between the pillars of the south aisle, is the figure of a knight cross-legged, apparently of the age of Henry III. or Edward I. On his left arm is a shield; his head rests upon a cushion, and his feet on a lion couchant; above is a shield of arms, said to be those of Salberghie. This figure is traditionally reported to be a former owner of Landmer Hall, a manor in this parish. Between Walton and Harwich are several small islands formed by the sea: one of these, called Pewit Island, derives its name from the great number of pewits that harbour there.

Before leaving Walton, the visitor will find that notwithstanding the inhabitants have, of late years, endeavoured to infuse a spirit of liveliness and gaiety into the amusements on the place, the intrinsic attractions are of a very circumscribed nature, and the libraries, the lodging-houses, and the hotels, are the only refuge against the attacks of dulness usually engendered by a solitary stroll in a quiet seaport town. It is advisable, therefore, to take an early opportunity of making excursions in the neighbourhood, and a trip to Colchester is one of the most alluring from its short distance.

Colchester, with which a constant communication is maintained by coach, is not more than seventeen miles distant from Walton, and the ruins of the old Castle, with the crumbling walls of the ancient Priory of St Botolph, form a great attraction to lovers of antiquity. The railway also offers a speedy mode of transit hence to the metropolis, and thus the visitor can have his choice either of a land journey to Walton by the Eastern Counties, *via* Colchester, or take a pleasant voyage thither, by one of the Ipswich steam-boats, which generally call off Harwich and Walton-on-the-Naze to receive and disembark passengers. The postal arrangements are:—Letters delivered 7 30 a.m.; box closes 5 p.m. The air is generally very keen, but the climate is considered dry and bracing, and favourable to strong constitutions. The weekly market is well provided with the essentials to the table, and from the rapid strides made during the last ten years in improving and beautifying the town, erecting commodious mansions, and

administering in every possible way to the comforts and convenience of visitors, there is every reason to regard this as one likely to be the most popular destination of our eastern excursionists.

At the north-eastern extremity of the county, and on a point of land bounded on the east by the sea, and on the north by the estuaries of the Stour and Orwell, is situated *Harwich*, which, with many, is a favourite and admired place of summer residence. By the road it is seventy-two miles from London. The name is derived from the Saxon words *here*, an army, and *wich*, a castle or foundation, from which it has been supposed that a Saxon army was here stationed to prevent the descent of invaders. In the Saxon Chronicle occurs the earliest historical notice relating to this neighbourhood, where a battle is mentioned to have been fought at the mouth of the Stour, between the fleet of King Alfred and sixteen Danish ships in the year 885. The Danes were completely defeated, and every sail taken, but the English were soon afterwards worsted in a second engagement of a more formidable kind.

It was not until after the Conquest that Harwich attained any importance as a town. Its first considerable increase arose from the decay of Orwell, which is recorded to have stood on the West Rocks, and to have been overwhelmed by the action of the sea, together with a large tract of land adjoining. As we have previously mentioned in our account of Walton, these vestiges of a buried city are still said to be occasionally visible in certain localities, and, to paraphrase a well-known legendary verse, even here—

“On the West Rock banks as the fisherman strays,
In the clear cold eve’s declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining.”

But to continue our history of Harwich :—Here it was that, in 1326, Prince Edward, and Queen Isabel his mother, landed from Hainault with a force of 2,750 soldiers, and, being joined by several of the nobility, and headed by the Duke of Norfolk,

then lord of the manor and resident in the town, proceeded to Bristol to make war against the king. In 1338, the same prince, then Edward III., embarked from this port with a fleet of 500 sail on his first expedition against France, and in the year following the French made an unsuccessful attempt to retaliate by setting fire to the town with eleven galleys. In 1340, the French navy, consisting of 400 ships, having been stationed at Sluys in Flanders, to intercept the king's passage to France, Edward assembled here his naval forces, and sailing on Midsummer eve, encountered and vanquished the enemy in a closely-contested engagement, which resulted in the capture of 30,000 of their men and the destruction of one-half of their ships. In some of the naval engagements between the English and the Dutch, in the reign of Charles II., the contending parties approached so near to the town as to render their marine manœuvres visible to spectators on the cliffs.

In 1543, Henry VIII. visited Harwich; and in 1558, preparations were made there for the reception of Philip King of Spain, on his arrival to celebrate his nuptials with Mary Queen of England. In 1561, Queen Elizabeth was magnificently entertained here by the corporation, who escorted her as far as the windmill on her return. When Harwich was fortified against the Dutch in 1666, Charles II., having proceeded from Newmarket to Landguard Fort, sailed hither in his yacht, accompanied by the Dukes of York, Monmouth, Richmond, and Buckingham, and, with others of his suite, attended divine service at the parish church; in the evening the whole party embarked for Aldborough, whence they proceeded by land to Ipswich. William III., George I., and George II., visited Harwich on their respective tours to the Continent, and the Princess of Mecklenburg Strelitz landed at this port on her arrival in England to celebrate her nuptials with King George III. On the 16th of August, 1821, the remains of Queen Caroline, consort of George IV., were brought to this place, whence they were conveyed by the Glasgow frigate to be interred at Brunswick; and since that period there has been nothing of interest to record in relation to Harwich.

The foundations of the castle and fortifications, by which the town was defended, were seen previously to the encroachments of the sea, at an extraordinary ebb of the tide in 1784, but of its ancient walls and gates, with the exception of a very small portion, serving to indicate their former strength, the memorial is preserved only in the record of the tolls levied in the reign of Edward III. for their repair.

The hot and cold baths, arranged with a view to provide the bather with every accommodation, are filled from a large reservoir of sea-water, by which means it is supplied in a purer condition than at most places. On the east the harbour is protected by the isthmus on which the town is built, verging towards the north, and on the west by a similar projection of the coast towards the south. The buildings in the most ancient part of the town are perhaps more picturesque than convenient, but latterly some handsome terraces have sprung up, that render luxurious and elegant apartments by no means difficult of attainment.

Though of unequal depth, the harbour and the bay together form a capacious roadstead for the largest ships of war, one hundred of which were assembled here during the war with Holland, in the reign of Charles the Second, in addition to their attendant vessels, and three or four hundred colliers. To make the entrance into the harbour by night more easy and less dangerous, two lighthouses were erected, under letters patent of Charles II., and furnished with patent lamps, prior to building which that object was curiously effected by burning a blazing fire of coal and six one-pound candles in a room with a glazed front over the principal gate at the south entrance into the town. These friendly beacons guide vessels off from a treacherous sand-bank called "The Andrews," forming a bar across the entrance to the harbour from Landguard Fort to the "Rolling Grounds," from which the passage leading into good anchorage is safe.

The esplanade and the stone quay, near the lighthouses, at the eastern end of the town, are both favourite promenades. A fine spring of clear water formerly issued from the cliff between the beacon and the town; it was much esteemed for

its medicinal property, and possessed a petrifying quality, turning the blue clay which fell from the cliff into stone sufficiently hard for paving and building: it is noticed at some length in the "Philosophical Transactions" for the year 1669.

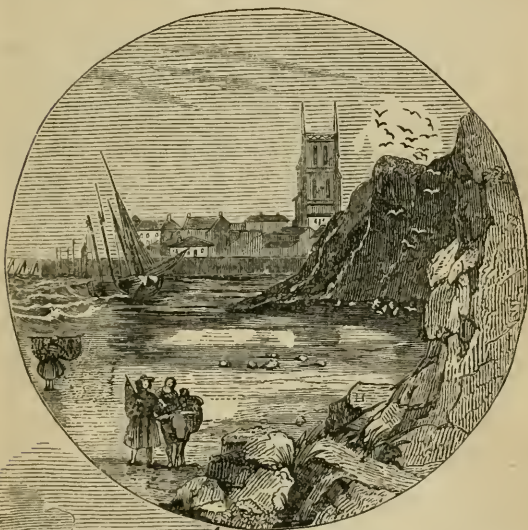
Immediately opposite Harwich is *Landguard Fort*, a very strong fortification, erected in the reign of James I. for the better security and defence of the harbour. The fort is built upon a point of land united to Walton-Colness, but it is so surrounded by the sea at high water as to become an island nearly a mile from the shore. An excursion from Harwich up the river Orwell to Ipswich is one of the most delightful aquatic trips that can be imagined. The banks of the river present throughout the richest sylvan scenery, and the sublimity of the old forest trees, and the beauty of the occasional landscapes seen through openings in the foliage, are such as to render a comparison with a miniature Rhine by no means so hyperbolical as some might conceive in the fulness of their contempt for English streams. *Ipswich*, with its odd angular streets, planned apparently after the model of Rosamond's Labyrinth, is also, to those who have yet to become acquainted with this old-fashioned Saxon town, a place well worthy of being the point of destination to an excursion affording such varied elements of attraction.

Quantities of amber, and, according to some, ambergris, are occasionally found on the shore, and in the vicinity of Landguard Fort transparent pebbles are easily obtained, which were formerly set in rings by the inhabitants. Fossils, too, are abundantly to be met with in Harwich cliff, and those who delight in gathering shells, and other marine treasures, as memorials of a visit to the coast, may here gratify their pleasant propensity to their heart's content. The air is considered highly salubrious, and though much exposed to easterly winds, Harwich has some excellent sheltered situations, which, to the invalid, afford even a genial retreat, especially to those anxious to inhale the breezes of the coast without being too much inconvenienced by the boisterous turbulence of the elements. The inns and hotels are, for the most part, reasonable in their charges, and the market is well

supplied with comestibles. The letters from London are delivered at 7 30 a.m.; box closes 6 p.m. The annual fairs take place on the 1st of May and the 18th of October. According to local tradition, the outlets of the Stour and the Orwell were anciently on the north side, through Walton Marshes, in Suffolk, and the place called the *Fleets* was a part of the original channel. This is not improbable, as the strength of the land floods have effected great changes along the coast.

Dover Court, about a mile to the south-west of Harwich, was for several centuries greatly celebrated for a miraculous rood or crucifix attached to the church, which, from its supposed sanctity, attracted many visitors and pilgrims. Its power was thought to be so great, that the vulgar imagined any attempt to close the church-doors upon it would be attended with sudden death; they were therefore left open night and day. This fancied security proved fatal to three misjudging but well-meaning men, who, together with a fourth companion who escaped, entered the church by night in the year 1532, and removed the rood to the distance of a quarter of a mile, where they burnt it, being prompted to this action by a wish to prevent the idolatrous worship paid to it by the Catholics. For this act, denominated felony and sacrilege, they were condemned to die, and were hanged at different places in this part of the county.

YARMOUTH, CROMER, LOWESTOFT,
 AND THE
 WATERING - PLACES OF THE NORFOLK AND
 SUFFOLK COAST.



YARMOUTH, Cromer, and Lowestoft
 —the three principal marine attrac-
 tions on the eastern coast of England
 —are too easily accessible by the
 railway to render distance from the
 metropolis any longer an impediment
 to their being speedily reached, and
 too full of charms for the lover of
 the picture-que to be easily forsaken
 when once a tourist has exposed

himself to the powers of their fascination. For convenience of description, we shall commence with the principal of the three, and then proceed to describe the quieter features of Cromer and Lowestoft, either of which will form a pleasant excursion from the ancient fishing town which first engages our attention.

Originally occupying ground covered by the sea, a bank of sand was once the site of the present thriving seaport, whereon a few straggling fishermen one day settled, and the first of whom, denominated Fuller, has left his name inseparably associated with the higher portion, still known as Fuller's Hill. The bank—from the deposits of that sea which had originally run upon it, and caused it to give a check to navigation—waxed larger with every tide; and, as it increased in density and extent, so increased the population upon it. At last, in 1040, the channel of the northern branch of the Yare, on which the first settlers fixed their habitations, became choked with sand, and they then removed further to the south. Thirty years after this it was mentioned in the royal statute-book as a king's demesne, having seventy burgesses, and from that period the river bestowed its name permanently on the town, and Yarmouth was a recognised borough.

Henry III., at the special request of the inhabitants, granted them a charter, and allowed them to enclose the town on the land side with a wall and moat; the former was 2,240 yards in length, and had sixteen towers and ten gates. A castle, having four watch-towers, and upon which a fire-beacon was placed in 1588, was also built about this time in the centre of the town; in the last-named year a mound, called South Mound, was thrown up, and crowned with heavy ordnance, and the place was then considered impregnable. In 1621, the castle was demolished, and further defences being rendered necessary, strong parapets were constructed in front of the town, and the circuit thus fortified was nearly two miles and a half. However, there was ultimately not much occasion for this formidable display, as the only military action in which the inhabitants were ever engaged was that in which Kett was gallantly repulsed, when,

at the head of 20,000 men, he attempted to take the town by storm.

Yarmouth is now subdivided into eight wards. The streets are uniformly in the direction of north and south, except two at the extreme ends, which are in an opposite point, east and west, and a noble and spacious opening in the centre of the quay, leading to the market, named Regent-street, which was completed in 1813, at an expense of nearly £30,000, adds much to the beauty and convenience of the place. The streets are joined by narrow rows of alleys, running parallel from east to west; there are 156 of these rows, in which the houses are built extremely close. This singularity of plan evidently resulted from endeavouring to fix as large a population as possible within the narrowest limits, in order to facilitate the security of the whole by fortification. Whether the Sanitary Commissioners have not been required here many years ago may be a matter of historical discussion, but we are happy to see in the more modern parts a liberal admission of light and air has been secured, which cannot fail to have a most beneficial effect on the inhabitants of these crowded districts.

Yarmouth, though containing a population of 27,949 souls, forms but one parish, and the old church of St. Nicholas is thus, not unnecessarily, the largest parochial edifice in the kingdom. Its original foundation is attributed to Herbert de Lozinga, the first Bishop of Norwich, in the reign of William Rufus, who appropriated it to the monks and prior of the Holy Trinity. It is a perpetual curacy, with the appropriation of great and small tithes, and at the dissolution the patronage devolved to the dean and chapter of Norwich, with whom it now remains. This noble and interesting edifice is situated near the north entrance of the town by the Norwich-road, and although it has undergone many injudicious repairs, when considered in regard to its appearance and external effect, it still retains the characteristic features of the architecture of the reign of Henry III. The building comprises a nave and two aisles, which latter are larger, in regard to height and breadth, than the body, but do not extend so far eastward. The greatest length of the church from east to west is 230 feet,

and the breadth, including the aisles, is 108 feet. The spire is 168 feet high, and was erected in 1683. Besides a fine toned organ, built by Muller in 1733, the church boasts of a peal of bells, and there are some noticeable monuments, among which may be mentioned one to the memory of John Carter, an intimate friend of Cromwell's, and one commemorative of Mrs. Bridget Bendish, daughter of General Ireton, and granddaughter of the Protector. Among some other crumbling relics of the olden time that will attract attention may be pointed out the remnants of the old town wall, gates, and towers. The "*Star*" Inn was the residence of the Lord President Bradshaw, who presided at the trial of Charles I., and vestiges of the Commonwealth are frequently to be met with in the more antique neighbourhoods. Many fragments, too, remain of the old houses for friars, "white, black, and grey," the several orders of which seem to have thrived here marvellously during the fifteenth century, if one may judge from the many traces we constantly find of their progress through Norfolk. The stranger, however, who sees everything new about him and around him, will doubtless feel more inclined to explore the modern attractions of the town first, and then bestow his regard upon the remnants of old, and to this end we now tender our assistance as a *cicerone*.

The principal object of attraction to visitors in this town is its unrivalled commercial quay, which, for length, breadth, and extent, is considered superior to any other in England. In particular places it is one hundred and fifty yards in breadth, and upwards of a mile in length. It is almost equally divided into two parts, north and south, extending each way from the bridge, but it is to the south quay where the largest ships resort, and where the greatest traffic is carried on. In the centre is a promenade, planted on each side with a row of fine trees, and enclosed on the east by a range of handsome dwellings. Among them is one remarkable as having been the temporary abode of Oliver Cromwell, and amongst the fine Elizabethan rooms still remaining may be seen that in which the death of King Charles I. was resolved upon. A cart of singular construction, adapted to the narrowness of the

rows of this place, and used in no other town in England, deserves mention, as it will be sure to attract the eye of the stranger by its singularity. The haven is capable of great improvement, being now materially affected by the action of the sea.

In addition to the pier at the haven's mouth, the jetty upon the beach, erected in 1808, is a convenient structure to seamen and others engaged in commercial pursuits. It extends into the sea upwards of four hundred and fifty feet, and is composed of strong oaken piles driven into the soil and braced together. The platform, surrounded by a substantial railing, is twenty-one feet in width, and in fine weather is really a very pleasant promenade. It was completed in a twelvemonth, at the cost of £5,000. Though Yarmouth-roads, on the east side of the town, form a celebrated anchorage, and are the chief rendezvous of the colliers between Newcastle and London, and other merchantmen, which are constantly passing and repassing, still this part is particularly noted for being one of the most fatal and dangerous to navigation on the British coast. In 1692, it is recorded of a fleet of 200 sail of light colliers that 140 were here lost; at another period above 1,000 souls perished, and a similar misfortune happened in October, 1789. Happily, since then, improved charts, better attention to lighthouses, and Captain Manby's excellent inventions, have succeeded in materially lessening the chances of a recurrence of such calamities.

A brief glance at the rise and progress of the herring fishery, so associated with the town, cannot be here out of place. In 1265, the Dutch, according to Selden, obtained permission to fish at Yarmouth, and this perhaps gave the first hint of turning the fish to a profitable commercial account. In 1798, there were eighty boats employed in the Yarmouth fishery, viz., from Lowestoft twenty-four, Yarmouth sixteen, and Yorkshire forty. In 1833 Mr. Thomas Hammond stated before a committee of the House of Commons, that the number of boats was then 100 sail, and that during the herring fishery between forty and fifty sail were engaged from Yorkshire. The average burden of these vessels was from forty to

fifty tons, and including the cost of supplying the Yorkshire boats with nets, it was estimated that a capital of £250,000 was thus employed. In fact, Yarmouth owes its very existence to the herring fishery, and a herring fair was held there at a very remote period. This fair was regulated in the reign of Edward III. by a law called the "Statute of Herrings." Vessels coming from any part of England may fish upon the coast, and bring their herrings into Yarmouth without paying any dues or toll. The average value of the Yarmouth fishing-boats, completely fitted for the sea, may be estimated at £600 each; some of the largest cost near £1,000. A single boat has been known to bring in twelve and even sixteen lasts* of herrings at one time: a last is ten barrels, or 10,000 herrings, and when cured are worth about £22. From the latest inquiries, made in 1848, it would appear that there are now about 164 boats, and nearly 3,000 men here engaged in the fishery. The produce is estimated to be 100,000 barrels yearly, of which a great part is sent to the London market. The mackarel fishery also produces about £15,000 a-year; besides which, turbot, soles, scate, whittings, cod, eels, and shrimps, are caught off the coast in great abundance.

Should any necessity arise for magisterial interference, all maritime causes are heard and adjudicated in the Admiralty Court, where the mayor presides as judge and admiral. The last Admiralty sessions were held here in 1823, when two men were convicted of piracy. This power is derived from a charter granted by Queen Elizabeth, and confirmed by James I., who defined the jurisdiction to be from Winterton Ness, in Norfolk, to Easton Ness, in Suffolk. By the same act shipowners are also exempted from paying harbour dues at Dover, Rye, Ramsgate, and other places on the coast.

The Norfolk Naval Column, intended to perpetuate the brilliant victories and fame of the gallant Nelson, stands nearly in the centre of the Yarmouth Dunes, and was erected

* A last of white herrings, delivered out of a fishing-boat, contains 13,200. Not more than 750 or 800 are now put into a barrel for the home, and about 950 for the foreign markets.

by the contributions of his countrymen of Norfolk, under the direction of Mr. Wilkins, the architect. On the 15th of August, 1817, was laid the first stone, and in less than two years it was completed. The order is that of the Grecian Doric, beautifully fluted, and ornamented above with the names of the ships on board of which the hero's flag was so valorously maintained, and beneath with title inscriptions of his most celebrated victories. There is a flight of steps on each of the four sides of the pedestal, the top of which forms a promenade round the shaft. The roof is supported by Caryatides, surmounted by a ball and figure of Britannia, finely cast, holding a trident and laurel wreath. The structure is composed of white Scottish marble, and the column is ascended by an "easy" flight of 217 steps, the entire height being 144 feet. There is a Latin inscription on the west side, which, besides a deserved eulogium on the hero, gives a rapid summary of the chief incidents of his triumphant career. This monument is a noted and a very useful object upon this part of the coast, and when brought on a line with a single white house, formerly called "Squire Burness's house," which shows itself between the toll-gate and Gorlestone, is a leading landmark for ships coming in at St. Nicholas' Gateway.

The Denes is a charming promenade, forming a beautiful peninsula about a mile and a half in length. The bold, picturesque, and rugged bank on the west side of the Yare, and the distant cliffs beyond Gorlestone, with the surface of the majestic and swelling ocean, studded with a variety of barks, present at once an outline infinitely diversified and unceasingly interesting.

To visitors every possible accommodation is given. In addition to the numerous hotels, lodging and boarding-houses of the very best description abound in all parts of the town, and may be engaged upon the most reasonable terms. The fashionable season commences about the end of June, and continues until the latter end of September. At ebb tide, the beach affords a pleasant and extensive walk; cornelian and many curious stones may be here collected, which render a stroll on these sands so highly interesting.

The climate is generally dry and rather bleak, partaking of the characteristic influences of the coast.

There is a bridge over the Yare to Suffolk, from which Yarmouth is divided by the river, and it was the suspension bridge over the Bure, towards Norwich, which it will be remembered gave way with such an awful sacrifice of life in 1845. The remaining public buildings of the town may be briefly enumerated as comprising the Guildhall, an extensive building with a fine assembly-room; the Corn Exchange and Commercial Club-house, in Regent-street; the Custom House, a striking edifice on the quay; and numerous hospitals and charitable institutions, as well as seventy almshouses, scattered through the town.

The market-days are Wednesday and Saturday, the latter being the chief. There is an annual regatta, and races are held on the large course of the Denes, towards the latter end of August. The fairs are held on Shrove Monday and Tuesday, and on the Friday and Saturday in Easter week. The Post-office is on Short Quay; box closes at 9 p.m., but letters can be posted a quarter of an hour after the box is closed on payment of one penny, and till the second quarter of an hour on payment of twopence. Letters are delivered at 8 a.m. and 6 p.m.

Lowestoft, which is 10 miles to the south of Yarmouth, and 114 from London, is throned upon a lofty eminence commanding a fine view of the German Ocean, and occupies the most easterly point of land in England. The shore being a fine hard sand peculiarly adapted to bathers, is one of its most commendatory features, and the superadded attractions of a theatre, public library, assembly-room, and scientific institution, are additional allurements to visitors. A branch from the Eastern Counties Railway at Reedham Station conducts the traveller into the very heart of the town, the terminus at Lowestoft being conveniently situated close to the harbour. The well-paved and gas-lit streets give assurance of the respectable company that frequent the place, and furnish tolerable evidence of the prosperity of the inhabitants, which the lively appearance of the shops and the busy air of traffic

that pervades the chief thoroughfare is not calculated to dispel. There is a fine Town Hall and Market Cross, and the schools and ancient charities—to which modern ones have been lately added—are unusually numerous, and testify to the excellent intentions of the founders.

By an old charter the inhabitants enjoy the privilege of exemption from serving on juries, either at the assizes or sessions. The antiquity and beauty of St. Margaret's Church, situated westward of the town, have been much admired, and the height of the tower and steeple being 145 feet, it is no inconsiderable object seen from a distance. A rather handsome Gothic edifice, as a chapel of ease, was built in addition a few years back, and there are chapels for Dissenters of every denomination. Within the last year a new harbour has been constructed, which is more capable of affording protection and security for shipping; the breadth of the basin is about 800 feet, and the whole area occupies nearly fifteen acres. There are two piers, forming excellent landing places for goods, as well as pleasant promenades. The one on the north side runs 780 feet into the sea, and the other on the south side extends nearly 1,200 feet. Here the visitor may enjoy a sight which he will see on no other part of England's coast—the sun rising from the sea in the east, and setting also in the sea in the opposite quarter.

To the north of the town, jutting out on a little point of land, is the lighthouse, originally erected in 1676, and partly rebuilt by order of the Trinity Brethren in 1778. To meet the changes which are constantly occurring in the situation of the sands, there is a frame of wood attached which can be removed at pleasure. There is an excellent market every Wednesday, and annual fairs are held on the 13th of May and the 11th of October. The herring fishery, which begins about a fortnight before Michaelmas and lasts till Martinmas, is the chief source of emolument to the town. In the centre of the High-street are some vestiges of a "religious house," comprising the remains of a curious Norman arch and cellars, with groined arches, evidently part of an ancient crypt.

Conveyances to Yarmouth and the adjoining towns are in

constant readiness, and the extension of the railway furnishes a speedy communication with the metropolis. The Post-office is in High-street: London letters arrive, per mail, twelve minutes past five in the morning, and are despatched thirty-seven minutes past seven in the evening.

Cromer, on the extreme north-easterly point of the Norfolk coast, is 22 miles from Norwich and 130 from London. The town, which only within the last half century has become a fashionable watering-place, is sheltered on three sides by an amphitheatre of hills, partly covered with wood, presenting a scene of romantic and varied beauty, with a bold expanse of ocean before it. Though Cromer is defended by cliffs of considerable height, upwards of twenty houses have at different times, in the memory of man, been precipitated into the tide, while the town of Shipden, with its church dedicated to St. Peter, which lay between this place and the sea, has wholly disappeared, excepting some masses of walls supposed to have belonged to the church. This incursion of the ocean took place in the time of Henry IV. In 1825 and 1832, large portions of the cliff were undermined and rolled into the sea, so as to endanger the old lighthouse; and in 1845, the jetty was completely washed away. To stop these inroads of the waves several projects were formed, from time to time, and at last, through the spirit and enterprise of the inhabitants, a successful resistance has been apparently made, the year 1847 seeing the completion of this great marine barrier.

To secure the necessary powers an act of parliament was obtained in 1845, and a new jetty and breakwater have been since completed, together with a sea-wall and esplanade, which have thus recently involved an expenditure of nearly £10,000, but by which the beauty and attractions of the town have been considerably increased. The present church is presumed to have been erected in the reign of Henry IV., and is a commodious Gothic edifice, built of flint and freestone. The tower, which is square, with an embattled top, is 159 feet in height; the ascent to this is by a curious and excellent flight of steps, and the view from the summit, when attained, is very fine. The north porch and chancel have long been in

ruins, but the entrance at the west door, which is even now a beautiful piece of architecture, must have formerly been extremely grand. The whole length of the building, to the extent of 200 feet, was seen in perspective through two arches of great magnificence. The roof and every other part was profusely ornamented with carved work, of which time and the barbarous ravages of Cromwell's troops, who converted the church into barracks, have left but few traces remaining. The flinting in many parts of the building is perhaps scarcely to be excelled anywhere for the beauty of its execution. Some remains of the walls with which Cromer was anciently environed are still to be met with, and show the fortifications were durable, and well designed to resist the encroachment of any adverse power. During the last war a battery was erected on the eminence commanding the town, but happily there was no occasion to test its powers of aggression or defence.

The lighthouse is situated a short distance from the town, in the parish of Overstrand, and forms a white brick tower 52 feet in height, and 300 feet above the level of the sea. The lantern is lighted by thirty patent lamps in finely plated reflectors, which revolve on an upright axis. The average quantity of oil consumed during the year is about 1,000 gallons. So dangerous, indeed, is this coast to mariners, that no less than four lighthouses are placed between here and Yarmouth.

Nothing can be more artistically picturesque than the towering cliffs and wide-spreading sands of this bold and romantic coast. The sea comes foaming in with an impetuosity unbroken by a single tract of land between these rocks and the icy but far-distant shores of Spitzbergen—that is, however, if the north wind happens to blow. At other times you have here a beautiful sea, as clear, as smooth, and placid as the sunny sands upon which it breaks. A wanderer by the shore need not thirst for lack of objects to engage his attention; the fishing-boats and tackle, the robust-looking families of the fishermen, and occasionally some melancholy vestige discovered at low water of the walls of Shipden Church, long since undermined and swallowed up by the encroaching waves,

with the innumerable flights of sea-fowl of every description, and of other migratory birds, all effectually tend to diversify the stillness, and perhaps the sameness, of the scene. There is besides a constant succession of shipping passing and re-passing, which gives motion, animation, and interest to the scene.

The environs in every direction are extremely beautiful, and furnish rare treats for the pedestrian. Cromer Hall, and the delicious wood that surrounds it, the grand height upon which the beacon stands, and the pretty little village of Runton, are embellishments of which Cromer may justly boast. In short, the painter should repair hither to study composition and aerial perspective, the invalid to replenish himself with salt water and renewed health, and the ichthyological epicure to enjoy fish to perfection. There is an annual fair every Whit Monday, to which the novelty of the arrival of pleasure-seekers in handsomely-trimmed boats lends a singular charm. The air is exceedingly salubrious, and though it cannot be considered mild, its properties as a bracing tonic have been advantageously felt by many who require a keen climate to restore the tone of their constitution. There is the due complement of respectable hotels, and lodging-houses for the reception of visitors have marvellously increased within the last dozen years, a sufficient illustration of the growing appreciation of the place.

By some Cromer may be considered dull, as there are few amusements excepting such social ones as strangers can provide for themselves; and those habituated to constant excitement may perhaps here feel the ennui of seclusion. But there is no absolute necessity of a sojourner at a watering-place being guilty of any such absurdity as that of mixing in pursuits while indisposed, which would be anything but serviceable to even those in the most robust state of health. The libraries, the promenades by the sea-side, the ride or walk to some beautiful vicinage, the sail on the sea, or the telescopic survey of some vast expanse, may surely compensate for the heated atmosphere of the crowded theatre, and for the giddy whirl kept up till daybreak in the close and heated ball-

room. In all rational recreations like these Cromer will yield to none.

There are two coaches to and from Norwich daily. The Post-office is in Church-street. Letters arrive from Norwich at 9 in the morning, and the box closes at 3 p.m.; but letters can be posted until twenty minutes past three by the payment of one penny extra fee.

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

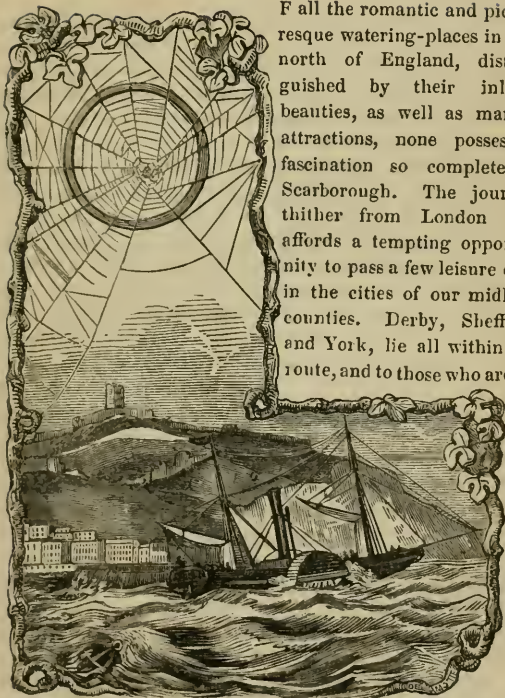
SHE laughs and runs a cherub thing;
 And proud is the doting sire
 To see her pluck the buds of spring,
 Or play by the winter fire.
 Her golden hair falls thick and fair
 In many a wavy curl;
 And freshly sleek is the ruddy cheek
 Of the infant English girl.

The years steal on, and, day by day,
 Her native charms expand;
 Till her round face beams in the summer ray,
 Like the rose of her own blest land.
 There's music in her laughing tone,
 A darker shade on the curl,
 And Beauty makes her chosen throne
 On the brow of the English girl.

She is standing, now a happy bride,
 At the holy altar rail,
 While the sacred blush of maiden pride
 Gives a tinge to the snowy veil.
 Her eye of light is the diamond bright,
 Her innocence the pearl;
 And these are ever the bridal gems
 That are worn by the English girl.

SCARBOROUGH.

F all the romantic and picturesque watering-places in the north of England, distinguished by their inland beauties, as well as marine attractions, none possess a fascination so complete as Scarborough. The journey thither from London also affords a tempting opportunity to pass a few leisure days in the cities of our midland counties. Derby, Sheffield, and York, lie all within the route, and to those who are for



the first time entering upon these districts—the very heart of England's manufacturing enterprise—the facility afforded by the railway in pausing at the various points of interest along the line is not to be lightly overlooked or regarded. Arrived at

York, the Scarborough branch of the York and North Midland Railway, forty-two miles in length, will convey the traveller to his destination in a little more than two hours, and once within its circle of enchantment, it is not easy to get disentangled from the web of allurements by which he will become enthralled.

Scarborough is undoubtedly the most interesting marine spa in England. With the advantages of mineral springs it combines those of a convenient sea-bathing shore, and on the land side it is surrounded by numerous objects of attraction, to which either roads, or footpaths over moors and dales, offer a ready access to visitors. Of its origin we have no satisfactory information, but its name has been most probably derived from the Saxon *Scear*, a rock, and *Burgh*, a fortified place. No mention of it occurs in the Norman survey, but in the reign of Stephen we hear of the castle being erected, and doubtless that fortress soon became the nucleus of the town. Its situation is extremely beautiful and romantic, being in the recess of a fine open bay, on the coast of the North Sea, and the town consists of several spacious streets of handsome well-built houses, rising in successive tiers from the shore, in the form of an amphitheatre; the beach, of firm and smooth sand, slopes down gradually to the sea, and affords at all times that commodious open sea-bathing for which the place is so deservedly celebrated. From Robin Hood's Bay, northward, to Flamborough Head, southward, there are thirty-three miles of coast, which may be inspected at low water, over a course of the finest sands in England, and which, with their caverns and promontories, rugged fissures and precipitous elevations, form a geological panorama of the greatest interest. Flamborough Head, with its lofty cliffs of nearly five hundred feet elevation, teeming in the spring and summer months with thousands of birds of every hue and species, and exhibiting yawning caverns of stupendous size—that called “Robin Lyth Hole” being peculiarly noticeable—is of itself a promontory of unusual grandeur, and would be alone worth a pilgrimage from town. Not far distant either is Rivaulx Abbey, the beautiful ruins of which are presumed to indicate the first

Cistercian monastery founded in Yorkshire, and which, in their magnificence of decay, are only surpassed by the famous Fountain Abbey, that may be also brought within the compass of a summer day's ramble. In short, let the sojourn be ever so brief, the visitor will hence carry away with him a store of many memories of beauty, to which remembrance will afterwards recur with delight. To begin with one of these celebrities:—

A fine terrace, one hundred feet above the level of the sands, forms a delightful marine promenade. The dissevered cliffs are connected by a handsome iron bridge of four arches, on stone pillars, in the chasm between which runs the stream called Millbeck. This bold undertaking, to afford facility of access to the spas, was completed in 1827, and its opening day was signalled by a bold charioteer, who, with four well-trained steeds in hand, drove a coach across the yet untested structure, amidst the acclamations of myriads, who covered the adjoining buildings and surrounding hills, all swarming with eager faces, intent on the hazardous performance of what appeared so perilous a feat. This bridge, which is one of the principal ornaments of the town, is 414 feet in length and 75 in height, whilst the floor of the bridge is 14 wide, formed of transverse planks, and protected by an iron railing along each side. This airy fabric affords a view remarkably bold and striking, and far away beneath are the fine broad sands of the shore, where the Scarborough races are held, and where, says Dr. Granville, in his happiest graphic vein, "what at one hour was the estuary of living waters, murmuring in successive bow-like waves towards the foot of the cliffs, becomes in the next hour, upon that occasion, the course-ground and the theatre of the equestrian as well as pedestrian display of man's skill and animal's agility." The view of the horse-races from a place suspended in the air, and at such an immense altitude as this, is a sight only enjoyed, perhaps, by the people at Scarborough and the visitors to the Spa; for the cliff-bridge may be well described, on such an occasion, as the grandest stand of any in the world. Adjoining is the Museum, an elegant circular building, for the display chiefly of British

geological specimens, though possessing a fine collection besides of other rare and interesting objects, among which the skeleton of an ancient Briton and his oak-tree coffin, supposed to be 2,000 years old, will be found particularly attractive: the teeth are all perfect, and the skeleton would appear to have been preserved by the *tannin*, found dissolved by the water which had penetrated into the coffin. A very moderate monthly subscription will entitle the visitor to admission to the Museum, and as a pleasant lounge, fraught with interest and instruction, it may be considered a valuable addition to the general attractions of the town.

The mineral springs of Scarborough have been, for more than two centuries, held in the very highest repute. These springs are saline chalybeates, varying in the proportions of their several ingredients, and were for some time lost by the sinking, in 1737, of a large mass of the cliff; but, after a diligent search, they were recovered. The principal are the West and South Wells, situated at the base of the cliff south of the town, near the sea-shore, where a convenient building has been erected for the accommodation of visitors. The water of the south well contains ninety-eight ounces, and that of the north well one hundred ounces of carbonic acid gas in a gallon; the former is purgative, and the latter tonic. An elegant saloon in the building affords an opportunity for exercise in rainy weather; and being lighted by several windows facing the sea, the visitor has an opportunity of enjoying various picturesque views of the sea and coast. In a small sunken court, paved with flag-stones, and surrounded by stone walls, are the lion-mouthed spouts from which the water is continually pouring—the excess passing away through a small stone basin; and the substitution of this plan for the pumping-up process usually adopted imparts a zest and a freshness to the draught that invalids can thoroughly appreciate.

Fronting the sea are some neat houses, let as lodgings, and called the “Marine Houses;” they have a small adjoining building for cold and warm baths—the sea, at spring tides, reaching to nearly the threshold of its garden front. A lofty and sloping bank, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred

feet high, thickly covered with shrubs and trees, rises hence, and goes to join the cliff bridge, in a southern direction, like a crescent bower. On the brow of this green embankment stand many of the best houses, with a south or south-western aspect; and, on the sands below, a file of thirty or forty bathing machines, ranged on their broad wheels, stand ready for use. The gradual declivity of the shore, the softness of the sand, and the peculiar transparency and purity of the returning tide upon these open bays, render sea-bathing here not only perfectly safe, but absolutely luxurious. The town is supplied with fresh water by means of a reservoir holding four thousand hogsheads, and being derived from land-springs is somewhat hard, but clear and wholesome to the eye and palate—an advantage few watering-places possess.

The harbour, easy of access, and safe and commodious within, is protected by two piers; one of them having been found insufficient to prevent the accumulation of sand, a new one was constructed, designed by Smeaton, the celebrated engineer. The breadth of its foundation is sixty feet; and at the curvature, where it is most subject to the action of the waves, sixty-three feet; it is forty feet high, and twelve hundred feet in length.

The church, dedicated to St. Mary, was anciently the conventual church of the Cistercian Monastery, and was formerly a spacious and magnificent cruciform building, with three noble towers; it sustained considerable damage in the siege of the castle in the time of the Parliamentary war, and retains but few portions of its ancient character: the present steeple stands at the eastern end. Christ Church, a handsome edifice in the later style of English architecture, was erected in 1828, at a cost of £8,000. Other places of worship, and numerous hospitals and infirmaries, are scattered through the town. To the north of St. Sepulchre's-street are the remains of a Franciscan convent, supposed to have been founded about the 29th of Henry III., and now used as a workshop. In the older part of the town the artist will find some graphic sketches for his portfolio, among the rude but picturesque dwellings of the fishermen.

The season may be reckoned to begin on the first of July, and terminate about the middle of October. During this period, houses and apartments can only be had at high prices; but, after the latter date, a residence may be obtained at half the amount. The railway, as in other instances, has materially increased the influx of visitors, and now new streets are being rapidly formed, to provide additional houses for their reception.

By a walk to the summit of Mount Olive, or Oliver's Mount, from a tradition connected with Oliver Cromwell, a most superb panorama of land and water is to be enjoyed from a terrace six hundred feet above the ocean, and these, together with excursions to the environs, which include much picturesque scenery, form the especial attractions of the strangers.

The climate of Scarborough is considered by Dr. Granville to be extremely favourable, and the longevity of the inhabitants over those of other parts of Yorkshire is fully established. From its exposure on the east coast a mistaken notion is entertained by many that winds in an easterly direction must be of longer continuance at Scarborough than elsewhere; but this experience has shown to be an unnecessary fear. The mean average temperature in the month of January was found to be higher by six degrees than at York, four degrees than in London, and only two degrees less than at Torquay. In respect of climate, therefore, this "Queen of Watering Places" affords immense advantages to invalids in the northern counties, who are unable to endure the fatigue of long journeys; and it is seldom that the sanitary effects of the sojourn, and the potent curative agency of the spas, are without their due influence in promoting and perfecting a return to health.

We now advert to the first object that strikes the eye of the visitor as he enters the town, but which we have reserved to the last, in order to give it that fulness of detail which its venerable ruins warrant.

Scarborough Castle crowns a precipitous rock, whose eastern termination, which advances into the sea, rises about three hundred feet above the waters. The principal part of the ancient castle now remaining stands at a considerable distance

back from this bold and inaccessible front, but on ground which is nearly as elevated. It is a huge square tower, still nearly one hundred feet high, but the walls of which show, by their ragged summits and other indications, that its original height must have been considerably greater. Each side is between fifty and sixty feet in length; but the walls being about twelve feet thick, contract the space in the interior to only thirty feet square. This tower was probably the keep of the ancient castle; and, as usual, has been preserved from destruction by its extraordinary solidity and strength. As this old feudal stronghold looks down upon the sea on one side, it has the town of Scarborough stretched below it, and around it on the other, and imparts a bold and romantic aspect to the eastern extremity of the town.

The castle was built, about the year 1136, by William, Earl of Albemarle, one of the most powerful of the old Norman nobility, and who was thus permitted by King Stephen to ensconce himself in the fortress, as a defence against the turbulent and but half-subdued inhabitants of the district. No situation could possibly have been chosen better adapted for defence; and, in the infancy of the art of warfare, it must have been absolutely impregnable. Within the boundary of its walls was once comprised an area of twenty acres; and what was of the greatest importance to the besieged, a spring of excellent water, that never failed its supplies even in the driest summer.

When Henry II. ascended the throne, the first act of his reign was the promulgation of an order that all the castles built in the reign of King Stephen should be dismantled and destroyed. The earl was therefore compelled to resign his fortress; but when Henry, from a personal visit, became acquainted with its wondrous powers of defence, he acted on the proverbial superiority of second thoughts, and, taking possession of the structure, was so far from demolishing its walls that he increased its strength by adding new ones, and appointed as governors men of the highest rank, who were taught to regard the office as a reward and privilege, rather than a mere employment.

In this castle Edward II. placed his favourite, Piers Gaveston, hoping thus to secure him from the vengeance of the incensed Barons, but the hope was vain; a scarcity of provisions compelled the surrender of the garrison, and Gaveston was given up to his enemies, who speedily gratified their vengeance by his death. A singular expedient for taking the castle was resorted to during Wyatt's rebellion, in the reign of Mary. A son of Lord Stafford, accompanied by a party of soldiers disguised as peasants, strolled carelessly into the building, under the pretence of looking at it, and invited the garrison to join their pic-nic. Whilst the clatter of the knives and forks, and the jingle of glasses was going on, the mischief was brewing; and when the governor was called upon to oblige the festive company with a song, the soldiers seized their opportunity and the sentries together, distributed fire-arms from their provision basket, and before the head of the garrison could recollect the first verse of his ditty, the others had made themselves masters of the whole castle. They held it, however, but two days, Lord Westmoreland retaking it without any loss. The last and most important siege the castle sustained was during the civil wars in 1644, when it was commanded for the king by Sir Hugh Cholmley, a knight of unflinching bravery and unconquerable energy. Sir John Meldrum, a Scotch soldier of fortune, who then led the Parliamentary forces, had taken the town of Scarborough by storm, and now besieged the castle. For twelve months Sir Hugh gallantly maintained his post, seeing the outworks gradually destroyed before the fury of their assailants; but, after a resistance which displayed an enduring fortitude almost unparalleled in English annals, the garrison, worn down by incessant fatigue and hardship, fell victims to disease; and, no hope of relief brightening his prospect, the brave Sir Hugh was obliged to capitulate. To the honour of her sex be it recorded, that Lady Cholmley refused every opportunity of escape, and remained in the castle during the whole siege, ministering to the wounded and cheering her husband with her presence. During this siege two most remarkable and providential escapes occurred, and both to

women. One having continued at needlework till daylight began to fail, found it difficult to thread her needle in the position at the window by which she sat, and changed it for another. At that moment a glancing shot, which had been fired, came in at the window she had just quitted, and tore everything away, without the slightest injury to the sempstress, whose life was thus saved by her industry. Another, while spinning in the upper room of an inn, happened to drop her spindle, and, as she stooped to pick it up, a cannon-ball passed directly over her, striking the distaff to pieces, which stood in the very place her head must have occupied, had she not stooped at that very moment.

In 1666, George Fox, the founder of the "Society of Friends," was imprisoned in the castle, and in his *Memoirs* he speaks of three different rooms that he successively occupied. One of them faced the sea, and "laying much open, the wind drove in the rain forcibly, so that water came over his bed, and ran about the room, so that he was fain to skim it up with a platter." In enumerating the suffering and persecution that he unjustly endured, he states that a threepenny loaf lasted him three weeks, and that most of his drink was water, with wormwood steeped in it. In the rebellion of 1774, the castle was, for political purposes, put into temporary repair; and three batteries have since been erected for the protection of the town and harbour. None can view this relic of the olden time without a feeling of intense interest and delight; and the views of the sea through some of the old crumbling arches, afford fine subjects for the painter.

The postal arrangements of Scarborough are:—Letters from London delivered at 10 a.m.; box for London closes at 3 p.m. A day mail has been lately added.

ECHO.

HERE it is that Echo dwells,
 Lurking in her shady grot,
 Hid in glens and grassy dells,
 Where strife comes not.

Flies she forth as swift as light,
 If mortal dare to trace her power;
 Silent as the depth of night,
 Is her lone bower.

She bideth in her secret place,
 Like a coy and bashful maid,
 Mocking all with artless grace,
 Yet half afraid.

Hark! her accents still prolong,
 Borne upon the swelling breeze,
 Giving back the throstle's song
 From yonder trees.

Not a word is utter'd here
 But she catcheth up the sound,
 Sending it afar and near,
 In sweet rebound.

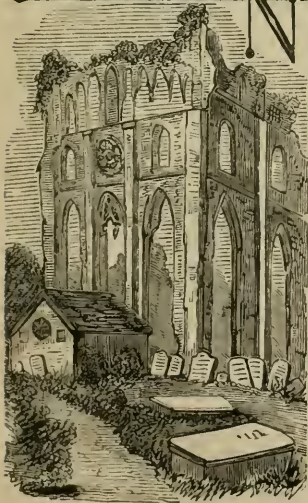
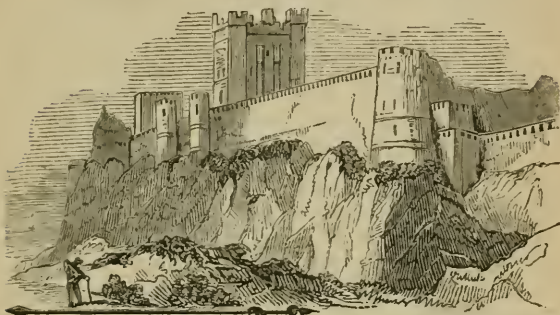
She hath got her watchful spies,
 Through her limits holding ward;
 Nor Argus, with his hundred eyes,
 Keeps trustier guard.

Sportive Echo, spirit-born!
 Fain I'd share her mystic lot;
 I could linger night and morn
 Beside her grot.

Such beauty girds it all around
 When smiles the earth 'neath sunny sky,
 And wild flowers dot the velvet ground,
 To charm the eye.

And every bird that seeks the grove
 Its thrilling strain pours through the dell;
 For these alone I'd Echo love,
 And with her dwell.

TYNEMOUTH, WARKWORTH, ALNMOUTH, BAMBOROUGH, AND THE ISLANDS OF THE NORTHERN COAST.



ORTHUMBERLAND, though hardly so capable of affording a marine retreat to the valetudinarian as the regions of the south of England, has yet many favourite places along its coast much resorted to by bathers during the summer months, and a host of temptations, in the form of ancient castles and ruined abbeys, to lure the tourist onward to the border. The opening, too, of railway communication from York direct on to Newcastle, Berwick, and Edinburgh, affords every facility to the traveller in performing his journey, with less

expense and more speed than in the olden times of coach progress, and thus the increase and accession of visitors to the Northumbrian coast render some account of its most attractive localities essential to the completeness of our work.

Tynemouth—which is to Newcastle-on-Tyne what Brighton is to London—is situated nine miles from that busy and much-improving town. In the time of the ancient Britons the village was denominated *Pendal Crag*, or the “Head of the Rampart on the Rock,” and this pretty clearly indicates its situation. Coal in abundance, some ironstone, and the only limestone strata in the county, are its chief geological features; and though it is little better than a village, the influx of visitors for bathing during the season raise it to almost the dignity of a town. There is one long street, possessing the necessary adjuncts of a “marine hotel,” a library and commodious baths, which were erected in 1807. The parish church was originally in North Shields, but a new one has been lately erected, and a large school, for which a Mr. Kettlewell bequeathed £7,000 in 1825, has been built and endowed in a manner which would have afforded the liberal donor the highest gratification to have beheld. In 1758, some barracks were erected in the village, for the accommodation of 1,000 men, but they were sold at the general peace, and now form Percy-square, never, we hope, to be metamorphosed back again. A mineral spring in some local repute at Colliercoats Sands—a place of ominous name to solitary bathers who leave their garments on the beach—gives a pretext for a pleasant walk in that direction; and, as Tynemouth is only one mile from North Shields, those who like bustle and activity have not far to go to behold both. But the chief attraction is unquestionably its Priory, the ruins of which are shown in our introductory illustration.

Tynemouth Priory lies to the east of the town, and is of such very remote antiquity that no authentic record exists of its original foundation, but there is some reason to conjecture the seventh century saw its first clovation. Whether Tynemouth was or was not of Roman origin, it was at a very early date selected as an ecclesiastical site, and for this, by the

beauty and peculiarity of its situation, it was well adapted. "The exalted height," says Grose, "on which the monastery stood, rendered it visible at sea a long way off in every direction, where it presented itself as if reminding and exhorting seamen in danger to make their vows and promise masses and presents to the Virgin Mary and St. Oswin." Thus, though the situation in stormy weather was perhaps not very enviable, the advantages it afforded in those credulous and unsettled times of presenting to the eye of the sailor in distress an object towards which he could direct his prayers and bend his course, were also increased by its being an outpost from which a hostile armament might be descried, and an alarm inland easily communicated. Neither its sanctity or utility were, however, sufficient to preserve it long, for the Danish pirates thrice plundered the priory and once burned the church. From 625 to 1110, its history seems to be that of alternate destruction and renovation, continually repeated. In 1090, Robert de Mowbray fled hither, and defended himself within its walls against William Rufus, whom he had conspired to dethrone, but after a time, finding that he could hold out no longer, he sought sanctuary at the altar of the church, from which he was taken by force, carried to Windsor, and, after suffering a long imprisonment, was put to death. During the reign of Elizabeth it was occupied as a fortress, and in the civil wars of the seventeenth century it was frequently besieged. In 1644 it was taken by the Scots, when thirty-eight pieces of ordnance, and a large store of arms, ammunition, and provisions, fell into their hands. The garrison were permitted to march out with their baggage, but bound themselves to submit to the instructions of the Parliament. Soon after this, £5,000 was voted to repair the damages it had sustained, and Colonel Henry Lilburne was made its deputy governor; but having declared for the king, Sir Arthur Hazelrig immediately marched from Newcastle against him, and stormed the place, with almost ferocious bravery, entering the fortress at the very caannon's mouth. During the assault Lilburne was slain.

When the reputation of Tynemouth Priory was at its

greatest height, the dead were brought from all parts of the neighbourhood to be interred therein, great sanctity being attributed to the place in consequence of the number of illustrious persons who performed divine service in the oratory of the Virgin. Among those thus buried were the royal martyr, Oswald, King Eldred, Henry the Hermit of Coquet Island, Malcolm King of Scotland, and other illustrious persons. But, notwithstanding the local veneration paid to the priory, when the Danes demolished the walls and completely extinguished the glimmering light of Christianity existing in those parts, the recollection of the canonized King Oswald was utterly obliterated. This neglect continued till the time of Tostig Earl of Northumberland, when the saint, vexed doubtless at this oblivion of his name, busily bestirred himself, and, with a forethought for which ghosts have rarely obtained credit, appeared at the bedside of Edmund, the sexton, and having frightened him sufficiently, revealed the place of his burial. The sexton, it seems, told it to his wife the next morning as a great secret, and this communication, coupled with a strict injunction not to reveal it to any one, of course induced her to blazon the matter over the whole neighbourhood, with which the ghost, being acquainted with the proverbial characteristic of women, must have been highly delighted. Hence it came at last to the ears of Judith, the earl's consort, and diligent search being made for the royal remains, they were discovered and recommitted to the earth with great solemnity. The earl, we presume, being further admonished by his ghostly adviser, then rebuilt the monastery from its foundation, and after this Waltheof, his successor, gave it with all its possessions—and St. Oswald's body into the bargain—to the monks of Jarrow. From this time its history has been already traced.

Scott speaks in "Marmion" of "Tynemouth's haughty prioress," and adds that many a vow was made at the shrine by the distressed mariners who were driven towards the inhospitable coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. At one period it was a nunnery, and then it was that Virca, abbess of Tynemouth, presented the holy St. Cuthbert with a

rare winding-sheet, in sepulchral emulation, we presume, of the Lady Tuda, who had sent him just before a coffin, for which mortuary gifts St. Cuthbert expressed himself truly grateful. Another anecdote of a similar nature may here be mentioned, as occurring in the Monkish Chronicles of the times, to show the reputed sanctity of the place. On the 20th of August, 1384, being the festival of "St. Oswald's passion," whilst a sailor was hewing a piece of wood for his ship at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he perceived blood to flow from it, and instantly recollecting the day, he ceased from his employment. A companion of his, disregarding the miracle, came out and struck it again, but immediately the blood gushed more violently than before from every part that was cut, "as if one's breast had been painfully lacerated by a sword." This matter was told to the clergy, who, with the laity, approved of the omen, and after having consecrated the wood, they conveyed it with great pomp to Tynemouth Priory, where it was placed by the body of the saint, and worked many miracles—at least so says the Monkish historian, and far be it from us to deny the truth of a statement so veraciously recorded. But to return to the priory:—

After the period when all danger might be supposed to have passed away, its extensive and exquisitely beautiful ruins were demolished for the sake of their materials. It is probable that much of the priory at Tynemouth was built with the materials of the hewn stone from the Roman station at the *Law*, South Shields, and a great part of the town of North Shields, in return, is said to be built from the ruins of the monastery. Dockwray-square, in particular, is popularly spoken of as having been constructed from this source. Nor did the work of destruction here stop. Being used as a barrack and military store, the work of demolition and alteration has been going on down to a very recent period, until the most conspicuous part of the ruin now standing is that which contains the three very beautiful eastern windows of the chapel. The castle, about a hundred yards west of the monastic ruins, is now merely a plain and picturesque building, fitted up as barracks for the accommodation of a corps of

infantry, which, with some artillery, are always stationed there. The broken arches and the picturesque foreground of fishermen's cottages, mouldering ruins, and lichen-festooned turrets, creates a most pictorial contrast to the extensive range of sea and sky beyond.

The fresh breeze and the occasional excursion to the environs must be the chief recreations of the resident; for those who desire other amusements must go to Newcastle to find them. The air is, however, very bracing and exhilarating; and if the chilliness of the evening should render a fire desirable towards nightfall, it is something to feel that, being in the very heart of the coal country, such a luxury can hardly be regarded, from its absurdly trifling cost, as an item of expense. There are two mails daily, one arriving at 8 30 a.m., and the other at 11 30 p.m.; the letter-box respectively closing for each dispatch 11 a.m. and 8 p.m.

The lighthouse stands in the Castle yard, and is built of stone in the shape of a tower; the lantern is sixty-two feet above the ground on which it stands, and one hundred and forty-eight feet above the level of the sea. There are two other lighthouses near the town of North Shields, the one being forty-nine and the other seventy-six feet in height, the lesser one having a compensation in its more exalted position. The mariner is only safely enabled to cross the bar by the assistance rendered by these friendly beacons. Bringing them into a certain relative position as regards his eye, he can readily conduct the vessel into the best channel, which is on the south side of the bar, close to the Herd Sand. It is only when the tide is favourable that their light is allowed to be visible. A signal flag is hoisted in the day time during the same state of the water. Most vessels are now borne over the bar by steam tugs, should adverse or variable winds render such employment of an extra force necessary. About four miles from the mouth of the river is *Wall's End*—the ancient *Segedunum*—where the eastern extremity terminated of the famous Roman fortification built to stop the incursions of the Picts, and by its modern appellation so well known to the metropolitan lovers of the fireside. The remains of an ancient

Roman quay show that this wonderful people had a trading colony here, and 1,000 years since discharged freights where now the colliers come up for their lading to the Loudou market.

The Tyne, it will be remembered, is formed by the confluence, near Hexham, of two streams of equal magnitude, called the North Tyne and South Tyne, thence pursuing their united course to Newcastle and on to Shields, immediately below which the Tyne falls into the North Sea. Salmon and trout are caught abundantly in its winding stream. The ridge of sand called Tynemouth Bar stretches directly across the front of the mouth, and is so far an impediment to shipping that vessels can only make any progress at certain states of the tide. Great skill, care, and experience, are, therefore, required to enter the Tyne, even under the most favourable circumstances. The coasts on each side are rocky, and in front of that to the north, opposite a little inlet called Prior's Haven, and to the left of the bar, is a dangerous rock called the Sparrow Hawk; while to the right, or south of the bar, is a shelf of sand called the Herd Sand, scarcely less dangerous. From this it will be seen that the lighthouses along this coast are really objects of importance as well as interest.

The ruins of the ancient Castle and Priory of Tynemouth are seen, as the bar is approached, standing on a peninsula formed of stupendous rocks on the northern side of the river's mouth, and near it is the lighthouse, which, distinguished from others more inland by its continuous revolution, emits a radiance at night singularly powerful and brilliant, which may be distinctly seen twenty miles distant.

The sailors from the Tyne will be famous so long as European history is read, as having formed the principal equipment of those fleets which, under St. Vincent, Nelson, Collingwood, and others, who have gained England the empire of the seas, raised the national flag to its proudest elevation.

As those who have once reached Tynemouth will naturally desire a more intimate acquaintance with the beauties and antiquities of the north of England coast, we propose taking the reader on with us along the shores of Northumberland,

until we finally part company with him at Berwick-upon-Tweed, and thus point out by the way those favoured spots as well calculated for pleasant transitory excursions as for a more permanent summer sojourn.

Warkworth is six miles from Alnwick, in a southern direction. It is a village of considerable extent and of much beauty. On one side the sea approaches close to it, and the Coquet, which, of all British rivers, best deserves the epithet *silvery*, winds so nearly round it from the other half as to form it into a peninsula. The castle was formerly of great note, being the residence of the Lords Percy when wardens of the marches, and from it many an order was issued which let havoc loose on the Scottish border. Nor were the wardens themselves allowed to remain here unmolested: one of the Earls of Northumberland wrote to the King and Council that he had dressed himself at midnight by the blaze of the neighbouring villages burnt by the Scottish marauders. Its remains are considerable, and the walls of many of the apartments, especially those of the banquet-room, are still perfect. At the hermitage, which is about a mile from the castle, in a deep romantic valley, Dr. Percy laid the scene of his popular poem, the "Hermit of Warkworth."

Alnmouth, five miles further on from Warkworth, and six from Alnwick, is a small port and bathing-place, at which are shipped corn, bacon, and eggs for the London market. A number of fishermen here reside, who, with those of various other small towns, such as Boomer, Craister, &c., supply Alnwick with an abundant store of fish. It is worth while remembering, however, that the salmon and sea-trout taken upon the sea-coast or in the river Coquet are greatly inferior in quality to those which are found in the neighbourhood of Berwick. Opposite to Alnmouth, three miles from the mainland, the pretty island of Coquet invites attention. There is no object, however, upon it to reward the trouble of a visit; a few fragments of a building alone diversify the uniformity of its appearance, and indicate where a small fort had been erected during the civil wars of England.

Two miles from North Sunderland, a port chiefly frequented

by fishing-vessels and small schooners, is Bamborough Castle, which stands upon a solitary rock, 150 feet high, and seems, as it looks over the wide extent of ocean, to laugh at its wild uproar. The castle is of great antiquity, and is supposed to have been founded by Ida, King of Bernicia. It must have been originally a place of amazing strength, since it occupies the only high ground in the neighbourhood, and could not have been assailed with any missiles before the invention of artillery. Notwithstanding its age, the castle is still perfectly entire, and one or two of the turrets time had slightly injured have since been thoroughly restored. Bamborough, with a considerable revenue attached, was bequeathed by Lord Carew to the bishop and archdeacons of Durham for the time being, in trust for charitable purposes. The trustees reside alternately at the castle, and great exertion is made to carry into effect the benevolent wishes of the testators. One of the greatest curiosities in the place is a well of immense depth, dug out of the solid rock, before the invention of gunpowder, and from which a plentiful supply of water can be at all times procured. From the roof of the edifice there is a most extensive and pleasant view of the adjacent country. The pretty village of Bamborough stands at the foot of the castle. Several genteel families here reside, and the houses being large, cleanly, and comfortable, it has of late years become quite a favourite fashionable summer resort for sea-bathing. But the chief attraction, after all, is the castle, where benevolence has a wide field for its exercise. From the funds provided, everything which may conduce to the safety of shipwrecked fishermen is kept constantly in readiness, and rewards are given to these boatmen who are most active in assisting vessels in distress. Large granaries are built, in which grain is deposited when prices are low, and sold to the poor at a cheap rate in seasons of scarcity. Several medical men receive salaries for attendance upon the labouring classes, and at the laboratory medicine is distributed gratuitously. Respectable schoolmasters are also paid for teaching the children of the peasantry, and there is a library, out of which any person, whose residence is within ten miles of the place, may be

supplied with books during his lifetime for the mere payment of half-a-crown. In that part of the castle where the trustees reside, are several excellent apartments, freely shown to strangers, the walls of one of which are adorned with tapestry containing figures so animated, and colours so vivid, as to be only distinguished from painting on a close inspection.

Nearly opposite the castle, and from five to seven miles from the mainland, are the Farn Isles, all of which are small and precipitous, and one of them especially frequented by such numbers of sea-fowl, that in the breeding season a foot cannot fall without resting on a bird or nest. They are farmed by a person in North Sunderland. During night and in stormy weather vessels of burthen do not, unless compelled, pass between the islands and the shore. Many wrecks that have taken place here will be remembered with painful interest. On one of these islands a lighthouse has been erected, and the exploits of a Grace Darling have not been without their stimulus to excite the emulation of the surrounding fishermen.

Seven miles from Bamborough is Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, familiar by name to all the readers of "Marmion." Its first title is derived from it being opposite the small brook Lindis; its second from the supposed sanctity of the monks who occupied its monastery. It is two miles from the mainland, whence it is only divided at high water. Its situation in this respect has not altered since the time when it was said—

"With the ebb and flow its style
Varies from continent to isle;
Dryshod o'er sands twice every day
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day the waves efface
Of staff and sandalled foot the trace."

The circuit of the island is nine miles. One half is well cultivated, but the other, which is covered with sand, is fertile only in rabbits. There is a small fort now upon it, of which the only historical incident connected with it and worth recording is, that in the year 1715 it was seized by a partisan

of the Pretender, named Edrington, but who, having exhibited more zeal than discretion in his capture, afterwards paid the penalty. The ruins of the monastery, however, which chiefly attract strangers to the island, are of great beauty and reinote antiquity. The arches are of the Saxon order, and are supported upon short and massy pillars. Some of the windows are pointed, and thus indicate that they had been placed in the building long after its original foundation. Scott has happily described its supposed appearance when the hooded fraternity brooded within its walls :—

“In Saxon strength that abbey frowned,
 With massive arches broad and round,
 That rose alternate row on row
 Of ponderous columns short and low,
 Built ere the art was known
 By pointed aisle and shafted stalk
 The arcades of an alley'd walk
 To emulate in stone.”

During the early ages of Christianity Lindisfarne was the episcopal seat of the see of Durham, and had the title of St. Cuthbert's patrimony bestowed upon it, on account of the fame of Cuthbert, the sixth bishop, who was placed in the calendar in consequence of his recognised superior sanctity. It is owing to the circumstance of Holy Island having been once an episcopal see that the county palatine of Durham is found so curiously to dovetail itself with Northumberland, even to the gates of Berwick, a legal jurisdiction still remaining with the Count Palatine over all lands which formerly belonged to the patrimony of St. Cuthbert.

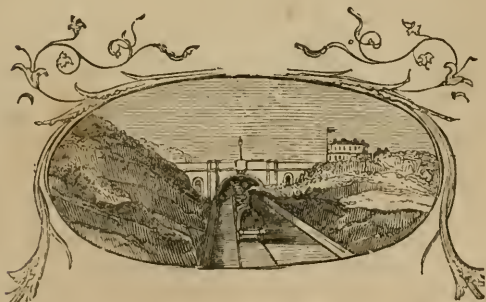
A devious ride of four or five miles in length brings the traveller past Haggerstone to the turnpike-road betwixt Alnwick and Berwick, which latter town is seven miles further to the north. The railway is easily accessible from any of the points we have indicated.

Berwick-upon-Tweed—situated on the confines of two hostile kingdoms, belonging alternately to each, and, as a salvo to the vanity of both, declared at their union to belong to neither—is particularly worthy of antiquarian attention. Being

built upon ground which rises irregularly, some of the lanes of Berwick and one of its streets are of very abrupt ascent. The others are level and spacious, and boast a rather unexpected number of fine shops. Beside the Town-hall and barracks, the church and bridge are the only public buildings in Berwick. The church is a plain neat building; but, reared in puritanical times, when spires were presumed to be profane indices to heaven, it has not one to boast. Connected with the church is a circumstance that no historian of Berwick has noticed, viz., that the vicar, John Smithson, was in 1672 tried and executed for the murder of his wife. The bridge over the Tweed is ancient, and its arches, which are fourteen in number, gradually lessening in size, the perspective seen from a distance is striking. At the south end of the bridge is *Tweedmouth*, a considerable village, standing on the sea-shore, and only separated by a few fields from *Spittle*—a pleasant place with a frightful name—which, in summer is crowded with loungers, bathers, and bathing-machines. The Tweed, indeed, when the tide is out, forms a fine sheet of water, but its banks are not, as in its early course, clothed with trees overhanging it, as if to admire its loveliness; and when the sea retires, the mud it deposits has that slimy appearance which Crabbe so well describes, and which seems so meet an emblem of misery and desertion. As you ascend the river the scenery improves, and soon becomes, especially on the right bank, extremely beautiful. The railway has considerably accelerated the northern mails, the Berwick postal arrangements now being—Letters delivered 7 30 a.m. and 5 30 p.m.; box closing 7 45 a.m. and 1 45 p.m.

The town of Berwick is 372 miles from London, 67 from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and 58 from Edinburgh. The new railway viaduct across the Tweed, opened by her Majesty on her way to Scotland, August 29, 1850, is an astounding triumph of modern engineering. Thrown across the broad valley of the Tweed, it connects the York and Newcastle with the North British line, and completes a continuous railway route from London to Aberdeen, close by the old border stronghold of Berwick Castle. From its length, 2,170 feet, and its height,

125 feet, this is the largest stone viaduct in the world. The foundation-stone was laid on the 15th of May, 1847, and two years were spent in pumping with a fifty-horse engine from the coffer-dams, driving piles with Nasmyth's patent steam drivers, to get a firm rest in the naturally loose sandy foundation, and building the under stone-work. The whole contains upwards of one hundred cubic feet of masonry, and in the inner portion of the arches two millions and a half of bricks. On being named by her Majesty "The Royal Border Bridge," Robert Stephenson, the engineer, who had designed it and superintended its construction, was presented to the Queen by Prince Albert, and offered the honour of knighthood, which he respectfully declined. The view from the summit is at once varied and magnificent. Beneath runs the pellucid Tweed, with its banks adorned by masses of plantations. The merse of Berwickshire is seen extending for miles; Home Castle, once the stronghold of that powerful Border family, is visible on the south-west; Holy Island and Bamborough on the east, and the Cheviot range to the south-east forms a magnificent background to one of the most picturesque landscapes in the kingdom.



TO THE OCEAN.

IMAGE of Him who formed thee ! all unknown,
 Save that thou art deep, fathomless, and free,
 As first thou wert, when thy broad billows shone
 Upon thy bosom, changeless, boundless sea !

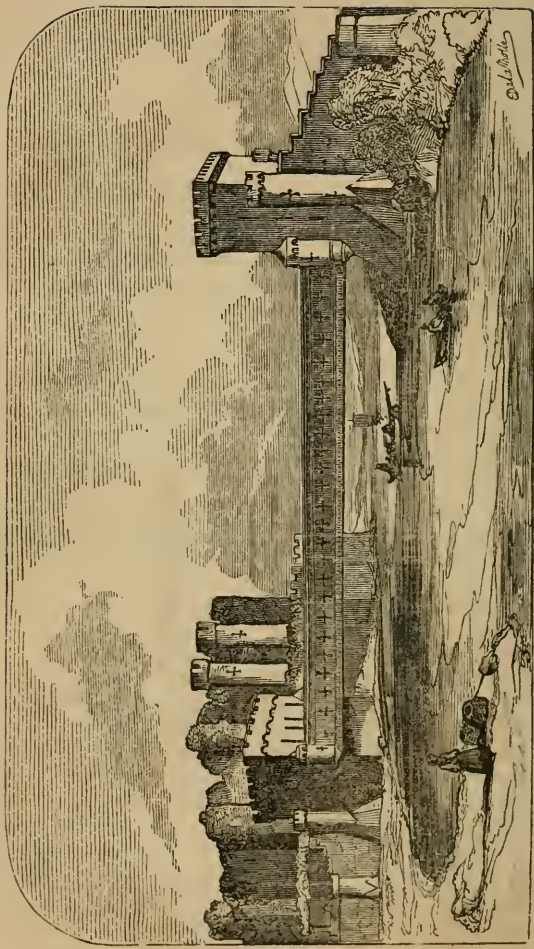
I, trembling, pause upon the sanded shore,
 And think of the rich treasures which within thee shine ;
 Earth has her wealth, but all her glittering ore
 Would fail to purchase those bright pearls of thine.

The monarch rules not thee ; thy glistening tide
 In childish playfulness sweeps his domain,
 And burying in its foam his earthly pride,
 Smiles at his sovereign fears, and backward falls again.

Suns set, moons change, and stars forget to shine,
 Empires have flourished, but are now a name,
 Ages decayed ; but none of these are thine ;
 A myriad years have swept o'er thee, and thou art all the same.

K.

THE WATERING-PLACES
OF
WALES AND THE WESTERN COAST.



TUBULAR RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE CONWAY.

Conway

THE WATERING-PLACES OF WALES AND THE WESTERN COAST.

AFTER an excursion to the Lake District, which we have described in a volume by itself,* there are many who will perhaps feel inclined to devote a leisure month to the attractions of some adjacent watering-place, that may serve as a pleasant contrast to the sublimities and romantic beauties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. In order, therefore, to serve as an index to these maritime retreats, and render our little book a perfect encyclopædia of the coast, we now propose, in a separate chapter, to take a succinct but sufficient survey of the chief summer haunts that are most likely to stay the wanderer in his progress homeward.

Maryport, twelve miles from Whitehaven, and twenty-eight from Carlisle, is a small seaport and bathing place that, since the establishment of a direct railway communication, has risen into some importance. The public buildings are chiefly those associated with commercial purposes. Wharves and quays usurp the place of piers and esplanades, and a constant interchange of freights among the shipping gives an air of liveliness to the town, which will be with some a compensation for the more refined beauties of the fashionable marine resort. It is situated at the mouth of the river Ellen, and carries on a considerable coal trade with Ireland. There is a little village called Ailonby, about four miles distant, which is much resorted to during the summer months, as it commands a fine view of the Solway Frith and the opposite shores of Scotland. At the village of Ellenborough, on an eminence northward of

* "*Adams's Pocket Guide to the Lakes*," a complete descriptive companion to all the exquisite scenery of the Lake District, and the romantic grandeur of the mountainous regions of Cumberland and Westmoreland. In a neat volume, price One Shilling. W. J. Adams, 50, Fleet-street.

the town, will be seen the remains of an old Roman station. In the southern part of the town is Mote Hill, on which is an artificial moated mound, one hundred and sixty yards in circumference. Flimby is a small village, two miles by railway from Maryport, that is also much frequented by bathers during the summer season. There is railway communication with Carlisle and Whitehaven.

Blackpool, to which there is a branch line of three and a half miles from the Preston and Wyre Railway, is the nearest watering-place from Preston, and is much frequented by the northern pleasure-seekers who cannot spare the time or expense of a longer journey. It acquired its name from a boggy pond at the southern end of the village, and was, until the last eighty years, a place of no importance; but owing to its eligibility for bathing, it is now frequented every summer by crowds of provincial and metropolitan tourists, for whose accommodation there have been erected some commodious lodging-houses and hotels. The beach slopes gently from the site of the houses, and the sands are smooth and firm, whilst the air is highly salubrious. The marine parade forms, from its extent and convenient width, a very agreeable promenade, giving an extensive prospect of the fells in Westmoreland and Cumberland, and the mountains in North Wales. A theatre, news-room, library, and assemblies, will all be found in the category of the amusements provided during the fashionable season, which commences rather later in the year than at the watering-places more southerly situated. September is the great month. Here, as elsewhere, the sea appears to have encroached considerably on the shore, for a large stone—popularly known as Penny Stone—lying on the sands about half a mile from the shore, is stated by tradition to mark the site on which a public-house formerly stood. There is railway communication with Preston, Lytham, another small watering-place, and Fleetwood, at the mouth of the river Wyre.

Southport, nine miles from Ormskirk and twenty-two from Liverpool, has a direct communication with it by railway along a branch line of sixteen miles. It is situated at the mouth of the river Ribble, on the shore of the Irish Sea. The

bathing is not so good as at Blackpool, nor the beach so firm ; but the usual accommodations are provided for the enjoyment of visitors. One principal street, formed by houses of brick with gardens in front, is the chief thoroughfare, but new buildings have been added every year ; and though there are no public edifices calling for especial notice, the appearance of the town has of late been considerably improved. Sand-hills, resembling small tumuli, surround the town, and the environs are replete with localities for pleasant excursions. There are some admirable charitable institutions, and one—the Stranger's Charity—furnishes the sick poor with the means of obtaining the benefits of sea air and bathing free of all cost. *Bootle* is another bathing-place in the neighbourhood, but presenting nothing to call for specific notice.

The facility and cheapness of steam transit, either by rail or boat, gives the tourist an excellent opportunity of making Liverpool the starting point to some delightful spots on the Welsh coast. Extending our glance along the west, we shall now proceed to indicate those most generally resorted to by tourists. During the summer months there is steam communication between the Menai Bridge, Bangor, Beaumaris, and Liverpool every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 9 a.m., returning from Liverpool on the alternate days at 11 a.m. The passage is accomplished in about five hours. Another route for those who like to enjoy the country by occasionally pedestrianising, is to take the packet from Liverpool to Rhyl, North Wales, and thence continue the journey on foot, or adopt the line of the railway from Chester to Holyhead, which affords the same facilities for getting to picturesque stations.

At Conway the line of the Chester and Holyhead Railway begins to develop the most stupendous and wonderful triumphs of modern engineering. This great work, designed and executed by Robert Stephenson, is $84\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and comprises the Chester tunnel, 405 yards in length, the tunnel of 580 yards through Penmaon Rhos, and numerous other tunnels, amounting to a total length of 13,263 feet, through mountains and promontories of red sandstone, limestone, greenstone,

basalt, slate, and clay. It presents, in addition to these, the forty-five arch viaduct to the bridge across the Dee, the vast sea walls and timber galleries along the coast, and, above all, the crowning triumph of engineering skill in the huge iron tubular bridges over the river Conway, at the Castle, and the Menai Straits, at the Britannia rock. The construction of these marvellous works forms such an interesting theme to dwell upon, that we shall enter somewhat into their history. When it was first commenced, people almost sneered at the idea of a mere pipe for trains to run through across the straits; four hundred and fifty feet of an iron tube, without support from end to end, at a height of one hundred feet, was laughed at as sheer madness. There were plenty of people who knew that its own weight would break it, and thousands who would see the whole world through it before they went. The work, however, went on. On the 15th of June, 1846, the first stone of the Conway tubular bridge was laid, and by the end of October, 1848, the two tubes were in use for traffic. The whole expenditure was £145,190. There was therefore an end of doubt. True, the Conway tube was but 400 feet clear in length, and each tube of the Britannia bridge would be 460. It was but 18 feet above the water, and the Britannia would be raised to more than 100 feet. Still, the problem of the bridge was practically solved; its strength tested; it was a covered roadway, through which the trains crossed that 400 feet on as firm a road as when the rails were laid on level ground. At the Menai, therefore, the work also went cheerfully and deliberately on. The first stone of the tower was laid without ceremony of any kind, on the 21st of September, 1846. The first rivet of the Britannia tubes was driven on the 10th of August, 1847. The first tube, which, set on end, would stretch 107 feet above the top of the cross of St. Paul's, was floated on the 20th of June, 1849, Messrs. Locke and Brunel, eager for this triumph of their common art, being there to guide it, in the presence of ten thousand people, to its place at the base of the towers. On the 25th of July, 1850, the last tube was floated, and on the 21st of October, 1850, the double line of way was opened to public traffic, at a total cost of £601,865. The bridge now prac-

tically consists of two tubes, each of more than a quarter of a mile in length, and weighing together upwards of 10,000 tons. The trains speed through at unslackened pace, as if it were a tunnel through solid rock on land, and not a hundred feet in air above the roaring sea. These tubes, in strengthening angle pieces and framework alone, contain 65 miles of iron; the entire structure is made of 186,000 separate pieces, through which are 7,000,000 holes; the plates are clasped together by 2,000,000 rivets, clenched by red heat, and which, as they cooled, by their contraction drew the plates together to the firmness of a solid piece. The enormous tunnel that scarcely stirs to the heaviest trains, stretches itself as it basks in the warmth of the noonday sun, gathers itself back under the chill of night, bends towards every gleam of sunshine, and shrinks from every passing cloud. The severest storm does not cause the tubes to vibrate more than a quarter of an inch, and the heaviest trains deflect them about three-tenths of an inch. These, and other interesting results, as indicating the safe working of the machine, are read by means of self-registering thermometers, placed under lock and key in mahogany cases, and protected by plate-glass. The effect of two trains passing at the same time through the parallel tubes, resembles distant thunder.

Conway, 224 miles from London, and 40 from Holyhead, is famous for its magnificent castle erected by Edward I. It is built upon a rock washed on two sides by the river Conway, and is of an oblong form flanked by eight embattled towers. It now belongs to the Marquis of Hertford. At the mouth of the river is the Great Orme's Head, a mass of hard limestone, which contains copper ore, and is 673 feet high.

Bangor, 9 miles from Caernarvon, 25 from Holyhead, and 238 from London, is of such antiquity as a town, that its origin is involved in great obscurity. The cathedral is a very plain building, quite in the common Gothic style of the fifteenth century, and situated so low in a hollow that the houses in the town reach above its roof. Nowhere, however, could a city be posited with a better command of the convenient and the picturesque. It is charmingly placed

in a pleasing vale, bounded on the south by lofty and precipitous rocks, and having at the eastern extremity a fine opening towards the adjacent straits of the Menai. The beautiful bay of Beaumaris, bordered on the opposite side by the rocky shores of Anglesea, affords also an extensive view, and the neighbourhood comprehends a variety of pleasing and romantic scenery, which, in many parts, is characterised by features of the most striking grandeur. It chiefly consists of one principal street, from which others branch off on the north side, and there are some smaller streets on the acclivity of an eminence near the sea. The bridge across the Menai Straits, designed by Telford, and executed at a cost of nearly £200,000, was opened January 30, 1826, when the first vehicle allowed to cross it was the London and Holyhead mail, on its way downward, about half-past one in the morning. Of a vast span and an immense height from the water, it is only by a close view that the combined elegance and strength displayed in its construction become fully apparent. Beaumaris, the county town of Anglesea, is four miles from Bangor.

The romantic beauties of Wales, the purity of the air, and the constant change of objects, so conducive to the health of those who have been long pent up in towns and cities, have long attracted tourists in this direction, and various places along its coast have been selected as stations during a summer excursion. One of the best frequented of these—Tenby and Swansea alone excepted—is *Aberystwith*, on the coast of Cardiganshire, situated on a bold eminence, overhanging the sea, at the junction of the Ystwith and the Rhydol. The castle—its chief lion—was built by Gilbert de Strongbow, in the reign of Henry I., and now a mere ruin, is throned upon a projection of slate rock, protecting the town on the sea side, while on the other it commands the entire estuary of the two rivers, meeting at their point of confluence. Northward of the castle is a level beach, some hundred yards in length, to which succeeds a long range of slate rocks, worn into caverns and recesses by the dashing of the waves. Among the ruins is the favourite promenade, which, from its elevation, commands

a magnificent view of the whole line of coast that forms Cardigan Bay. Nearly in the middle of this bay Aberystwith is seated, whence may be seen to the north a long irregular line, formed at first by the projecting coast of Merioneth, and then continued out to sea by the long mountainous promontory of Carnarvon, terminated by the isle of Bardsey. There is no station southward of Carnarvonshire from which the Welsh Alps may be so advantageously seen as from Aberystwith Castle, or some of the surrounding cliffs. The lofty hills which bound the estuary of the Dovey, and raise their broad backs far above the Cardigan rocks, are surmounted by Cader Idris and its subject cliffs. These are overtopped by the giant mountains of Carnarvonshire, among which, in clear weather, the sharp peak of Snowdon itself may be discerned pre-eminent above the neighbouring crags. This wide expanse of water, diversified by numerous steamers and vessels in every direction—some steering out for different ports in the bay, some farther out at sea, slowly shaping their course for Liverpool, Bristol, or Irish havens, while others, almost stationary, are busily employed in fishing—affords a varied and pleasant panorama of marine scenery. Pont ar Fynach, or the Devil's Bridge, is not more than twelve miles distant. Aberystwith has two arrivals and dispatches of letters daily—the arrivals being at 11 a.m. and 4 p.m., and the dispatches 9 50 a.m. and 8 p.m.

Tenby, on the coast of Pembrokeshire, and eleven miles east from Pembroke itself, was at a very remote period occupied by the ancient Britons as a fishing town, and is most romantically situated on the eastern and southern sides of a rocky peninsula, stretching out into the Bristol Channel, and rising to the elevation of 100 feet above the level of high water. The houses are well built, and command fine views of the sea; and the beautiful situation of the town, the fine beach, and firm and smooth sands, the transparency of the sea water, and the pleasant walks and extensive drives in the vicinity, have raised it from the decline into which it had for many years previously fallen to a high rank among the most favourite watering-places on the coast. Under the Castle-hill

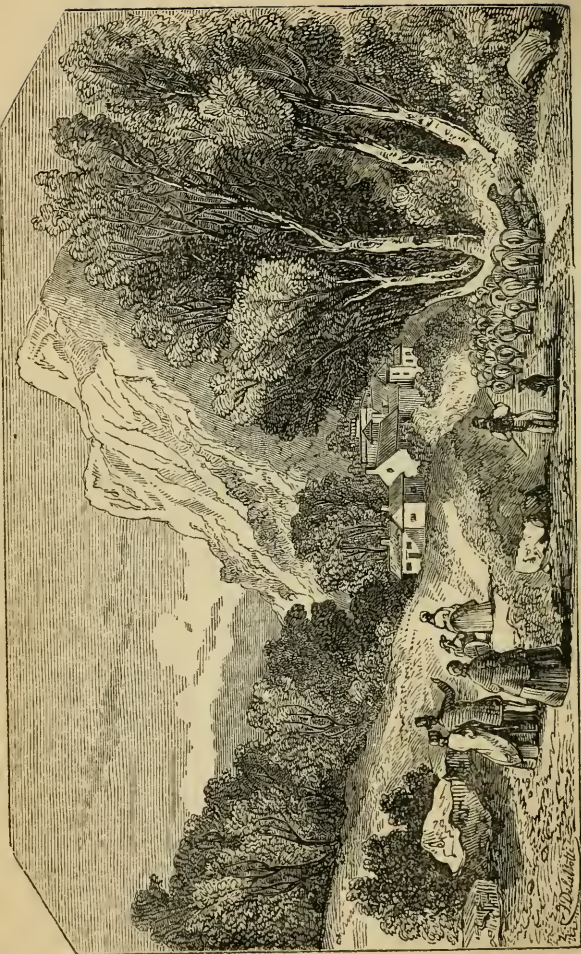
baths, provided with every convenience, are supplied by a capacious reservoir, filled from the sea at every tide. This establishment comprises two spacious pleasure-baths, one for ladies and one for gentlemen, four smaller cold-baths, and also a range of warm sea-water and vapour-baths, with apparatus for heating them to any degree of temperature required. The surrounding scenery is extremely beautiful and picturesque. The majestic masses of rock, of various forms and hues, which line the coast; the numerous bays and distant promontories, that stretch out into the sea; the receding coast of Carmarthenshire, with the projecting headland of Gower enclosing the great bay of Carmarthen, on the western boundary of which the town is situated; the small islands of Caldey and Lundy, with the distant shores of Somersetshire and Devonshire, combine to impart a high degree of interest and variety to one of the finest marine expanses in the kingdom. On one side of the town there is a drive of eleven miles to the ancient town of Pembroke, through a fine champaign country, studded with churches, villages, and gentlemen's seats, surrounded with plantations and pleasure-grounds, and on the other the country is agreeably diversified with swelling eminences, clothed with verdure, and small valleys richly wooded. The remains of the ancient castle are considerable, though in a very dilapidated condition. A portion of the keep still remains, and the principal gateway, with a square tower and a bastion, are also in a tolerable state of preservation. The ancient walls, which surrounded the town, are still in many places entire. The sands afford delightful promenades, and abound also with shells of varied descriptions, not less than one-half of the British collection of 600 varieties having been found on this coast, among which have been several of value commonly esteemed foreign. The church is a venerable and spacious structure, dating as far back as the year 1250. There is constant steam communication with Bristol. Post-office arrangements:—Letters delivered 8 30 a.m.; box closes 10 p.m.

Swansea—called by the Welsh *Abertawy*, from its situation at the mouth of the river Tawe or Tawy, which here discharges its waters into the great bay of Swansea, in the Bristol

Channel—derived its original appellation of *Swansea* from the number of porpoises which formerly frequented this part of the coast. Beautifully and advantageously situated between two lofty hills on the western bank of the river, and at the head of a noble bay, to which it gives name, extending upwards of nine miles in breadth, it is thus completely sheltered from the most unfavourable winds. Within the last twenty years considerable additions have been made to the town, several new streets having been formed and numerous detached houses erected. The sands are firm, smooth, and level, presenting a pleasant and interesting marine promenade, and the salubrity of the air, the scenic charms of the environs, and the excellent accommodations furnished to visitors for a very moderate cost, have long rendered it a favourite place of summer resort for sea-bathing. Races take place annually on the Cremlyn Burrows, and are continued for two days, and regattas, balls, concerts, and dramatic performances, make the season a very lively one. Here, too, as at Tenby, is a castle situated on an eminence, now nearly in the centre of the town, but so surrounded is it by buildings, that little more can be seen than a lofty circular tower. From the summit an extensive view can be obtained over the bay of Swansea and the adjacent country. To the east of this tower will be found remains of the ancient state apartments, distinguished by the elegant open parapet, said to be the work of Bishop Gower. Near the town is a chalybeate spring called Swansea Spa, now little frequented, but formerly much resorted to on account of the highly medicinal qualities of the water. Within six miles of the town, and on the Caswell Rocks, by the coast, there is a remarkably fine spring, which, though always overflowed by the sea at high water, retains not the slightest saline admixture on its retiring. It may be interesting to remind the tourist that here, in 1673, at a house in Goat-street, was born Beau Nash, who, after having filled the office at Bath of Master of the Ceremonies, with so much dignified urbanity and scrupulous impartiality, there died in the year 1760, and was honoured with a public funeral in the abbey church of that city. The packets leave Bristol for

Swansea every day, at moderate fares; and in fine weather the voyage is delightful. From Swansea to Lwchyr is seven miles; Port-ar-Dalas, nine; Neath, eight; Britton Ferry, five; Cardiff, thirty-nine; Carmarthen, twenty-six. An excursion may be advantageously made from Swansea to the remarkable district of Gower or Gwyr, the south-west portion of which is inhabited by a colony of Flemings, who settled there in the reign of Henry I. They do not understand the Welsh language, are distinguished by their dialect and dress, and rarely intermarry with the Welsh.

INLAND WATERING-PLACES.



MATLOCK BATH, DERBYSHIRE.

INLAND WATERING-PLACES:
BEING A GLANCE AT THE SPAS OF
BATH, BUXTON, CHELTENHAM, CLIFTON,
HARROGATE, LEAMINGTON, MAL-
VERN, MATLOCK, AND TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

To render our survey of the watering places of England complete, we have thought it advisable to give a sketch, in addition, of those inland resorts which are likely to be visited as places of summer sojourn, either on account of the beauty of their scenery, or the curative agencies of the mineral waters which have brought them into popularity. These are arranged alphabetically, to assist reference.

Bath, 107 miles distant by railway from London, has the distinction of dating back its foundation to the very earliest periods of English history; Julius Agricola having, on the very site of the present pump-room, erected, seventeen centuries ago, a magnificent temple to Minerva. The modern city is one of the finest in England, with a population of 50,000, and occupies a delightful situation in a valley divided by the river Avon. The surrounding country is well wooded, whilst, from the sheltered position, the temperature of the vale is mild. Mansions of aristocratic appearance are scattered in all directions, and ample streets, groves, and crescents, lined with stately stone edifices, and intersected by squares and gardens, give a grandeur to the beauty and liveliness of the prospect that few provincial cities can boast. The Pump-room is a handsome building, near the Abbey. The hot springs are four in number, and, with the exception of one belonging to Lord Manners, are vested in the corporation. The following is the temperature:—Hot Bath, 117° ; King's Bath, 114° ; and Cross Bath, 109° of Fahrenheit. The King's Bath is an oblong square, sixty-six feet by forty-one, environed by a stone parapet. The bath is about four feet

and a half deep, and contains when full 314 tons of water. It is transparent when it flows from the earth, but in a short time it is clouded and deposits a slight precipitate. For public bathers there are two large open baths, and a tepid bath, sixty feet long and twenty broad. These baths are emptied every night. The taste is slightly saline, but not disagreeable. Taken internally the water acts as a stimulant, but should never be drunk without proper medical advice. In nervous, bilious, rheumatic, and gouty disorders, it has been frequently found very serviceable. Close to the Baths will be seen the Cathedral, or Abbey Church, considered the last and purest specimen we have of Gothic ecclesiastic architecture. From its centre rises a fine tower 162 feet high. It was founded by Bishop King in 1495, but was not finished till 1582. It has been lately much improved. In the east end of the church Prior Birde's Chapel presents a beautiful specimen of tracery. Among the numerous monuments should not be overlooked those to Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary general; Quin, the actor; Beau Nash; and Dr. Haweis, one of the founders of the Church Missionary Society. There are twenty-four churches and chapels belonging to the Established Church, and sixteen Dissenting chapels. The Assembly Rooms are among the finest in the kingdom; and no city can show such a fine collection of Roman antiquities as there are displayed in the Bath Literary and Scientific Institution. Its best buildings—such as the Upper Rooms, the north side of Queen's Square, and the Crescent and Circus—were built about the middle of the last century. The Guildhall is in the High-street; and behind is the Market-place. In literary and philosophical societies, charitable institutions, and buildings for educational purposes, Bath is not excelled by any city in the west. Hotels and taverns of every grade, to meet the requisition of every purse, are plentifully distributed through the streets, and are moderate in their charge and excellent in their accommodation. The races take place in September, on Lansdowne Level. The favourite promenade is the South Parade, commanding an advantageous view of Claverton Hill, Beechen Cliff, and a

distant prospect agreeably interrupted by a chain of hills, covered with wood. The environs are enriched with some very pretty hamlets and villages, and the walks thither will leave many a pleasant picture vividly impressed on the memory of the pedestrian.

Buxton, to which the Ambergate Station of the North Midland line is the nearest railway approach, thence continued by a branch line through Matlock, is situated in the midst of one of the most picturesque parts of Derbyshire. The crescent is the principal building at Buxton. It was erected by the late Duke of Devonshire, and has three stories, the lowest of which forms a colonnade. The whole crescent, extending 257 feet, is chiefly occupied by hotels, of which the largest are the Great Hotel and St. Ann's. Immediately opposite the hotel, and at the western angle of the hill, is St. Ann's well. The spring has been in use for centuries. The water is clear and tasteless, and possesses a stimulating property. There is a public bath for each sex, and two private plunge baths for gentlemen and two for ladies. The temperature of the water at the spring is 82 degrees Fahrenheit. The slight sensation of chilliness experienced on first entering the bath is soon succeeded by an agreeable feeling of warmth, and on coming out, most persons find themselves refreshed and invigorated. Chronic gout and rheumatism are the principal disorders for which the course is usually taken. The bracing nature of the climate is, however, not the least efficacious of the remedial agents. The church, situated not far from the crescent, is neat and commodious. Opposite are the large stables of the Duke of Devonshire, built at a cost of £120,000. About a mile from Buxton is the cavern called Pool's Hole, a magnet sufficiently potent of itself to attract crowds of tourists. The various singular forms in the cave have each their peculiar names; large stalactites are everywhere hanging from the roof, and the water is continually rushing past beside the feet of the spectators. Queen Mary's pillar, so called from a visit that unfortunate queen made to the cavern during her sojourn at Buxton, is a lofty column formed by nature to support the roof, and is scratched with names innumerable.

On account of the rapid transitions of temperature, and the bleakness of position, Buxton is more frequented during the summer months than at later periods of the year. Two miles from Buxton is the Diamond Hill, where the Buxton diamonds are found, and close by is a tower built by the Duke of Devonshire. There are various places in the vicinity that deserve a visit, such as Chee Tor, a huge mass of limestone rising above 300 feet perpendicular; Miller's Dale; Cresbrook; Monsal Dale; Ashford; Axe Edge, from which, in clear weather, the mountains of North Wales may be seen; and the Ebbing Well, situated five miles from Buxton, on the Castleford Road. Buxton is 160 miles from London, 10 miles from Macclesfield, 12 miles from Leek, 16 miles from Congleton, and 23 from Manchester, with which places coaches are in daily communication.

Cheltenham, now brought by the railway within a three hours' ride from London, is delightfully situated in the midst of an amphitheatre of hills, and has a population of 35,000. The germ of the foundation and popularity of the town originated in the mineral springs of the Royal Old Wells, the avenue of which is now an object of deserved attraction from its extent and symmetry. Protected on the north and east by the Cotswold hills, the climate in winter is generally mild, though in July and August the heat is felt to be oppressive. Its surface is elevated about 165 feet above Gloucester, and the funnel shape of the valley, with a large river in its centre, elicits currents of air, which ventilate the atmosphere and contribute to the purity and salubrity of the town. The High-street is three-quarters of a mile in length. To the right are the squares and streets communicating with the Pittville district, the grounds of which are laid out with great taste, and are terminated at the upper part by a splendid Pump-room, with portico, and surmounted by a dome whence a varied panorama may be obtained. To the left is the colonnade leading to the promenade-terrace, at the end of which is the Queen's Hotel, the Montpelier Spa, and Rotunda Pump-room, with the Lansdowne-crescent more elevated beyond. The Assembly Rooms are situated in the High-street, and here the

most fashionable amusements are provided. The sacred edifices are numerous ; St. Mary's, the parish church, is worthy of remark for its antiquity, and the more modern structure of Christchurch for the extreme neatness of its architecture. The parks and gardens about the town have much picturesque beauty, and are open throughout the year for a trifling fee, being besides the scene at intervals of numerous fêtes and floricultural shows. The Cheltenham springs are exclusively employed internally, and are chiefly impregnated with muriate and sulphate of soda. Besides the saline springs there are two chalybeate, which have the well-known dark-coloured look and disagreeable inky taste. Those of a plethoric or irritable habit have often derived much benefit from their use. By procuring a ticket of admission, a choice collection of paintings can be seen at Thurlestone House, the residence of Lord Northwick, a nobleman long celebrated for his fine taste and artistic judgment. The town derives its name from a small stream called the Chelt, which is a tributary to the Severn. Around are scattered some interesting villages, which afford pleasant excursions when the attractions of Cheltenham itself are exhausted. Cheltenham is 119 miles from London, 46 from Birmingham, and 7 from Gloucester.

Clifton, a beautiful suburb of Bristol, from which it is about a mile distant, is chiefly built on the southern acclivity of a steep hill or cliff, which has given rise to its appellation. The highly romantic and picturesque country in the midst of which it is situated, provides on every side the most varied and extensive prospects. On the opposite shore of the Avon, the richly cultivated lands of Somersetshire present themselves, rising gradually from the verge of the river to the summit of Dundry hill. In some places the rocks, venerably majestic, rise perpendicularly, or overhanging precipices craggy and bare, and in others they are crowned with verdure of the most luxuriant description. The walks and rides are varied and interesting, the air is dry and bracing, and the vicinity of two such animated places as Bristol and Bath, give the resident at any time the opportunity of rapidly exchanging his solitude for society. The "Hot Wells," where "pale-

eyed suppliants drink, and soon flies pain," are beautifully situated beneath the rocks looking on the river, along the banks of which a fine carriage-road leads from the well round the rocks to Clifton Down, but a readier and more picturesque mode of access is furnished by an easy serpentine path winding up among the cliffs behind the Hot Wells. Pieces of the rock, when broken, have much the appearance of a dark red marble, and when struck by a substance of corresponding hardness, emit a strong sulphurous smell. In the fissures of these rocks are found those fine crystals, usually called Bristol diamonds, which are so hard as to cut glass and sustain the action of fire. The spring has been known for many centuries, but it was not till 1690 that it was enclosed by the corporation of Bristol. There is now a neat pump-room with hot and cold baths. The temperature of the spring, which yields forty gallons a minute, is 76° Fahrenheit. As at Bath and Buxton, the predominating constituents are the salts of lime. When drawn into a glass, the water emits a few bubbles of carbonic-acid gas, and for various conditions of deranged health it is found to be a potent restorative. The range of buildings called York Crescent, affords an agreeable southern aspect, but the elevated situation leaves the houses much exposed to high winds. The Mall, the Parade, and Cornwallis Crescent furnish excellent accommodation to visitors, and, according to their respective differences of position, yield a sheltered winter or an open airy summer residence. The most prevalent winds are those from the west and south-east. Rain frequently falls, but from the absorbent nature of the soil, the ground quickly dries. The giant's cave is contained within the upper beds of the limestone in St. Vincent's Rocks. The cavern opens on the precipitous escarpment of the rock, at a height of about 250 feet above the river, and sixty feet below or to the west of the observatory. A rude and broken ledge extends from the north-eastern summit of the rock downwards to within twenty feet of the opening, across which space none but an expert cragsman would venture to pass. The environs of Clifton are replete with scenery of the most enchanting description.

Harrogate, twenty miles from York, fifteen from Leeds and three from Knaresborough, has a resident population of about five thousand, but during the season which continues from the beginning of June to the end of October, the visitors alone are more than double that amount. High and Low Harrogate are half-a-mile distant from each other, and as far as matters parochial are concerned, form two distinct villages, whose line of division, two brooks, is not obvious to the eye. The former is in the parish of Knaresborough, the latter of Pannal; but a more singular distinction was made until Ripon was formed into a bishopric, for then the villages were under the jurisdiction of two different episcopacies, the See of Chester, and the See of York. Dr. Hunter divides the Harrogate springs into four classes, such as springs impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas and saline matter; saline chalybeate springs; pure chalybeate; and springs containing earthy salts with little iron and no sulphuretted hydrogen. The "*Tewit well*" is on the common, to the east side of the Brunswick Hotel, and near the road to Leeds. The "*Sweet Spa*" was discovered in 1631, some years after, and occupies a more commanding position. It is now the chief chalybeate. In 1766, Lord Loughborough erected a stone canopy over the spring, which was removed in 1842, when the present neat building was substituted. The "*Old Sulphur Wells*" drew attention to the spot in the first part of the seventeenth century. In 1842 the commissioners enclosed the springs and erected an octagonal pump-room of ample dimensions and appropriate decoration. That this, however, might not interfere with the claims of those who could not afford a trifling gratuity to the attendant, a pump is placed without the walls available to the public, with only such restrictions as are necessary for the preservation of the water. The "*Montpellier Sulphur Well*" is private property and an appurtenance to the Crown Hotel. It was found in 1822, and is enclosed together with the saline chalybeate pump connected with the spring at a short distance, in an octagonal apartment decorated after the Chinese style. A trifling subscription gives the public the benefit of the springs, and entitles them besides

to admission in the pleasure-grounds adjoining. The "*Knaresborough or Starbeck Spa*" is situated midway between Harrogate and Knaresborough, and is about 200 yards from the roadside. Though known as a sulphur spring at an early period, it was not until 1822 that the inhabitants of Knaresborough erected a neat and appropriate building over it with a suite of baths, and a residence for the attendant. To delicate constitutions it has often afforded relief when stronger remedies have failed. The "*Saline Chalybeate or Royal Cheltenham Pump-room*," contains the properties of a tonic, aperient, and alterative spring. It was found by Mr. Oddy, in 1819, whilst searching for sulphur water to supply the baths. In 1835, the original little pump-room was superseded by the present splendid building, which affords a pleasant promenade and a library for the literary lounge. Balls and concerts are frequently given here throughout the season. "*Harlow Carr*" springs are situated in Harlow Carr, a small but picturesque valley about a mile from the Brunswick Hotel, and beyond the tower on the road from Harrogate to Otley. There are several springs both of sulphur and chalybeate water in the grounds, but three only of the former, and one of the latter quality are at present used. There is a comfortable inn adjoining, built in the Elizabethan style, which commands an agreeable prospect. A suite of ten baths, either for hot or cold water, have also also been provided in a detached building, with every requisite convenience for the accommodation of visitors. There are a few other springs of minor importance in Low Harrogate, and numerous bathing establishments for those who are advised to try their remedial effects. The hotels are numerous. The "Queen's" was erected first, and as early as 1687, and the Dragon, Granby, White Hart, and Crown Hotels, may also be mentioned as among the principal. There are besides numerous boarding and lodging houses, offering every comfort to visitors. Amusements are not wanting; there is a race-course, laid out in 1793, and libraries and collections in natural history to beguile the leisure of the studiously disposed. Those delighting in fine prospects should not omit visiting the lofty tower erected on Harlow

hill, in 1829, by Mr. Thompson, of High Harrogate. It occupies a lofty acclivity about a mile from Low Harrogate, and though placed at an altitude of 596 feet above the level of the sea, is not difficult of ascent. The tower is 100 feet high, and presents a magnificent panorama of the surrounding country on a clear day. To assist the vision there are seven mounted telescopes, of great optical power, placed at the summit. To give some idea of the amazing extent of the view afforded, it may be mentioned that when the atmosphere is favourable, the Peak, in Derbyshire, is distinctly visible, and the tower of a church in Hull may be seen, though the latter is distant sixty miles. The enjoyment of a sojourn at Harrogate would be incomplete without an excursion to the principal places of attraction in the vicinity. Among these, the ruins of Fountain's Abbey and the enchanting grounds of Studley Royal will afford a delightful scene for a day's pilgrimage. Brinham Rocks, Hackfall, Bolton Priory, and the fine old city of Ripon, with its Cathedral, will also be found eminently worthy of notice as lying within the easy compass of a ride from Harrogate, and enabling the visitor to return before nightfall.

Leamington, two miles from the ancient county town of Warwick, and of easy access from London by a short branch line from the North Western Railway, is pleasantly situated in one of the finest parts of Warwickshire. The road from Warwick passes over a neat stone bridge of one arch, thrown across the Avon, and affords a charming view of the castle, with the ruined bridge and waterfall. Leamington principally consists of two streets, crossing each other in the centre of the town, and being both of spacious dimensions and animated appearance. The squares, terraces, and detached villas all exhibit evidence of substantial respectability, and occupy eligible positions. The Assembly Rooms and the Parthenon are places favourably known and frequented for the fashionable balls and concerts given therein, and during the hunting and racing season the lovers of the turf throng here in vast numbers. The temperature is mild and equable, and the salubrity of the air especially recommends Leamington as a desirable place of resi-

dence for invalids. The springs all lie within a short distance of the Leam Bridge. The Old Well is the one most frequented. Opposite is Goold's Spring and Baths. Curtis's Well adjoins the Royal Parade; it contains less muriate of soda, but more muriate of magnesia than the others. Near the bridge, also, are the Victoria Well and Pump-room, and on the opposite side the Royal Spa and Pump-room, with the baths and promenade adjacent. Lee's Wells are also, the one a sulphurous, the other a saline chalybeate. The surrounding country is full of interest. The ruins of Kenilworth are only six miles distant, and nearer still is Warwick Castle, where may be seen the celebrated Warwick Vase, found in the ruins of Hadrian's Villa, at Tivoli, and purchased from Sir William Hamilton by the Earl of Warwick, in 1774. It is formed of white marble and will contain 163 gallons. Guy's Cliff, the traditionary retreat of the great Guy, Earl of Warwick, will also amply repay a visit. By the line of the North Western Railway, Leamington is 103 miles from London.

Malvern, always attractive to the tourist from the beautiful scenery by which it is environed, has recently sprung into great and deserved repute, on account of the large hydropathic establishments that have been here carried on with considerable success. It is situated on the sloping side of one of the Malvern Hills, the highest point of which, 1,300 feet above the plain, commands an extensive prospect over Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, and a part of Wales. The Vale of Evesham, with the winding Severn, lies beneath, and the ancient city of Worcester is but eight miles distant. Hotels and boarding-houses are numerous, and every arrangement that can conduce to the comfort of visitors will be found here in perfection. The air, as may be imagined from the advantageous situation, is extremely pure, and in the summer, deliciously cool and invigorating. There are two wells resorted to by invalids, one called St. Ann's Well, which is a little distance above the village of Great Malvern; the other, called "the Holy Well," is about a mile and a half upon the road towards Little Malvern and Ledbury. Both springs are situated some distance on the acclivity of the hill, and are but

slightly mineralised, and scarcely tepid. The walks, rides, and drives in the vicinity are of great and varied beauty, and materially contribute to the restoration or preservation of the health of visitors. Around the base of the hill called the Herefordshire Beacon, is a double entrenchment from six to twelve feet deep, dug by Gilbert, Earl of Gloucester, as a boundary between his portion of Malvern Chase and that belonging to the Bishop of Hereford.

Matlock is about 17 miles north of Derby, and 144 from London, being now easily reached by the branch line from the Ambergate station of the North Midland Railway. The village of Matlock is two miles north of the Bath, which is the great attraction to the spot, and is surrounded by some of the loveliest scenery in Derbyshire. There are numerous hotels and excellent lodging-houses, some of them situated hundreds of feet above the turnpike-road, in the most romantic situations imaginable. The springs are scarcely tepid, the temperature being no more than 68° of Fahrenheit, and possessing qualities little differing from those of ordinary spring water. Semi-natural caverns and old worn-out mines offer attractions to the curious on every hand; boats on the lovely Derwent, which flows through the dell, parallel with the road, attract visitors to glide on its bosom; the tepid springs supply commodious plunging and swimming baths, and the charges are reasonable for all that can be required by a sojourner in this favoured spot. Entering from the south, and looking to the right, Willersley Castle is seen, a noble mansion belonging to the Arkwright family. The cotton mill opposite, driven by the river, was the first undertaking of the kind for which the Arkwright patent for the manufacture of cotton by machinery was obtained. The extensive grounds are thrown open to the public two days in every week. Among the curiosities of the place are the petrifying spring and the Cumberland and Rutland basins. The spring which is opposite to the old bath covers everything that is immersed in it with a crust of stone. Some remarkable specimens are shown to visitors. Within the compass of a few miles many attractive places will be found eminently provocative of excursions. On Riber Hill, near

the church, are the Hirst Stones, probably the remains of a cromlech, consisting of four rude masses of gritstone; one of which, supposed to weigh about two tons, is placed on the others, and has in the centre a hole six inches deep, and nine inches in diameter, in which was formerly a stone pillar.

delightful excursion may be made from Matlock to Dove-dale, thirteen miles distant, through scenery of the most romantic description. Then there is Chatsworth, the fine seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and justly named the Palace of the Peak; Haddon Hall, the finest specimen of a baronial hall in existence; Hardwick Hall, Alton Towers, the residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury; Newstead Abbey, of Byronic memory; and, above all, the Great Peak cavern at Castleton, above the entrance to which is the fine ruin of the castle belonging to the Peverils of the Peak. Any one of these, apart from the delights of Matlock itself, would be found sufficient to repay the traveller for a trip from town.

Tunbridge Wells, brought by the South Eastern Railway into rapid communication with the metropolis, is, with the exception of Bath, the most ancient of the inland watering places. Nature has eminently favoured it by the salubrity of its air, the potency of its mineral springs, and the adjacent appendages of romantic and agreeable scenery. Dudley Lord North, a young nobleman of the court of James I., whilst on a visit to Eridge House, happened to taste the waters, and these renovating a constitution impaired by too much indulgence, caused him to bring the place into fashionable repute. From that time visitors gradually increased, streets were laid out, lodging-houses built, and now, though the caprice of fashion has somewhat depreciated the fame of our own spas, Tunbridge Wells may still boast a large share of patronage in the season, which extends from May till November. The town, which contains a population of about 10,000, is built upon a sandy soil, and is divided into four districts, called respectively Mount Ephraim, Mount Pleasant, Mount Sion, and the Wells. The houses are chiefly detached villas, with lawns in front and large gardens in the rear. Those that are situated on the mounts have extensive views that combine hill and

dale, forests and fields, commons, meadows, and corn lands, with a large tract of hop-grounds. The drinking spring rises at the end of the Parade, which has a row of trees on one side, and a colonnade with shops on the other. The water is a strong chalybeate, and possesses a great tonic power. The climate is congenial, and the air upon the downs has a fine bracing and exhilarating property. There is almost perfect immunity from fog, and being sheltered from the north-east winds by the north downs, the temperature throughout the winter is pleasant and equable. Crowborough Common, at the Beacon, seven miles from the Wells, stands at an elevation of 800 feet above the level of the sea. The inns and boarding-houses are generally of a superior description. About a mile and a half south-west of the town are some rocks of considerable height, surrounded with wood, which are much admired by visitors. The manufacture of wooden toys and articles of domestic use, long celebrated as "Tunbridge ware," is still carried on here to a considerable extent, and was formerly the principal produce of the place. Tunbridge Wells is forty-six miles from London by railway. Excursions may be made to Penshurst, five miles distant; Bridge Castle, two miles distant; Hever, seven miles distant; and Bayham Abbey, the seat of the Marquis of Camden, six miles distant, the ruins being exceedingly picturesque. The modern mansion is in the Gothic style. The principal inns at Tunbridge Wells are the Royal Sussex Hotel, the Caverley, Ephraim, Kentish, and the Castle.



CONCLUSION.

THUS far have we sought to gossip the reader into pleasant acquaintance with the most admired and characteristic features of the watering-places of our English coast, and in so doing we have aimed at imparting to the drier details of mere topographical description something of that discursive tone which those who love to ramble by the shore would desire to

find in a chatty companion. We give utterance to only a trite truth—universally felt but seldom acted upon—when we state that the greater part of the pleasure derived from a trip to a watering-place is generally lost from the want of some congenial guide to describe the prominent attractions of the spot, and indicate the proper points for excursions to the environs. It is such a want that, as far as in us lies, we have endeavoured to supply. The tourist, with this book in his hand, can ramble out alone, and be certain that he misses no object of interest from not knowing where to seek for it. He can, from this, learn beforehand the nature of the climate, the best means of travelling, what he ought to see when arrived, and—no slight trouble saved—he can ascertain without further inquiry when and where to post his letters. An old city is full, from one corner to the other, of sights on which antiquity has written its legends, and described its moral emblems, with the fingers of a philosopher. We are continually treading upon the site of some dwelling which a patriot or a poet consecrated by his residence within; the roof of an hospital or almshouse every now and then meets the eye, reminding us of the religious charity of men who sought no other monument to make themselves remembered but deeds of love; and besides these, there are streets through which one may walk from sunrise till sundown, and call up from the very names of them a thousand images of bygone celebrities, now only chronicled in history, romance, or biography. Within the last three or four years, people have been enabled—thanks to the railways and the organisation of “cheap pleasure-trips”—to indulge in that novelty of scene which is so natural to the human mind, and to travel to distances which their forefathers had neither the time nor the money to undertake. To the traveller of limited means no place within the limits of the three kingdoms can be really considered inaccessible. Once a year, if not oftener, he may make choice of a place to visit; he may bathe in the sea, or climb the mountain-top, or wander amid scenes celebrated for their associations or attractive from their natural loveliness. The flattering encouragement bestowed upon this attempt to depict the beauties of the sunny

shores of Albion, calls for the most grateful acknowledgment; and with the hope that the summer saunterings of the reader may secure for him the blessing of health and the patronage of this little volume, we now commend him to the attractive companionship of the coast, and leave him to the full enjoyment of its marine pleasures.

LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

COME write in my album—the favour I ask
 Is neither a great nor a difficult task ;
 A verse—though I think you might manage a page,
 For never was known so prolific an age ;
 From the prince to the peasant, all rhyme at their ease,
 And poets are thick as the leaves on the trees.

Your subject may be—just whatever you choose,
 I shall not put the slightest restraint on your Muse ;
 To the regions of fancy her pinions may soar,
 On the waves of the ocean or sands of the shore ;
 To its caverns below, or the blue sky above,
 Or the theme may be chivalry, beauty, and love.

Then write in my album—and oft as the eye
 Shall meet the fond record of years long gone by,
 Though oceans may part us, or lands may divide,
 Still fancy will bring back those friends to our side :
 In a tear shall the mem'ry of friendship be told,
 Though the hand that hath trac'd it be nerveless and cold.

D. W.

APPENDIX.

CONTAINING A

Full and Graphic Description

OF

GUERNSEY, JERSEY, THE CHANNEL ISLANDS,

AND

THE ISLE OF MAN.

ANNE

8

ADAMS'S GUIDE MAPS TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS & I. OF MAN.

JERSEY

English Miles

GUERNSEY

English Miles

ALDERNEY

English Miles

ISLE OF MAN

English Miles

GUERNSEY, JERSEY, AND THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

GUERNSEY.



ALTHOUGH not ranking among the watering-places of England, the Channel Islands have lately been so much resorted to as agreeable destinations for a summer excursion, and in such rising estimation are they held as a favourite resort for either a temporary or a permanent residence, that without the best and



latest information as to the chief transactions and society to be found therein, we should feel that our pretensions to a complete companionship to the coast would be materially lessened by the omission. We propose to give such a cycloramic pic-

ture of each, that the tourist may be spared the necessity of encumbering himself with any other guide.

Guernsey lies thirteen miles west of Jersey, seven west of Sark, and fifteen south-west of Alderney. The distance from Plymouth is seventy-one miles, and from Southampton 104. The chains of rocks lying east and west between these islands and the coast of Normandy appear to be the remnants of an ancient connexion with the mainland. It is of a triangular form, about nine miles long and six in its greatest breadth; its circumference, following the sinuosities of the coast, being about thirty-nine English miles. The southern shore of the island, and a small part of the eastern, is a bold and continuous cliff, rising from the sea perpendicularly to the height of 270 feet. The land slopes gradually to the north, till it subsides in a low flat, not much above the level of the sea: this is the most fertile part of the island. Half a dozen brooks, the greatest of which has not a course of more than three miles, descend into the bays. The island is wholly of granite formation, and the soil which lies between its clustered rocks is an accumulation of decomposed syenite.

Nearly in the centre of the east side of the island is a long curve or irregular bay, in which lies the town of St. Peter's Port. As St. Helier's, in Jersey, has its rock in the harbour with Elizabeth Castle, so St. Peter's Port has its rock with Castle Cornet. Both formerly were the residences of the respective governors of the islands. Like Mont Orgueil, Castle Cornet is a very ancient fortification, and many are the stories of its memorable sieges recounted in the local histories. The castle is at present in a tolerable state of repair, mounts some cannon, and is garrisoned by a regiment of soldiers; but though there are some good houses and strong works within, it is not, in the modern acceptation of the word, a formidable fortification. Nothing can be more charmingly picturesque than the town of St. Peter's, seen from the water. It is built on the slope of an eminence, with the houses overtopping each other; and on approaching after sunset, the various lights from the windows give it a brilliant

appearance of illumination. Of late years the town has been considerably extended, and now may be said to include a circumference of about three miles. In the older part the streets are narrow, steep, and crooked, flanked by substantial but antiquated dusky mansions, but the environs abound in pretty villas, and as far transcend the expectation of the tourist as the town may seem to fall below it. The new town occupies such an elevated position, that from the level of the market-place the side of the ravine is ascended by a flight of 145 steps to the top of what is called Mount Gibel. About a quarter of a mile from this spot are the public walks, or "new ground." This plot of land, comprising about eight English acres, was purchased by the parish about seventy years ago, and is laid out partly in groves and partly as a grand military parade. One of the principal "lions" of the town is its Fish Market, one of the most striking edifices of the kind ever erected. It is 198 feet in length, 22 feet wide, and 28 feet high, the whole being entirely covered over and well lighted by seven octagonal sky-lights, beneath which there are Venetian blinds for the purposes of ventilation. The double row of slabs, that extend the whole length of the building, are chiefly of variegated marble, and are supplied with abundance of fresh water. The total cost of Fountain-street and the Fish Market amounted to nearly £58,000. Turbot, cod, and mullet are in abundance, and of excellent quality as well as amazing cheapness. The Butchers' Market-place, adjoining, was erected in 1822, and under the Assembly Rooms is the Vegetable Market, both commodious and suitable to the purpose. The prices are slightly lower than in London. The poultry consumed in Guernsey is chiefly French, very little country produce being brought to market. A glance at the average prices will not be uninteresting:—Turkeys sell at from 3s. to 4s.; fowls, 2s. 6d. per couple; geese, 2s. 6d. each; Guernsey eggs, 8d. to 1s. per dozen, and French eggs, from 5d. to 6d. There is a neat theatre in New-street, and some assembly-rooms, built by subscription, in the spacious ball-room of which the public meetings are generally held. At the top of Smith-street stands

Government House, a neat building, the residence of the Lieutenant Governor. From the roads and harbour, the church of St. James, the new college, and Castle Cary, which stand in the highest part of the town, form very striking and commanding objects. Castle Cary was erected in 1829, at a cost of £4,000, and is two stories in height, exclusive of the basement and centre tower or turret, but, from the little ground attached to it, the whimsical appellation of Castle Lackland has been appropriately bestowed.

Doyle's Column, erected in honour of Sir John Doyle, stands on the heights between the bays of Fermain and Moulin-street. It is about 150 feet high from the base to the top, and 250 feet from the level of the sea. A winding staircase inside affords access to the gallery, which is surrounded by an iron balustrade, and commands a varied and extensive view.

St. Peter's Church is of a more elaborate architecture than any in the island; it consists of a nave, two aisles, and a chancel, with a tower in the centre, surmounted by a low spire. The porch on the northern side is very handsome; granite pillars support the arched roof, and on the walls are some exquisitely beautiful marble monuments. The garrison service and the evening service are performed in the English language. There are also numerous other places of religious worship, appropriate to the tenets of every other denomination. Elizabeth College—a fine building, standing on an elevation behind the town, with a spacious area around it beautifully laid out—was founded and endowed by Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1563, who assigned eighty quarters of wheat rent for its support. For nearly three centuries this institution existed in little more than its name, but means were successfully adopted, in 1824, to place this admirable institution on the footing of a college. The course includes Hebrew, Greek, Latin, divinity, geography, history, mathematics, arithmetic, and French and English literature, for £12 per annum, to which, for a small additional sum, may be added the Spanish, Italian, and German languages, music, drawing, fencing, and drilling. Another excellent institu-

tion in the town is the hospital or workhouse, which is admirably managed, and has been, since its erection, in 1743, for the destitute a refuge, and for the young a seminary for instruction.

The harbour is formed artificially by a long pier, and there is a good roadstead near the village of St. Martin, where a great number of vessels take shelter during gales. In his excursions through the environs the visitor will be struck with the superior neatness of the cottages of Guernsey, as compared with Jersey, and remark with interest the universal passion that prevails for flowers. On the front of most of the cottages may be seen, trailed up, splendid geraniums, and amongst the other flowers cultivated we must not forget the far-famed Guernsey lily, the pride of the island, and the favourite of every gardener and cottager who has a bit of garden ground. The Guernsey lily is a native of Japan, and was said to have been originally introduced into the island by accident. A vessel having some roots on board was wrecked off the coast here, and these being washed on shore, germinated, grew upon the beach, and were soon after universally cultivated and admired.

Of the salubrity of the Guernsey climate there can be no doubt, as well from the restorative effect produced upon invalid visitors as from the general health and longevity enjoyed by its inhabitants. It is considerably warmer than the southern coast of Devonshire in all seasons, without, however, being more humid, a character which it has rather undeservedly acquired. The heat of summer is tempered by a gentle sea breeze, and, like all other maritime situations, the cold of winter is mitigated by the caloric imparted to the atmosphere from the surrounding ocean. Frosts are neither severe nor durable; indeed, whole winters often pass away without a single trace of snow. The luxuriance of the various exotics, which flourish at this season unguarded, afford unequivocal evidence of the mildness of the climate. The white double rose camelia blooms abundantly in the month of November, and orange-trees endure the winter with only a slight covering of matting occasionally thrown around them.

The island is easily examined. The northern extremity is narrow, bare, and ugly, a large portion of it having only been reclaimed from the sea a few years ago. The most attractive natural scenery is to be found on the southern and south-western sides; and though it is neither so productive nor so luxuriantly wooded as Jersey, the island is far from being destitute of beautiful localities. Fermain Bay, Petit Bo, and Moulin-Huet, are all three worth a visit, but will certainly not compare with the bays in Jersey. Some interesting Druidical monuments were discovered in the year 1812, having been till that time covered by heaps of sand. Some antique vessels and remains of human bones were found within, and there is also an obelisk of Celtic origin, but without inscription. The best way to see the island to advantage is to make a pedestrian journey round it, doubling the headlands, and skirting the cliffs in every direction.

The bulk of the people of Guernsey may be divided into two classes—the middle and the labouring, or rather the tradespeople in the town and the country people, who are very hard-working and abstemious. The jury is unknown in Guernsey: all judicial power is vested in the bailiffs and the jurats, but there is a right of appeal from the Royal Court to the Privy Council. The rate of living is very reasonable, and the hotels are, with the boarding-houses—which are generally preferred by visitors who stop more than a few days—exceedingly liberal in their entertainment and reasonable in their charges.

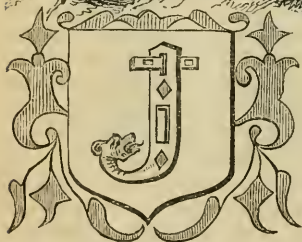
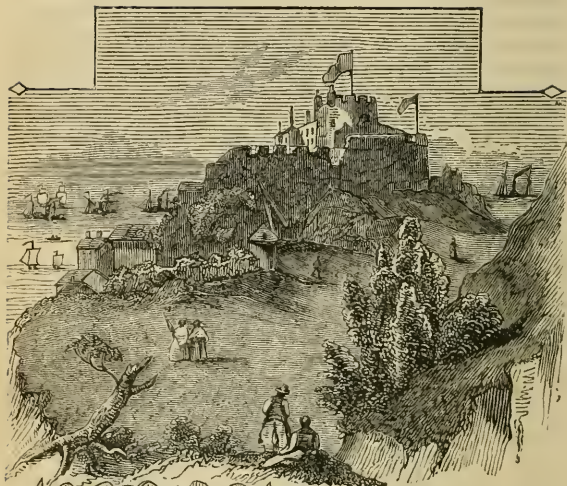
Not one of the least advantages of the Channel Islands, and of Guernsey in particular, as a place of residence, is the prevailing custom, which exempts from local taxation strangers not possessed of real property in the island, and not carrying on any trade or profession. With the exception of a small duty on spirits, there is an utter absence of all imposts on imported goods, and the visitor is neither plagued with passports nor delayed by the annoyances of a Custom-house scrutiny. The population of the island is about 30,000, and the annual mortality, as appears from the latest registration in 1847, was only one in about eighty-five. In 1846 the

effective strength of the militia was estimated to be about 2,000 men, from sixteen to forty-five years of age, and these are divided into four regiments and an artillery battalion.

There is almost daily communication by steam between the Channel Islands and the port of Southampton, from whence the English mail is conveyed every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 7 p.m. The average passage to Guernsey is eight hours, to Jersey ten hours; the usual fares being one guinea first cabin, 14s. second cabin. Other packets return from the channel Islands on the same days. In addition to these steamers depart twice a-week in the season from Plymouth calling off Torquay, and a constant communication is also maintained between St. Malo and Granville, in France.



JERSEY.



JERSEY, which many prefer
 to the island already de-
 scribed, is in form an irre-
 gular parallelogram, about
 ten miles long, and five
 broad. Its greatest length
 from south-east to north-
 west is about twelve miles,
 whilst it embraces a circum-

ference, inclusive of its many curves and winding sinuosities,
 of about fifty miles, and a superficies of some 50,000 acres.
 Sloping from north to south, in contradistinction to Guernsey,
 the whole of the northern coast, with the eastern and western

projections, will be found composed of rugged and precipitous rocks, while the southern shore, though fringed with crags and undulating cliffs, lies low, and has a considerable portion of that fine sandy beach, so inviting to those who come chiefly to bathe and promenade by the sea-shore. The town of St. Helier's, where the steam-boat passengers from Southampton disembark, lies on the eastern side of the beautiful bay of St. Aubin's; and if the visitor be fortunate enough to arrive at high water, the first appearance of the island, with its noble bay, sloping shores, and thickly-wooded heights, profusely studded with villas and cottages, will be found happily to unite the attributes of the beautiful and the picturesque. The town itself is very Swiss-like in its aspect, and backed by its lofty stronghold, Fort Regent, which is seen overtopping the houses in all directions, it at once impresses the visitor with a conviction that the elements of novelty are everywhere around him. Though little more than what a thriving, bustling sea-port town may be expected to be, with its boarding-houses and hotels, a court-house and a market, an old parish church and a modern district one—built in what is called the Gothic style—two or three Dissenting chapels, a theatre, and shops of quiet respectability—the band of improvement has been lately much more manifest, and it has now assumed all the elegance and attractiveness of a fashionable watering-place. The extensive fortification, Fort Regent, which is generally the first object that strikes the eye of the traveller, was begun in 1806, and before its completion cost no less than £800,000. The magazines and barracks are in the bastions and under the ramparts, and are bomb-proof. The powder magazine is capable of containing 5,000 barrels, and the whole fortress, which has certainly been constructed on the best principles of defence, is abundantly supplied with excellent water from a well 234 feet deep, and 10 feet in diameter, bored through the solid rock. This has completely thrown into the shade the more ancient and picturesque fort called Elizabeth Castle, built on a huge sea-girt rock, passed in approaching the town from England; but an excursion to it—which can only be made on foot, by a pebble causeway, at low water—should be

certainly undertaken, for the sake of the charming views it affords. Having inspected the town and its environs, paid a visit to Elizabeth Castle, and the rock adjoining, where, according to the legend, the hermit St. Helier lived, who bestowed his name on the town, it is not a bad plan to obtain a distinct bird's-eye view of the island previous to examining it on a series of excursions. *La Hogue Bie*, or Princes Tower, a singular structure, erected on a high artificial mound about three miles from St. Helier's, affords the opportunity of enjoying this to advantage. From the summit the eye embraces the whole island. Climbing the heights at the back of the town and passing St. Saviour's Church, from the churchyard of which there is an excellent view over the town, the adjoining country, and St. Aubin's Bay, we arrive at this famous tower, which has of course a very romantic, but not at all authentic, legend to account for its origin. From this eminence, to quote one of Mr. Inglis's most graphic descriptions of the spot, "Jersey appears like an extensive pleasure-ground—one immense park, thickly studded with trees, beautifully undulating, and dotted with cottages. Fertility is on every side seen meeting the sea; the fine curves of several of the bays may be distinctly traced, with their martello towers and other more imposing defences; several of the larger valleys may be distinguished by the shadow which is thrown upon one side; while all around the horizon is bounded by the blue sea, excepting towards the east, where the French coast is seen, stretching in a wide curve towards the north and south, and which, in one direction, approaches so near to Jersey, that the white sea-beach is distinctly seen, and in clear weather even the towns that lie near to the coast." This view instantly makes you anxious to range over the island, to penetrate into the valleys and ravines, to wander through the orchards, fields, pastures, and gardens, and to descend to the bays and creeks, which one naturally and justly pictures full of beauty and repose. The new roads, that intersect the island in many directions, are excellent and commodious; but the old roads, though dreadfully perplexing and intricate, should be assuredly explored by those who

desire to arrive at a fair estimate of the scenic attractions of the island. One object in the construction of the old roads in former days was to puzzle pirates or bewilder an enemy, and thus effectually retard and obstruct their attempts to subdue the islanders. During the heat of summer it is delightfully refreshing to turn aside into one of these bye-paths, that scarcely admit even a straggling ray of the noontide sun; but later in autumn, the decomposition of decaying vegetable matter going on in their shady depths render it advisable to prefer the new.

Those whose stay in the island is limited will of course be glad to make the most of its duration, and to that end we shall suggest how these excursions may be briefly made. The first day should be spent about St. Helier and its environs, with a visit to La Hogue Bie, and then passing on eastward to Mont Orgueil Castle, with its magnificent prospects, and the little village adjoining of Gorey, the seat of the Jersey oyster fishery. The village is built partly close to the sea and harbour, and partly on the height which rises towards the entrance to the castle. Upwards of 250 boats are engaged in the oyster fishery here, which it is computed returns about £20,000 to the island from its annual produce. Besides being itself striking and picturesque, Mont Orgueil has some most interesting recollections in connexion with it. It stands upon the summit of a rocky headland jutting out into the sea, and though its origin and architect are alike unknown, it is recognised as having been a fortress of some importance in the reign of King John. In a few places the walls are entire, but it can hardly be regarded as other than an imposing ruin, from the summit of which a view is gained sufficiently charming to repay for the toilsome ascent. Here, for a short time, lived Charles II. in the early days of his wanderings, and here also was imprisoned for three years William Prynne, who, the victim himself of bigoted prejudices, ought to have more zealously curbed his own. He was liberated in November, 1640, not before he had turned his imprisonment to some account by penning several moral disquisitions on the castle and his condition, in one of which we find the following

quaint appeal in the preface :—" If thou reap any information, consolation, reformation, or edification by any of these publications, let the author enjoy thy prayers and best respect, and his stationer thy custom." The garrison at Mont Orgueil now consists only of a serjeant and two privates, whose duty is simply confined to hoisting a flag on holidays. From the summit the Cathedral of Constance, in Normandy, can on clear days be distinguished.

On the second day the tourist can explore, in the opposite direction, westward, and cross from St. Helier's to St. Aubin, either by a boat across the bay, or by taking a more circuitous land route over the fine firm sand at low water. Once the chief town in Jersey, and now even in its decadence eminently adapted for those who desire a quiet retreat, St. Aubin is beautifully situated. There is one steep straggling street, which drops abruptly down from an eminence towards the sea, but it is remarkably clean, and, though irregularly built, contains many excellent houses. The bay has also the benefit of a good pier, and the high cliffs around afford a shelter from the breezes, which are very prevalent in Jersey. "A perfectly calm day," says a resident, peculiarly qualified to give his opinion on the subject, "is very rare, even in summer, and generally speaking even the finest weather may be called blowy weather." Between St. Aubin's and St. Brelade's many interesting points of view will be disclosed, and the Bay of St. Brelade's is considered by Inglis to be the most attractive of all the island bays. He says,—“Boulay Bay is grander; St. Aubin's nobler; Rozel and Grève-de-Lecq more secluded; but in none of them do we find, so much as in St. Brelade's, the union of the barren, the wild, and the picturesque; and in none of them do the works of men harmonize so well with the natural scenery that surrounds them.” On the western side of the bay stands the old parish church, quite at the water's edge, and only elevated a little above it, for the sea at high tide sweeps over the crumbling monuments in the churchyard. The church itself is exceedingly small, and has neither spire nor tower, but over the nave it is roofed like a house. There is certainly a round turret, which rises from

the ground, but it is built in a nook, and ascends only to a small belfry. In the churchyard stands one of the old chapels of the island, built long before the churches, and this is the only one in tolerable preservation. It was called the Fisherman's Chapel. If the day be now not too far spent, the excursion may be extended to the north-western extremity of the island, and the tourist can thus visit Plement Point and Cape Grosnez. The caves adjoining are marine excavations in the lower part of a rocky hill, and are celebrated, like those in the Grève-de-Lecq, as great attractions to strangers. The northern coast of Jersey may well have one or two days exclusively appropriated to it. There is from Grève-de-Lecq to Boulay Bay a distance of between six and seven miles, and along this circuit objects of interest will be found rife in every direction. The bold scenery in Boulay Bay has been very much admired, and in fact the stupendous barriers of the northern coast contrast finely with the interior of the island, so luxuriantly wooded and so proverbially fertile. A favourite resort of pic-nic parties, and one of the sweetest of the island bays, is Rozel, situated a short distance from Boulay Bay, at the north-east corner of the island. Hemmed in by high cliffs and banks, with a few fishermen's huts scattered along the beach, and deep wooded glens branching into the interior, it is just the place where a cold veal pie would taste most deliciously, or a sentimental ballad produce the most impressive effect.

The climate of Jersey is exceedingly mild, in consequence of the southern situation and aspect of the island, and the temperature being equalized by the vicinity of the sea. Frost never continues any length of time. Snow falls but seldom, and melts immediately, and even with Guernsey, there is a sensible difference of climate. Melons there are raised in hot-beds, but they grow profusely in the common garden-ground of Jersey. The inhabitants are social in disposition, and few places equally limited in extent enjoy a greater variety of amusement. In autumn and winter there is a continual round of assemblies, and in spring and summer the military reviews impart a lively aspect to the town. English

habits are thoroughly engrafted on the island, the English language has become familiar to all classes, and throughout the whole of Jersey the barbarous Norman French may be pronounced on the decline. The same mode of transit indicated in our account of Guernsey can be employed in reaching Jersey; and the favourable opportunity it affords for a short trip into Normandy should not be forgotten by those who have the time and means to avail themselves of its contiguity to the Norman coast.



ALDERNEY, SARK, &c.

HOSE who have an opportunity afforded them to visit the little islands of *Alderney* and *Sark*, will not regret availing themselves of the offer, should there be fair weather attendant on the excursion. *Sark*—also called *Serk* or *Sercq*—is six miles to the east of Guernsey, and is rather more than three miles in length. Its average breadth is not quite a mile, and in one part it is actually not many yards wide, but the island is still a thriving and fertile spot, and maintains in independent comfort a population of nearly 600 healthy and hardy islanders. The cliffs by which it is bounded are from 100 to 200 feet high. The *Coupée Rock*, its chief wonder, is a narrow neck of land, about five feet broad, with a precipitous descent on each side of about 350 feet down to the sea. It is a favourite spot with “pic-nics,” but in windy weather is not to be ventured upon without caution. This remarkable island is a little kingdom in itself, being governed by a parliament of forty resident copyhold tenants, which meets three times a-year, under the command of the Lord of Sark. This assembly appoints the police force of the island, which consists of *two* individuals, and that this formidable couple are found sufficient may be presumed from the fact that though there is a gaol erected no individual has ever been lodged in it since it was built. Midway between Sark and Guernsey are *Herm* and *Jethou*, two insignificant islets, the one containing a population of 200 and the other of 20. About twenty miles from Guernsey, north-east by north, and forty from Jersey, is the little island of Alderney, so famous for its celebrated cows. The island is about four miles long, a mile and a half broad, and eight miles in circumference. The south-east coast is composed of some striking lofty cliffs, ranging from 150 to 200 feet in height. The inhabitants, chiefly fishermen, consist of about 1,000 individuals. Six miles to the west of Alderney are “The Caskets,” a dangerous cluster of

rocks, included in the compass of a mile. They have three lighthouses, so placed as to form a triangle and be a protection to shipping. It was on these rocks that Prince William, only son of Henry I., perished by shipwreck, in the year 1119; and where, in 1744, the *Victory* was lost, with 1,100 men. From this it will be seen, that even when the attractions of Guernsey and Jersey are on the wane, there are some resources left in these excursions, which will give the tourist, who has no misgivings of the sea and the stalwart Channel boatmen, the opportunity of enjoying an additional round of novelties.

THE ISLE OF MAN.



THE Isle of Man, as a watering-place, is rapidly rising in the fa-

vourable estimation of the public; and there are few spots where a month or two of summer can be more agreeably and advantageously spent. Till lately it was comparatively unknown to the valetudinarian and the pleasure-seeker, but steam—that peculiar agent of the nineteenth century, by which obscure localities have been elevated and distant places

brought nigh—has done wonders for Mona's Isle. At one time, and that not distant, it was difficult, and often impossible, for weeks together, to obtain a passage to or fro, and then only in the most uncomfortable and questionable-looking sailing craft. Now it is far otherwise. Finer steamers are not to be found anywhere than those belonging to the Isle of Man Steam-packet Company, in which the passage to the Island may be made from Liverpool daily, in summer, in five or six hours; from Dublin weekly, in seven hours; and the visitor returning from the Lake District may transport himself from Whitehaven to Mona's sea-girt shores in little more than three hours. Steamers also ply to and from Fleetwood and Glasgow.

The Isle of Man, from its geographical position, is favourably situated for a popular summer resort, being almost equidistant from the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Indeed, on a clear day, from the summit of Snafield, its highest mountain peak, a bird's-eye view may be obtained of the coast of each country. Looking at the Island, we cannot but be struck with the attractions it possesses. Its climate, coast, country, and contiguity to the surrounding shores, all combine to render it a desirable place to be visited.

The climate is exceedingly salubrious during summer and in the autumn. There being no portion of the island more distant from the sea than five miles, a delicious coolness prevails during the hottest day, whilst the same cause prevents the excessive cold to which we are often subjected in England. The air is generally bracing, and, from the quantity of oxygen it contains, is very favourable to the enervated invalid. Individuals suffering from pulmonary complaints, or in whom symptoms of these maladies have appeared, should not, upon any account, visit the Isle of Man—it will be sure to hasten the progress of disease. All others may go there with safety, if they indulge not too freely in the cheap brandy and cheaper wines, for which it is famed.

Finer sea-bathing is not to be found in her Majesty's dominions. The water is of great strength and purity, and the beach, being composed of either fine hard white sand, or

small clean pebbles, the water is free from the impurities which are to be found at other watering-places, and the bottom may be seen at a considerable depth—say twenty or thirty feet.

The scenery is also calculated to attract and interest the visitor. Boldness, beauty, and grandeur, may be found combined within its narrow limits. Though it measures only thirty miles in length, and scarcely exceeds ten in breadth, and has a surface of less than 300 square miles, there are few places, of much larger extent, that possess equal scenic attractions. Its greatest defect is its want of wood and water—the latter is irremediable; the former ought to be supplied, and that by the present generation. It would greatly enhance the value of the land, by covering that else unproductive, and, by adding to the beauty of the country, make it attractive to strangers. The scenic characteristics of the Island are, as we have intimated, boldness—this is especially displayed on the coast, where, in many cases, the rocks rise perpendicularly from the sea many hundred feet, presenting to the eye of the spectator, and to the surges of the Irish Sea, a bold and imposing front. In wandering along the cliffs, the geologist will find much to interest him in the peculiar construction of the rocks, which appear as though they had been upheaved from deep recesses by a sudden freak of Nature.

Sublimity and grandeur are to be found associated with many of the scenes of the interior. The mountain ranges remind the visitor of some parts of British Switzerland and the Principality, while the glens surpass anything of the kind we have seen. To the visitor who can spare time, and can find enjoyment in tracing the windings of a glen, brave the precipitous ascent of a mountain, or enjoy the music of a waterfall, there is no ordinary treat for him when he visits Mona's Isle. Diversity contributes to beauty, and it may be found here, for, leaving the wild, and rugged, and sublime, the beautiful may be found abounding. In the districts where cultivation has been attended to, there will be found some of the prettiest, quiet, rural, pictures eye has gazed upon. We could mention some which greatly charmed the writer, during

a residence there, but we leave them for more specific notice as we proceed.

There is much associated with the history of the Isle of Man, which, to the intelligent visitor, will not be devoid of interest. In the brief space allotted to us, we cannot venture much upon this subject. We may just mention that the Isle of Man is the *Mona* of Cæsar, and the *Monada* of Ptolemy. The time of its first occupancy cannot now be ascertained. The roving Gaulish and Cimbric colonies appear to have had possession of it prior to the Christian era. The inhabitants seemed to have practised Druidical superstitious till the year 447, when they were converted to Christianity by St. Patrick, who appointed St. Germanus his successor. They then maintained for a long time undisturbed possession, till the irruption of the northern barbarians, when they came under the dominion of the Scots, and eventually of the Welsh kings, whose reign terminated in 917.

From that period Manx history records a succession of twelve kings, the first of whom was of Scandinavian origin. One of these kings was greatly esteemed by our Edgar, by whom he was made admiral of the great fleet raised by that monarch for the protection of the English coast. This was in the year 974.

The subsequent history of the Island, from this period till the time of Edward III., records many vicissitudes and changes in its governors, and details the petty wars in which its inhabitants were engaged. In the reign of Edward III. a descendant of Reginald's revived a claim for the Island, and through the aid of the king, gained possession of it. It was then held successively by the Bishop of Durham, Earls Salisbury, Wiltshire, and Northumberland, upon whose rebellion it was seized by Henry IV., and given for one year only to Sir John Stanley, to whom, in the following year (1407), it was wholly given, to be held on the payment of a cast of falcons to the king at his coronation. John Stanley thus became the King of Man, and his descendants continued to hold that office until the time of James I., when they received a new grant of it.

During the troublesome times of the Commonwealth, the island remained attached to the king. When a Parliamentary fleet attacked it, a gallant defence was made by the heroic Lady Derby, but unavailingly so, as the Deputy Governor betrayed the Castle. General Fairfax then held the island till the restoration, when it again reverted to the Stanley family. In 1735, the island descended to James, the first Duke of Athol. In 1765, the sovereignty of it was sold to the British Crown for £70,000, and £2,000 a-year. In 1825, an act was passed by both Houses of Parliament authorizing the government to treat for the remaining interest in the royalties and privileges of the island, and in 1829, the further sum of £416,114 was paid to his Grace, and the sea-girt isle became, not by conquest, but by purchase, the sole and entire property of the British Crown. This has been of great advantage to it, and ever since that change was made it has gone on rapidly advancing in population, intelligence, and trade.

Though thus now a dependency of this country, it is allowed to preserve intact its ancient institutions. These are of very distant origin, and are perhaps the most perfect living types of the old feudal governments. The legislature is composed of the Governor, appointed by the Queen, his Council, composed of the Bishop and the other law officers, and the House of Keys—a miniature parliament—a company of agricultural and other gentlemen, who meet occasionally to frame laws and otherwise legislate for their tiny empire. They are self-elective, and are not very popular with some of the people. English enactments do not extend there, unless expressly stated, and in such case the House of Keys retains the power of rejecting the imposition. The house, however, cannot give currency to any new law of their own, without first obtaining the Queen's sanction for it. Thus the inhabitants have a tolerable guarantee that their interests, pecuniary and social, will be preserved uninjured. An attempt has been made by some of the inhabitants to secure a popularly-elected House of Keys, and the exercise of the elective franchise by the people. In that they have failed. Another party has

sought annexation to England, and representation in the House of Commons, but the same result has followed ; and it is well that they have not succeeded, for, had they accomplished the latter purpose, the island must have been totally ruined. It could not have sustained its share of the burdens which weigh down the people of England. At present it knows not taxation, and the authorities have no power to impose any: the only general tax is 4s. 6d. annually upon each house, which is devoted to keeping up the highways and streets. The fund for this purpose is increased by a few taxes on luxuries, namely, on carriages, horses, and dogs, game licences, and licences to bankers, brewers, hotel and tavern keepers, and hawkers ; but then “ pikes ” are unknown. There are no toll-bars on the island, and better roads, barring the hills, are not to be found anywhere. The only other taxes are those imposed by the British government for fiscal purposes. These are of small amount, and are confined to such articles as foreign spirits, wines, teas, tobacco, &c., and are not felt by the consumer. In these respects the Isle of Man is a happy exception to the surrounding countries, and thus forms, not only a place of delightful summer resort, but to the man of quiet habits and moderate means a desirable spot for permanent residence.

The laws of the island are simple, and, were they properly upheld, might be models of legislation to larger communities. Unfortunately, law is cheap, and lawyers—advocates, as they are termed—greatly abound. The consequence is, that litigation is abundant. The most trifling matter is taken into court, and kept there for some time, for the especial benefit of the “limbs of the law.” It is no uncommon case for an action, arising out of some petty dispute or unworthy quarrel, to remain unsettled for two or three years, simply because the lawyers cannot *afford* to let it out of their hands sooner. Though the law is cheap, it thus becomes extremely dear ; and we have known many cases where an entire property has been destroyed by legal costs. We pity the stranger who gets into the fangs of the law while visiting there. However just his case he must not expect to escape unscathed.

The religion of the island is that of the Established

Church. The clergymen, most whom are of Manx origin, are exemplary as pastors; some of them are superior as preachers; but their general characteristics are simplicity, piety, and devotedness, and their labour has not been in vain. Much superstition still remains in the interior, and the tales of witches, fairies, and such like lore of the past, find ready currency among the peasantry, and have their influence to the present day. It is no uncommon case, even now, to have ceremonies performed for driving the witches away, or curing some unhappy animal that has fallen beneath their baneful influence. But these cases are becoming rarer. Intercourse with the enlightened, and the spread of education, are dispersing these clouds of error and superstition.

While the Church of England is the established form of religion, all others are tolerated. There are to be found Wesleyan Methodists, Primitive Methodists, Independents, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and some few minor sects.

The Wesleyan Methodists are by far the most important, in point of numbers and influence, exceeding, we believe, in the former, the Establishment itself. Its tenets and spirit seem to suit the genius of the people, and it has gone on increasing till there is not a nook on the island that has not its preaching-house and its society. Its influence has been most beneficial in raising the moral and social character of the people.

There are few places where there is so little flagrant crime and so few outrages upon person and property—where there is so little improvidence, and consequently little abject poverty and mendicancy—where the really poor are better provided for, though there are no poor's-rates; and where the general aspect of society, morally, socially, and religiously, is more agreeable. A Sabbath spent in the Isle of Man is a more than ordinary treat. The quiet, the utter absence of all traffic, and the crowds that are attracted to the various places of worship, throw around the day a charm sought for in vain elsewhere.

There are few sources of amusement beyond what are extern. In this respect the island is behind older-established watering-places. As the necessity for them appears, the

inhabitants will be wise enough to provide them. The want, however, is fully made up by the sources of enjoyment which are to be found in the open air. The bays of the different ports are admirably adapted for boating, and most gentlemen visitors avail themselves of this healthy exercise. The principal bays are almost land-locked, and hence boating may be indulged in with as great, or greater, safety than on the lakes, while the views which are obtained from the water are enchanting. The means for gratifying the desire for aquatic excursions are abundant and reasonable. At Douglas and Ramsey—the two principal towns—boats of every description, from the light rowing gig to the lugger, are always on hire, and for a few shillings a boat of any description may be had for an hour or a day, with the accompaniment of a trusty boatman.

Those who are fond of fishing may gratify themselves to their hearts' content, as the coasts abound with every variety of salt-water fish, and which are not very particular as to the quality of the bait offered them or the skill of the hand that tempts them. We have often seen a mere tyro in the "gentle art," after a few hours' pursuit of his avocation, return with such a supply of the finny tribe as to be at a loss how to dispose of them. Mackarel are very abundant in the deep water off the head-lands, especially off Douglas Head, and we know few employments more exciting than that of catching this beautiful and delicious fish. The fresh water fishing is good—when it can be come at. The small rivers abound with trout, but they are rather strictly preserved, a matter greatly to be regretted. There are means, however, of conquering this difficulty. The initiated will understand us. Sporting is not a very profitable amusement, unless the sportsman should direct his attention to the "gulls," and they won't help him to a dinner. Partridge and quail are to be found, but not in abundance, while grouse are *non est inventus*. Snipe are plentiful, and furnish good sport. Sportsmen will always find a good gun, plain directions as to the best ground, and an hospitable host, at the "Half-way House," between Douglas and Peel. Old Burrowes seldom disappoints his

friends. A day's rabbit shooting may also be obtained, for a consideration, and the contents of the bag, on "the Calf," a small island, situate at the southern extremity of Man, from which it is separated by a narrow but somewhat dangerous channel. With the exception of one family, who farm it, and the lighthouse-keepers, the rabbits are the sole occupants of this petty dependency.

Hunting is not much patronised. Hares are not very abundant, and foxes are unknown. In the north of the island some little coursing is indulged in, but beagle hunting cannot be safely prosecuted. The maintenance of a pack of hounds has often been attempted, but never with success. The number has always been diminished before the end of the season, either by their making fatal summersaults over unexpected precipices, or taking similarly successful leaps, after an imprudent hare, from a provoking headland, into a thirty-fathom bath in the Irish Sea. The same causes damp the ardour of the most enthusiastic sportsmen. The country is altogether unsuitable for the bugle.

The turf is as little attended to. Till lately there were no horse races. Recently an attempt has been made to establish them, but they are small affairs. During the summer there are several regattas. Some of these are more than respectable, and, if they were supported with spirit, would be exceedingly attractive.

The accommodations for visitors are, upon the whole, good. Some of the hotels are first-rate establishments, not to be surpassed at any watering-place in the kingdom. They are, in every respect, very superior to some we have seen, the wines and brandies first-rate, and the charges moderate.

Douglas being the principal point of debarkation, we mention it first, for the guidance of those who may visit the island for the first time. The principal hotel is called Castle Mona. This is a magnificent house—almost a palace. It was formerly the residence of the Duke of Athol, and is every way worthy of a ducal occupant. It is situated in the centre of the bay and on its margin, and is surrounded on three sides with beautiful pleasure-grounds. By the way, it has been

rumoured that our own Victoria—God bless her!—has been contemplating its purchase for her own purpose, for which it is more suited than Osborne House. The landlord is Mr. Heron, a gentleman in every sense of the word, whose object appears to be to fulfil the duties of his station. The living, the society, and the various *et cæteras* essential to the enjoyment of hotel life, are to be found at the “Castle,” combined with moderate charges, and proximity to good bathing. For two guineas a-week the best of everything may be obtained.

The next in importance is Fort Anne Hotel. This is a new house, delightfully situate on the “Head,” commanding the entrance to the harbour, and with the finest marine, rural, and mountain scenery we ever beheld. The pleasure-grounds are also beautiful, but not extensive. One advantage this hotel possesses is, that the visitor may land from the beach below the house, without the annoyance of landing on the pier-head, and passing through the town. The internal arrangements are of the most *recherche* character. We do not know who is the present arbiter of its comforts. We forgot to mention that bathing may be enjoyed here, on a pebbly beach, accessible only to the occupants of the hotel, while there is a marine parade running parallel to the pier, but private, being separated from it by the entrance to the harbour.

The Royal Hotel is situate at the top of the Marine Parade, and within a stone’s throw of the landing-place of the packets. This house is now presided over by Mr. Hill, formerly of the Crescent Hotel; and to those who know him the mention of his name is sufficient guarantee for abundance, comfort, courteous attention, and politeness. Those who do not, we should recommend to pay him a visit, and we are quite sure they will be of the same mind with the writer. His terms are about 30s. a-week.

There are many other houses of note, but we cannot notice them fully in our assigned limits. We mention them for the guidance of our readers, and say, for second-rate houses, they can scarcely, among the number, make an unwise selection:—British, Adelphi, Albion, Crescent, Cumberland, Fleetwood, Ramsey, Redfern’s, and York Hotels.

Lodging-houses are abundant, and of every variety of description. They will generally be found clean and comfortable, and the inmates attentive. The charges vary according to style and locality. In taking them the visitor should be careful to have the terms properly understood, for sometimes the influx of visitors is so large, that rather extravagant prices are demanded. We should point a party who wishes to combine comfort, respectability, and a pleasant and healthful situation, to the Crescent Cottages, Woodville, the Castle Lawn, Marina, Mona-terrace, Harris-terrace, Iaubman-terrace, Finch-road, and Prospect-hill. These are choice neighbourhoods, removed from the smoke and noise of the town. Cheaper, but still comfortable, apartments, will be found on the North and South quays, Athol-street, Peel-road, Fort-road, &c. &c.

While on this subject, we may just say, that somewhat similar accommodation may be found in the other principal towns in the island. At Ramsey, Brett's Mitre Hotel and Crawford's Great Western Hotel are admirable houses. Of the first we can speak from experience, and especially in praise of the obliging host. Here a good dinner and agreeable society may always be depended on. The Peel Castle Hotel will supply the traveller's wants at Peel; and Mr. Kneen, of the George, at Castletown, will see that his visitors are properly attended to.

Having thus met the first demand of health or pleasure-seekers, we would next point out to him how he may employ his time to the best advantage, and see all that is worthy of his attention.

We suppose he has landed at Douglas, from one of the Insular Company's steam-boats, the Tynwald, the King Orry, or the Ben-my-chree, or from those from Fleetwood, the Fenella or Orion—that he has been comfortably ensconced in an hotel or lodging-house, has slept soundly, and dispatched an ample breakfast. He now essays forth, and we offer him our aid. Douglas is in it itself an uninteresting place; its streets are narrow, irregular, ill-ventilated, and eloquent of the absence of the Sanitary Commissioners, while the air is

redolent of the effluvia of fish and decomposing refuse, which is not improved by the prevailing fumes of tobacco and bad brandy. The buildings are of an inferior description. There is scarcely an exception, if we overlook one or two of the churches, the Oddfellows' Hall, and some few buildings in the better parts of the town. But the suburbs are beautiful, and display as much of contrast with the town as is to be found in the old and new towns of Edinburgh. The population of the town is about 10,000—of the island, 50,000. The Pier-head forms a most agreeable promenade, and is much frequented on the arrival of the steam-packets in the evening, as well as when they depart in the morning. It is 520 feet in length, and 40 feet in breadth for 450 feet from its commencement, when it increases to the extent of 90 feet, terminating in a circular area of considerable elevation, with a handsome lighthouse springing from its centre. It was built by government in 1800, at a cost of £22,000. From this portion a delightful view is obtained of the bay and the shores by which it is skirted. Here, on a summer evening, there is generally to be found a gay crowd, enjoying the cool of the refreshing sea-breeze. From this point, also, is seen to advantage the peculiarly splendid appearance of the setting sun, as it sinks behind the lofty mountains which form the background of the picture. At the upper end of the pier is the Court House, where, on court days, the visitor may find an hour or two of amusement at the vagaries of Manx lawyers, and read much of native character.

To the right of the pier is St. Barnabas Church, a neat stone structure, but lost from its confined situation. Proceeding to the Market-place, we come to St. Matthew's Church, a small rude building, of ancient date, having been consecrated by the venerable Bishop Wilson. In this church the service is occasionally performed in the Manx language, a strange dialect of the Celtic, said to be, by Manx sages, the language in which Adam made love to Eve when they alone formed the world's inhabitants. We are not prepared to dispute this assertion, but certainly we can see no reason, in its non-euphonious sounds, to wish for its future preservation; and, as

common consent seems to be on our side, we are under no alarm that it will survive many generations. St. George's Church, which stands on the hill behind Athol-street, is a plain edifice, and looks more ancient than it is. It forms a pretty object when seen from the valley below the Peel-road. The new church of St. Thomas, in the Finch-road, is a neat specimen of the early English style of architecture. No other building is of sufficient importance to call for even a passing remark. The Scotch Church will be found in the Finch-road; the Wesleyan Chapel in Thomas-street, near the Post-office; and the other chapels in the immediate vicinity.

Douglas boasts of a water company, a gas company—but it is badly lit—and one or two banks. The market is held on Saturday, and is well supplied. The postal communication with England is daily in summer, and twice a-week in winter—daily between the insular towns. There are several newspapers published in Douglas for local circulation, and many publications to circulate in England are also printed there, by which means their proprietors secure the benefit of free postage and evade the enactments of the English Stamp Act.

The environs of Douglas are very beautiful. The visitor having seen the town, we would lead him up the North Quay, across the bridge which spans the small river that runs through the harbour, and up the hill, past Laubman-terrace, Fort Anne Hotel, Harold Tower—a castellated building, which looks most picturesque from the pier, and is the residence of the High Bailiff—on to the “Head,” where, if he has a soul for Nature's pictures, he will find a scene interesting enough to wrap him in wondering admiration. We have often gazed upon the picture till words failed to tell the emotions it excited. Imagine the gazer standing upon a lofty headland, rugged and abrupt, the sea to the right stretching as far as the eye can reach, bounded in some places only by the horizon, in others by the dim outline of the Cumberland Hills, and dotted here and there with vessels of various burthens; below, a depth of several hundred feet, the bay—a miniature of the famed Bay of Naples—spread out in a simicircular form, bright, clear, and placid as a sheet of glass, and culivened

with various parties of pleasure and yachts with their snow-white sails ; around, to the left, the various villas, terraces, and mansions, which skirt the bay, with Castle Mona in the centre, all relieved with bright and luxuriant foliage, and surmounted with an exquisite amphitheatre of rural scenery, stretching away to the summit of a lofty mountain range, which bounds the gazer's view, and completes the exquisite picture.

Such is the view presented from Douglas Head. After gazing at this for a while, there is an agreeable change awaiting those so inclined. Descending from the heights, which is no easy task, the bather will find convenient coves of Nature's own construction, where he may enjoy the luxury of an ablution in water clear as crystal, and suitable for the most timid as well as the most daring in aquatic pastime.

Reascending the "Head," there is a romantic walk along the cliffs, which, turning to the right, leads to the lovely grounds of the "Nunnery," the seat of General Goldie. These grounds are much and deservedly admired. The name is from an ancient priory, said to have been built in the sixth century by St. Bridget. Very little of the ruins now remain. The family reside in the mansion adjoining, an edifice of recent erection. Proceeding onwards, the way leads past some pretty villas at Mill Mount, along a pleasant road, a mansion or two on either side, to Kirk Braddaw Church. This is a most picturesque spot. The church is very ancient, of rude construction, and almost hid by lofty trees. The graveyard is interesting, especially to the antiquarian, who will here find some valued relics of by-gone ages. From this edifice there is a pleasant road direct to the town, on which will be found some pretty views and elegant mansions.

Another pleasing ramble may be found by leaving the town at the north end of Athol-street, and proceeding along Finch-road, passing the Scotch Church. On this road are many superior mansions, commanding a fine view of the bay. At the end of the road is the elegant villa and grounds of Marina, now used as a seminary by the Misses Dutton. Turning to the right, the road leads past the new church of St. Thomas, along the margin of the bay, from which there is

a good view, the nearest prominent object in the foreground being the Tower of Refuge, a castellated structure raised upon a dangerous rock, which is nearly covered at high water, for the purpose of affording safety to mariners who may unfortunately be wrecked on the rocks. A few minutes' walk, and the Woodville-road is reached, where quite a new town has been built of late years, and which, as a place of residence, has many attractions. At this point, also, the Castle Mona grounds begin. A great portion of the land formerly enclosed has been built upon, and the "lawn" now sustains some spacious and ornamental mansions. From the Castle Lodge, taking the footpath leading up the plantation, many beautiful residences are seen, both on the hill and on the lawn. This pathway leads directly to the Castle, which is magnificent for its size and completeness. The grounds are very interesting, being planted with exotics, native shrubs, and forest trees, and through which winds a little glen of Alpine beauty. They are about twenty acres in extent. Still proceeding onward a series of beautiful villas are passed in succession till the Crescent is reached; thence there is a pleasant walk further along the margin of the bay, past Strathallan Crescent, to Derby Castle, the furthestmost building on the north side of the bay. Ascending the hill to the left, there is the pretty village of Onchan, with its modest-looking church. Still keeping to the left, there is a pleasant walk through a highly-cultivated country, adorned with mansions and villas, rendered picturesque by the extensive views that are obtained from its great elevation. This road will lead directly to the point of departure.

Three or four very pleasant excursions may be made in exploring the island, and they will repay, in interest and advantage to health, the trifling expense they may cost. We may here remark, once for all, that the means of conveyance are reasonable. During the summer months omnibuses travel between the different towns. The fares are small. We would recommend, for a party of two or four, the hiring of a phaeton or gig, which may be had on most moderate terms, and, as there are no toll-bars, the extras are trifling.

The best route to take is to journey south to Castletown, the metropolis of the island. The road leads across the bridge at Douglas, and leaving the Nunnery on the right, passes through a pretty country, but exceedingly undulating. The traveller will see some pretty views as he journeys along. About eight miles from Douglas is the village of Ballasalla. This place is ancient, and contains the venerable remains of the Abbey of Rushen. The scenery here is exceedingly picturesque. Proceeding to the left, and again to the right, there is a pretty drive to Castletown. As it is approached, the small fishing village of Derbyhaven and King William's College are seen on the left—the latter a noble structure. Castletown itself contains little of interest. It is but a small place, of about from one to two thousand inhabitants; but it is the seat of government, the residence of the Lieutenant Governor (the Hon. Charles Hope), and the place where the Manx Parliament assembles. The principal object of attraction is the venerable Castle of Rushen, which is of great strength, and is now the only prison in the island. It was erected in the year 947, by one of King Orry's successors. The Castle is quadrangular, with square towers on the sides, the largest more than eighty feet high; it is surrounded by a lofty embattled wall and fosse, and defended by a glacis of stone. From the summit of the tower is an extensive view. What soldiers are in the island are located at Castletown. The streets are open and regular, and there is a neat church in the market-place. There are two or three other places of worship in the town. Speaking relatively of the inhabitants, we should say that they are somewhat exclusive and aristocratic.

The neighbourhood around Castletown is level and fertile. Proceeding south through Arbory-street, the celebrated quarry of Poolvash is passed, where Manx marble is found in great abundance. It is much used for mantel-pieces. From this quarry the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral were taken. The limestone-beds here are very extensive. At the distance of four miles from Castletown is Port St. Mary—a very small and very rude fishing village—but where a good glass of brandy and a good cigar are always to be found. Near this

place is Spanish Head, a bold promontory worthy the attention of the tourist. From Port St. Mary to Port Erin, so called from being opposite to Ireland, is a pleasing half-hour's drive. This is an unattractive spot, but it is generally from it that boats are hired for a trip to the Calf of Man, an island situate at the southern extremity of the Isle of Man. The passage to it is often dangerous, from the rapid tide that flows through the Sound. The "Calf" is nearly five miles in circumference, and comprises an area of more than six hundred acres. On the western side the cliffs rise, in perpendicular masses, to the height of four hundred feet, and its summit is five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The Welsh, Scotch, and Irish mountains are distinctly seen from it. A large rock on the south side, called "the Eye," is an object of interest. The distance of "the Calf" from Port Erin is about three miles. In returning the visitor should stop at Fairy Hill, west from Rushen Church, one of the finest barrows in the island. A different road may be taken in returning to Castletown, which goes near some extensive Druidical remains, close to the village of Colby.

Starting again from Castletown, the best direction is to take the Kirk Malew road for Peel. Near this road on the right, on the banks of a rivulet, are Goddard Covan's Stones, well known to all readers of Sir Walter Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." Crossing the mountains of Barrule by a good road, the Foxdale Mines are passed, at the bottom of which there is a beautiful cascade. A mile and a half further on is Tynwald Mount—a circular barrow—where the legislature annually assembles to promulge new laws. From Tynwald Mount the road goes straight to Peel. Its great attraction is the old and venerable castle. It is a pity to see this ancient hold mouldering to decay, and we think the government might devote some of the insular revenues to its proper maintenance. All who are familiar with Sir Walter Scott and Shakspeare will visit it with much pleasure. Eleanor Duchess of Gloucester, and the Earl of Warwick, were, on different occasions, prisoners within the walls of Peel Castle. There are some strange legends attached to the place.

Leaving Peel, the road stretches northward along the coast, and leads to a small glen, called Glenmay, at the head of which there is a pretty waterfall, formed by a ledge of rocks crossing a large rivulet. The whole glen is a picture. A writer says, "It is a spot which every pilgrim to Mona ought to visit, almost in preference to any other."

Again starting from Peel, by the Douglas-road, we proceed to Tynwald Mount and St. John's, when the road to Ramsey turns to the left, and passes, for two miles, through a deep defile—a sort of miniature Kyber pass—steep, lofty, barren, and desolate, and distinguished by a hermit-like solitude. In the bottom runs a small river. A short distance from the upper end is the Fall of Rhenass, a romantic and beautiful cascade, which leaps and jumps from the mountain from whence it derives its name. The fall is difficult to find, but a guide is always at hand at the foot of the hill. The road then leads through Kirk Michael, past Bishop's Court—the Bishop's palace—which must be visited. The gardens are beautiful, and the grounds most interesting. A little further on is the village of Ballaugh, then succeeds the primitive one of Sulby, followed by the lovely parish of Lezayre, through which the town of Ramsey is entered. The whole of this drive is full of interest and beauty. To the right there is a continuance of mountain scenery, the foreground filled up with a richly-cultivated country and pretty mansions, and on the left the fine champaign districts of Andreas and Jurby are spread before the eye.

Ramsey is the prettiest town in the island: it is small, but regularly built, and is situate on the margin of a bay of seven miles in extent. The country around is deeply interesting, and the boating and fishing in the bay are good. It possesses also the charm of good society.

From Ramsey there is a picturesque road, by the coast, to Douglas. The distance is sixteen miles, but the roughest we ever drove. Its ever-changing aspect, however, amply repays the fear it may inspire. We are sorry we cannot fully describe its various scenes, but our space forbids it. Immediately on leaving Ramsey southward, some exquisite scenery

is encountered, near Ballure and Ballure Bridge, and from that spot to the village of Laxey is reached every turn of the road presents a new and interesting picture. Laxey itself is a romantic place. Situate in a deep glen, it looks the perfection of solitude and quiet. To be seen aright, the traveller should alight and walk up the glen for a distance of two or three miles. On a summer evening, just when the sun's rays are beginning to leave its depths, it is a place of exquisite beauty. Thence to Douglas is a pleasant ride of seven miles, during which some beautiful views may be obtained.

One other mode of seeing the island, and we are done, and that is to take a passage on board the Ben-my-chree, some Friday morning, at nine o'clock, and before six in the evening every creek will have been explored, every headland doubled, and the whole island circumnavigated. This plan is really essential in order to give the tourist an idea of its magnificent scenery.

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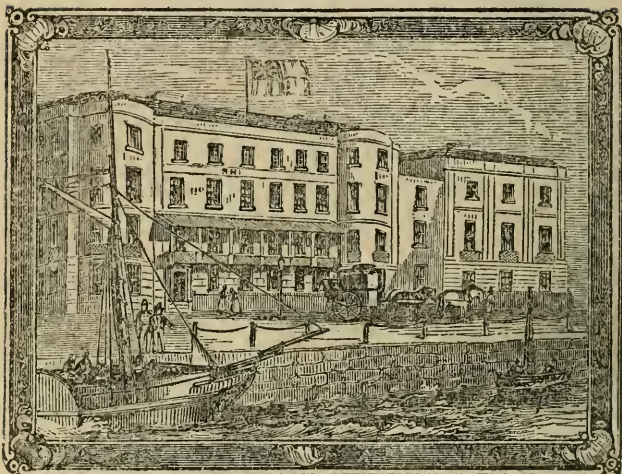
Has been added. The Messrs. TUSSAUD, fully aware of the inconvenience of the Original Room from its small dimensions, but not having it in their power at the time to provide a remedy, have gladly availed themselves of the present opportunity, although at a great expense, to provide ample space for the purpose; the Visitor may, therefore, calculate on seeing the Chamber with every possible convenience, being well ventilated, &c. The Messrs. TUSSAUD, anxious to add to the stock of pleasure in this great Metropolis, respectfully announce, that although they have gone to an incredible expense, it is not their intention to raise the PRICES, the Great Room containing the Large Collection of Portrait Characters, 160 in Number, and the Hall of Kings and Splendid Picture Gallery, will be, as before, ONE SHILLING. The New Napoleon Rooms and the Chamber, as usual, SIXPENCE extra. The Exhibition is now unequalled in extent, and combines Sculpture, Painting, Engraving, Bronzes, Decoration, Costumes of the most Magnificent and Varied Description, Jewellery, Relics, Sculpture, Wax Modelling, seen for the first time as it should be, as to effect of Colour, Light, &c.; the whole forming a *tout ensemble*, as a sight, calculated to give the Public an idea of those gorgeous Palaces enjoyed by few, and where the most humble person can enjoy an hour amidst Works of Art, of so varied a description, as cannot be found in any other Place of Amusement in London. The Ventilation has been improved. The Promenade, now extended to upwards of 700 feet, will ensure sufficient space, and the whole being on one floor, ensures an uninterrupted view of the whole extent, lighted by 500 Lamps.

**Admission—Great Room and the Hall of Kings, One Shilling.  
Children under Eight, Sixpence.**

**Napoleon Rooms, Golden Shrine, Carriage Room, and New  
Chamber, Sixpence extra.**

## DOVER.—THE ROYAL SHIP HOTEL.

JOHN BIRMINGHAM.



This Hotel is most desirably situate, close to the Custom House, the Packet Quay for Calais and Ostend, and within three minutes' walk of the Railway Terminus. Its aspect is southern, and it commands uninterrupted views of the Castle, the Channel, and the coast of France; offering to the Continental and Home Tourist advantages of situation seldom possessed by any similar Establishment.

On y parle Français and Allmagne. Mari spricht Deutsch und Frazoph ein Hotel.

**Carriages, Post Horses, and Omnibuses attend every Train.**

Families and Gentlemen boarded during the Winter Months, on fixed and economical Terms (for periods not less than a Week.)

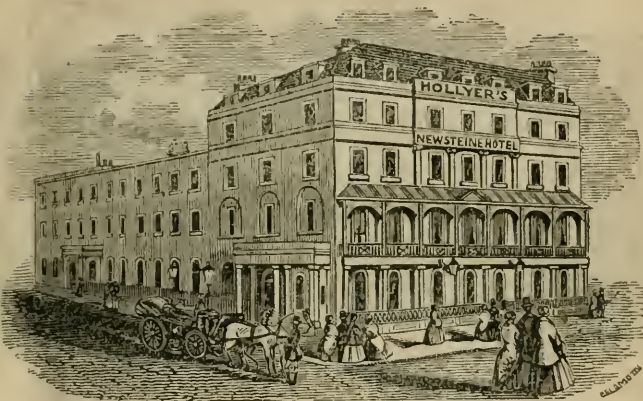
## HULL.—MINERVA HOTEL.

**H. SHARPIN, (late R. Cortis.)**

**T**HIS Hotel is most conveniently situated for Passengers to and from the Continent, it being the nearest Hotel to the Steamboat Landing Piers.

H. S. respectfully begs to state, that the same unremitting attention will be paid to the comfortable accommodation of his Visitors which has hitherto secured the Minerva Hotel large patronage.  
German Spoken.

# NEW STEINE HOTEL, BRIGHTON, OPPOSITE THE CHAIN PIER.



W. J. HOLLYER,

(Late of the London Hotel, Dover,)

Having succeeded Mr. BACON at the above Hotel, respectfully solicits the attention of the Nobility, Gentry, and his Friends in general to the same, which will be found replete with every comfort, and the Cuisine and Wines of the highest character. A moderate fixed charge for servants.

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## FAMILIES & GENTLEMEN BOARDED

During the six months ending in June, on fixed and economical terms.

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## AN EXCELLENT COFFEE ROOM

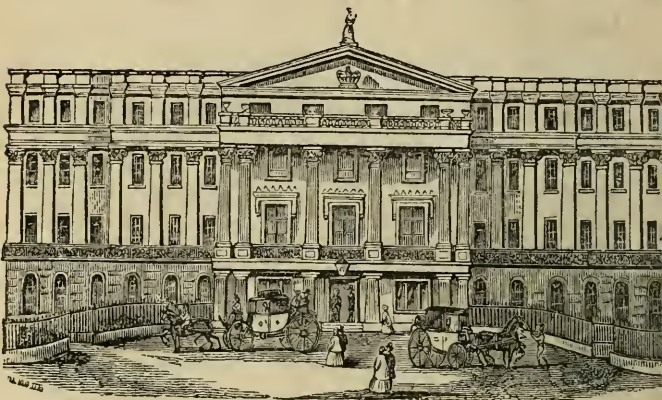
FACING THE CHAIN PIER.

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SUITES OF APARTMENTS, &c.



# SCARBOROUGH, QUEEN OF THE BRITISH WATERING PLACES



## CROWN HOTEL, ESPLANADE.

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The eminence which Scarborough has attained, as the great fashionable resort in the North of England, excited among the wealthy inhabitants an anxious desire to afford accommodation suitable to the high rank and increasing number of its visitors. From this spirit of improvement arose the Crown Hotel—a large and splendid edifice, containing great architectural beauty, with the most commodious arrangements, and the furniture corresponding in every respect with the superior character of the building.

The number of rooms exceed 150, consisting of various suites of apartments, with a magnificent Public Drawing and Dining Room, in which, during the season, a series of Private Balls are held by the Visitors staying at the Hotel.

The site is unrivalled—the Hotel rises majestically amid the splendid mansions and tastefully designed villas, gardens, gay walks, and sylvan shades—the diversified and highly picturesque scenery of the *south cliff*. The prospect from the rooms, balcony, and adjacent pleasure grounds, embraces in front, the wide expanse of the *ocean*; to the right, the romantic scenery of the eastern coast, terminating in the bold promontory of *Flamborough Head*; and to the left, the town and castle of Scarborough, its port and shipping, and the sands with their ever-varying scene of life and gaiety.

**Mr. F. SHARPIN, Proprietor.**

## DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

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### THE ROYAL HOTEL, AND FAMILY BOARDING HOUSE, PIER,

**WILLIAM HILL, (from the Crescent Hotel,)**

PROPRIETOR.

**THIS** beautifully situated and extensive Establishment adjoins the Packet Office and Landing Place of the Steamers, enjoying extensive Land and Sea Views, distant a few yards from the Hot and Cold Baths, and Sea-Bathing Machines.

**TERMS** :—Board at the Table d'Hôte, replete with every luxury of the Season, 21s. per week ; Bed Rooms, from 7s. to 10s. 6d. per week ; Attendance, 1s. per day, (including Waiter, Chambermaid, and Boots.) A Drawing Room set apart for Ladies free of charge.

Pleasant and airy Sitting Rooms, clean, well-ventilated Bed Rooms, furnished in a style of elegance and comfort, and commanding Views of Douglas Bay and Harbour. A spacious and cheerful Coffee Room, with a liberal Table, at reasonable prices, and a moderate fixed charge for Servants. Superior Soups, Chops, &c., in the Coffee Room at any hour. The Wines, Spirits, &c., are selected and IMPORTED DIRECT from the Continent, by the Proprietor. The Bar Parlour of the Hotel is supplied with Twelve Newspapers Weekly,—the LONDON TIMES daily. Coaches to every Town in the Island run to and from the ROYAL HOTEL ONLY. Horses and Carriages for Excursions. A Safe Boat, with careful Boatmen and Servants of the Hotel, attends every Packet, landing passengers free of charge.

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## THE LAKES.

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### WATERHEAD INN, CONISTON.

**THOMAS ATKINSON** respectfully announces that he has entered upon the splendid New Hotel recently erected near the head of Coniston Lake, and hopes that the more extensive accommodations, the superior comforts, and beauty of situation of his new house, may secure a continuance of the kind and liberal support accorded him during the seven years he has occupied the old Waterhead Inn. The contiguity of Coniston Waterhead to the admired and unparalleled natural beauties comprised in the Mountains and Vales of Yewdale, Tilberthwaite, and the Langdales, also to the vale of Scathwaite, and the far-famed Scenery of the river Duddon, together with the fine situation of the house itself, commanding, as it does, the most Varied and Picturesque Views of the Mountain, Vale, and Lake Scenery of Coniston, render it a peculiarly desirable station for Tourists, who will find in the new Waterhead Inn such accommodation and entertainment as can only be found in first-class establishments. Hot and Cold Baths. Experienced Guides and Boatmen. Open and close Carriages and Cars. Mountain Ponies and Pleasure Boats.



## LOW HARROGATE—BINNS'S HOTEL.

### TERMS.

|                                                                                                                                                                    |              |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Board and Lodging, per Day . . . . .                                                                                                                               | 5s.          |
| Ditto ditto, in Private Room, per Day . . . . .                                                                                                                    | 6s.          |
| Servant's Board and Lodging, per Day . . . . .                                                                                                                     | 3s.          |
| Private Sitting Rooms, from . . . . .                                                                                                                              | 15s. to 30s. |
| Attendance (including Waiter and Chambermaid), 1s. per Day,<br>each person. Boots and Ostler extra. Excellent Stabling and<br>Lock-up Coach-houses.—Bowling Green. |              |


**JOSEPH WHEATLEY, Proprietor.**

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## QUEEN HOTEL, SCARBOROUGH,

**Is beautifully situated on the Cliff, commanding  
uninterrupted Views of the Sea.**

TERMS: Board and Lodging, in Public Room, 6s. per Day; Ditto,  
in Private Room, 7s.; Attendance, 1s. per Day.

 *Terms Reduced from October to May inclusive.*

An Omnibus and Cabs attend each Train. Good Stabling.

**JOHN BELL, Proprietor.**

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## MALVERN WELLS.



## WELL HOUSE HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE.

**C. RIDLER** returns her best thanks to the Nobility, Gentry, and others, for the patronage they have honoured her with, and hopes that the salubrity, retired and commanding position of the Well House will give her that increased support and preference which it will be her constant endeavour to deserve.

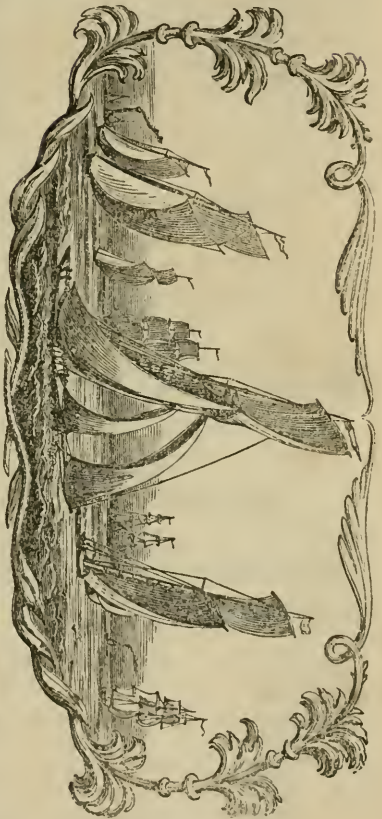
Good Stabling, Coach-houses, and Post Horses.

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## GLOVER'S

**COMMERCIAL AND FAMILY HOTEL,  
QUEEN STREET, HULL.**

AIR CUSHIONS,  
BEDS AND PILLOWS,  
LIFE BELTS,  
PORTABLE BOATS.



SPONGING BATHS,  
DRIVING GLOVES,  
PATENT CRICKET BALLS,  
HATS, CAPS, &c.

**C**ORDING'S Fishing Boots and Stockings, Knee Boots, Deck and Travelling Boots, Ankle Boots, Navy Shoes, Ladies' Walking Boots and Gaiters, are the best in the world; with the appearance of leather they can be used at all times and in all climates, yet require no preparation to keep them waterproof.

CORDING'S Waterproof Driving Aprons are approved by all who have tried them—warm, pliable, durable, and not liable to crack. They are far superior to leather, are much cheaper, and easily kept bright. Cording's Riding Aprons are a perfect protection to the saddle and knees, and may be carried in the pocket.

CORDING'S Labourers' and Keepers' Capes, from 8s. 6d. each, or 40s. per dozen.—A good labourer deserves a waterproof cape. Farmers, and all who employ out-door labour, will find more than the cost of a cape saved by a man not leaving his work when a shower of rain comes on. Colds, rheumatics, and doctor's bills avoided by their use.

CORDING'S Waterproof Coats and Capes excel all others, stand all climates, resist all weathers, suit all wearers, are made light or stout, large or small, for need or fancy. Gentlemen should avoid inferior goods, which disappoint the buyer, and bring undeserved discredit on the good article. J. C. CORDING'S name is on all his Waterproofs, and these he will guarantee.

# EDMISTON'S POCKET SIPHONIA



NO UMBRELLA REQUIRED



IS A

## COMFORT IN A STORM!

Weight 10 oz.

**A** NEWLY invented Waterproof Fabric, made as a Coat, so light expressly to carry in the Pocket, resists the heaviest rain and the heat of the sun—indispensable to Anglers, Yachters, and Tourists. Fishing Boots, Deck Boots, Hats, Caps, Sou' Westers, Leggings, Ladies' Capes with Hoods, &c.

Gentlemen supplied by sending length and size round the chest, over the Coat.

"Waterproof.—The lightest and most effectual is the Siphonia; they can be carried in the Hat or Pocket."—*See Bell's Life, April 20th, 1851.*

"NEW INVENTION.—A newly invented Waterproof garment has been manufactured by EDMISTON, 69, Strand; its lightness and softness of texture exceeds all other fabrics that have been brought before the notice of the public; on that account well adapted for riding or walking, can easily be carried in the pocket or hat, and the most important feature respecting it is the process of mineralisation, which effectually resists the powerful heat of the sun—a desideratum so much required to prevent the unpleasant smell and sticking observable in all hitherto waterproof garments."—*British Army Dispatch, May 9th, 1851.*



**Name and Address**

**Stamped inside—**

**None others are Genuine.**



**EDMISTON & SON,**

**69, STRAND,**

**LONDON.**



# THE BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD

IS



## PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

**N**ATURE, it is said, has furnished a remedy for every ill, and certainly, in the useful researches of Old Parr, this sentiment is strikingly borne out. By a close, careful, and assiduous investigation of the properties of certain herbal productions, this long-lived and celebrated man discovered that which would answer every purpose of purity and activity in the blood; and, as a natural consequence, every purpose of a healthful and prolonged existence.

It is a fact beyond dispute, that most of the diseases with which the human race are afflicted, are the result of a disordered state of the blood. To remedy this, the occasional use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS should be had recourse to, and sickness prevented as well as cured.

In their operation they go direct to the disease. After you have taken six or twelve pills, you will experience their good effect; the disease upon you will become less and less by every dose you take; and if you persevere in regularly taking three pills every day, the disease will speedily remove from your system.

### TO LADIES.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS are especially efficacious in all the variety of ailments incident to the Fair Sex. Ladies, even of the most delicate constitutions, will find them particularly beneficial both before and after confinement; and for general use in SCHOOLS they cannot be too strongly recommended. They mildly and speedily remove all Skin Eruptions, Sallow-ness of Complexion, Nervous Irritability, Sick Headache, Depression of Spirits, Irregularity, or general derangement of the system.

Purchasers are requested to observe that the fac-simile of the Proprietors' signature, "T. ROBERTS & Co.," Crane Court, Fleet Street, London, is printed on the direction wrapped round each box, without which none are genuine. Sold by at least one agent in every town in the United Kingdom, and by most respectable dealers in medicine. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and family packets 11s. each. Full directions are given with each box.

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**Established Pursuant to Act of Parliament.**

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Apprentice fees, and money to educate, advance, or portion children, and others, can be provided. Mortgages can be redeemed, and Loans repaid, by small periodical payments. A Table (No. 4) has been calculated, on which one-half, and another (Table 8), on which one-third, of the premiums paid, will, at any time, be lent on security of a Policy effected on those Tables, or returned on its surrender.

Liberal loans will at all times be made on security of a Policy to enable the Assured to pay a premium falling due, thus saving the forfeiture of a Policy in case of temporary embarrassment.

The accidental omission to pay a premium is not taken advantage of by "THE AGE."

If death ensue from any accident, the sum assured will be increased 50 per cent.; and if from a railway accident, will be doubled.

Probate, Administration, and Legacy duties, are saved by the peculiar plan adopted by "THE AGE." This will be a very great saving on the death of the assured.

Policies carry interest from the death of the assured, and are paid within three months after proof of such death.

Discased lives are assured at fair premiums.

Married persons assured for less than single.

The benefit of fractional parts of a year allowed in calculating age.

Policies indisputable, and paid, whatever may be the cause of death.

Guarantees for fidelity are granted, in connexion with Life Assurance, on a system most advantageous to the assured.

Annuities of every description are granted.

"THE AGE" has spared no trouble or expense in making the investigation required, in order to give the public every advantage which the improved statistical returns now existing have shown can be given with safety to the Company and the assured.

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